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VIEW of the ALLEGHANY RIDGES, across the VALLEY of the WARM SPRINGS.

Drawn by Henry Warren, A.R.A.

FEATHERSTONHAUGH'S

EXCURSION THROUGH THE SLAVE STATES.

Z-d-13

SLAVE DEALERS. *See page* 121.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1844.

EXCURSION

THROUGH

THE SLAVE STATES,

FROM

WASHINGTON ON THE POTOMAC TO THE FRONTIER OF MEXICO;
WITH SKETCHES OF POPULAR MANNERS AND
GEOLOGICAL NOTICES.

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BY

G. W. FEATHERSTONHAUGH, F.R.S., F.G.S.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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INTRODUCTION.

The River Potomac, from its source to its mouth, in the great Bay of Chesapeake, divides the Atlantic frontier of the United States of America into two unequal parts; and being, with the exception of the State of Maryland, the boundary betwixt the southern slave-holding states and the free states to the north, may be said to form a line of demarcation betwixt their industrial pursuits, their laws, and their manners.

To that portion which lies to the south of this line the attention of travellers has been much less drawn than to that extensive division of the American Republic which lies to the north and west; and it is to supply, to a certain extent, the want of information which exists respecting some portions of the southern states, that the author has drawn up the following pages.

It was during an interesting tour in 1834—1835 from the city of Washington to the frontier of Mexico, and whilst in one of the unfrequented and wild parts of the territory of Arkansas, that he communicated some account of those remote countries, and the manners of the frontier settlers, to a distin-

guished scientific friend in London, which not long after led to the announcement, by the late Mr. John Murray, of a work substantially the same as the present publication. But the author, who was at that time residing in the United States, had scarcely prepared it for the press, when he was induced, upon the advice of some American friends of great respectability, to reconsider his intention of publishing. It was remarked to him, that however sincerely he might wish to avoid giving umbrage in any quarter, yet that the work contained some opinions, and the relation of some incidents, which could not at that time fail to irritate a powerful interest in the United States, and might set him at variance with many esteemed friends. As this counsel came from a friendly and judicious quarter, he determined rather to suppress the work for a season, than to expunge the passages objected to; and he was the less reluctant to make this sacrifice, because, intending to return to his native country, he could look forward to a period when he could express with perfect freedom any opinions that were on the side of humanity, of rational liberty, and the moral government of mankind.

On his return to England in the spring of 1839, his intention of devoting a portion of his time to the recording of a few of the incidents of a somewhat adventurous life, thirty-six years of which had been passed in various countries abroad, was again postponed. Within two months after his arrival he

was honoured by Her Majesty's government with the appointment of Commissioner on the then existing boundary dispute betwixt Great Britain and the United States of America—an appointment, the official duties of which, if they had not engrossed all his attention, would, from obvious considerations, have rendered it at that time unadvisable to act upon his first intentions.

Freed, at length, from that restraint, the author has again taken up his manuscript, and having well considered the incidents and sentiments contained in it, and finding nothing there that can be deemed objectionable by those who are only desirous to have the truth placed before them, he has at length resolved upon its publication; assuring his readers that it is a faithful and almost literal transcription from his original journals, the incidents of the tour having always been noted from day to day, and the journal having been regularly written up at least once a week.

That some of the opinions these incidents elicited at the time may not be received with the same favour by all those under whose notice they may come, is very likely to be the case; for, in our day, the field of English literature embraces an extensive and populous region of America, where sentiments are cherished respecting the rights of men, both black and white, that are diametrically opposed to them. The author, nevertheless, ventures to submit to the candour of those transatlantic

readers he may not have the good fortune to please, that in all countries where freedom of opinion is not an illusion, but is real and substantial, there are acknowledged privileges which every fair writer can claim to enjoy, amongst the plainest of which are the describing truly what he sees, and the expressing freely, but not presumptuously, his opinions of what he has seen.

Of the enterprise and industry of the people of the United States, of the wonderful progress they have made in material civilization, of the great beauty of their country, and of the many desirable things to be there admired and enjoyed, no one is disposed to bear more favourable testimony than the author: yet, however heartily an Englishman may be disposed to commend these excellencies, so national and sensitive are the inhabitants of that young country, that if he ventures upon the invidious task of pointing out those peculiarities in the laws and manners of Republican America which he cannot be brought to admire, he feels that he may not escape the imputation of intending to offend, even when he would express in the most temperate language his opinions of what neither his taste nor his judgment can approve. This extreme sensitiveness—which is never awakened in America by the remarks of French or German writers—had its origin perhaps, with our transatlantic kinsmen, in their anxiety about an ideal perfection, of which, in virtue of their affinity to the mother-country, her

laws, literature, and religion, they flattered themselves they had attained the enjoyment. Looking at the delusion from that point, we can only regret that it should have deceived a people endowed with many eminent qualities, into a confirmed habit of placing an estimate upon themselves, which has yet to receive the sanction of mankind. Sensible and amiable as many of the Americans are, the favourable impression they make upon those who visit their country, is too soon overpowered by the characteristic illiberality of others who assume for it an excellence which admits of no criticism; and so exacting is the tyranny of self-adulation, that, except in the most select society, the stranger is often compelled to be either a hypocrite or a mute.

If we were to condemn the American who visits England for denying that the superior civilization he witnesses there is to be attributed to our monarchy, our distinctions in society, and the high moral examples which are the result of our social institutions, he might with some reason consider us ill-bred and illiberal. Obvious as these truths might be to ourselves, he could not with propriety be asked to admit these consequences, since it would be to require him tacitly to condemn the country which nursed him, and where he imbibed all his cherished opinions. In the United States, however, it is not an uncommon thing for an Englishman to be told that his government is superannuated,

corrupt, and profligate; and, indeed, the same sentiments are too often expressed in a more offensive manner even in the Congress.* Greatly as these extravagancies are to be deplored, and deserving of censure as they are, yet they do not justify us in cherishing an undiscriminating dislike towards the inhabitants of the country where they are uttered, although they suggest many reflections upon the causes which have made the descendants of common ancestors so dissimilar to each other.

It is not to be concealed, nevertheless, that this frequent expression of aversion to the mother-country, added to the late notorious violations of the most solemn engagements from the same quarter, have raised a strong and a deep-rooted prejudice on this side of the Atlantic, which, although natural, is to a certain extent unjust, because there is little or no discrimination observed in it. The United States have not always deserved the reproaches they have now drawn upon themselves; in the early part of the history of their government public decorum was highly valued and universally

* *Vide* Mr. Archer's speech, March 18, 1844, *in the Senate* of the United States. "Mr. Archer repeated that he felt grieved and humiliated at the temper and the tone in which gentlemen permitted themselves to speak here of the Government of Great Britain. Mr. A. was not here to vindicate that Government, but still less was he here to pour out upon it all the obloquy and vituperation which our language could express, *as the vilest and most faithless Government under heaven.* The name of England seemed as if it could never be uttered or referred to without some terms of obloquy or reproach."—*National Intelligencer.*

practised, and American credit only eight years ago stood as high all over the world as the credit of any other country. The change has been a great and an unhappy one both for America and for Europe, and if this were an occasion for tracing its causes step by step, the author, who has long watched its progress, would not despair of accomplishing the task. Suffice it to observe, at this time, that the sad degradation has been gradually produced through the arts of demagogues operating in the different States, rather than by the action of the federal government, which, although the constant object of political intrigue, has generally been administered with prudence and dignity.

To trace all the incidents that characterise the Americans at the present time to their remote sources, we should have to look, amongst other things, to their geographical position, and to the period when their colonies were planted; for all communities of men are distinguished from each other by peculiarities derived, more or less, from those institutions of government which local situation as well as origin have imposed upon them. The Americans, though descended from them, are very dissimilar to the English, and the descendants of our settlers in New Zealand will be far from resembling the Americans. In the early part of the seventeenth century the exclusive object of the mother-country in colonizing foreign countries, was to open sources of wealth without reference to those

principles which make them permanently conducive to human happiness; but in our own days the acquisition of that which constitutes real wealth is largely understood to depend upon just laws and good government both at home and abroad: in forming the character, therefore, of a colonial people with a view to bind them in interests and in affection to the mother-country, everything now seems to depend upon the early establishment of wise laws for the protection of the best interests of society, and upon religious education. Where these blessings prevail, true liberty and tranquil enjoyment of life are most sure to be found; and where they do not, and human liberty is left to itself, unrestrained by religious feeling, an insolent and bombastic nature is liable to be generated, which makes a people the tools of their own blind passions, and obliterates all reverence for the great objects which good men believe to be the true end of existence. It is this abuse of liberty which has so greatly changed the character of a people eminently fitted for greatness by their natural qualities; has led them to trample under foot the wise precepts of the most illustrious founders of their republic, to reject many of the lessons of rational freedom which have been ever before them, to barter their invaluable privileges with a demagogical despotism, for the magniloquent, but empty, designation of "Sovereign People," and to prepare a future for their country which seems to baffle conjecture.

Those in America who are so proverbially sen-

sitive at every expression which appears to criticise in the slightest degree the country they love, or which tends to abate the pretensions—long set up, and acquiesced in by so many—of its "never being in the wrong," are always dissatisfied with any thing short of unqualified eulogium upon themselves and their country, and are not apt to pardon the truth. This would be matter of some regret to the author, if he did not know that the good and the wise of their own country are united in the condemnation of what he has animadverted upon: amongst them are many to whom he would be very averse to give offence: painful indeed would it be to him if any of those excellent persons, whose friendship he was proud of during a thirty years' residence amongst them as an Englishman, should imagine that he is capable, now or at any time, of passing an indiscriminate censure upon their nation, and of uniting with others in the condemnation of all, for that which has been conspicuous only with a portion of their countrymen.

This too general prejudice, however, does unfortunately exist in Europe, and has grown to a fearful height in consequence of the violation of those pecuniary engagements which have been already alluded to; delinquencies which, either from want of information or from resentment, have created a strong prejudice against the whole frame of American society. But let us be just! Reprehensible as these acts are, there are exceptions to them

which deserve the highest praise, and which in the general indignation have been almost entirely overlooked. The world, it is true, has seen the opulent free State of Pennsylvania, and the productive slave State of Mississippi, two commonwealths arrogating to themselves the lofty distinction of "enlightened Sovereign States," declining in one instance to provide the interest of the moneys they have borrowed from their confiding creditors, and refusing in the other even to acknowledge their responsibilities; not from inability, but because there is no human law to compel them to be honest. Yet when the just scorn of mankind is expressed against them, it ought not to be forgotten that Massachusetts, New York, Kentucky, Ohio, Tennessee, and other indebted States, have resolutely maintained their credit under the most difficult circumstances, and have placed themselves in honourable contradistinction to their unscrupulous neighbours.

These violations of the confidence which the so-called securities of the fraudulent States had acquired in Europe, in consequence of the known resources of these last, and of the specious circumstances under which the first had been palmed upon the unsuspecting, were preceded by the plunder and waste of the whole resources of the Bank of the United States, incorporated by the legislature of Pennsylvania with a capital of *thirty-five millions of dollars*, a great portion of which was owned in Great

Britain. Then came *Repudiation*, or the doctrine that the acts of one legislature, and even of one generation, are not binding upon the next; a doctrine which, though it had its origin with Mr. Jefferson, was first promulgated in Pennsylvania.* Precedents so pernicious, coming from one of the oldest and most opulent States in the Union, unfortunately tempted other members of the Federal Union possessing fewer resources, to follow in the same disreputable course; and thus was compromised in the end the reputation of the whole republic.

Nor is this the only penalty which republican America pays for her departure from integrity: these unexpected infringements of public faith, and the manner in which they have been defended, have called forth into greater relief the change of opinion which has been gradually taking place in Europe, in relation to the moral influence which *cheap* republican governments were supposed likely to acquire with the coming generations of men in all civilised countries. Experience, which is the only safe guide of men, has now shown that, when ostentatiously applied to great countries for the purpose of flattering and leading the many, they call into operation more corruption, and lead to a more rapid degeneracy than can be possibly exhibited under

* A convention was held there a few years ago to remodel the constitution, at which a very strong party—headed by a leading member of the present Congress—appeared in favour of cancelling all incorporations, and all contracts that were opposed to "first principles."

governments where power is confided to those who have the greatest stake in the preservation of order, and who have been trained to the responsibility of exercising it for the benefit of the many. Indeed, so complete has been this change in the public opinion of Europe, that the example *par excellence*, which the admirers of a republican form of government once held up to the admiration of mankind, has already become a beacon to the civilised world, to warn all future generations against those theories of government in which the public welfare is not based upon that solid and enduring foundation for the government of a State,—a constant selection of men of character and property for its administration.

But here again a want of discrimination in the judgment that has been formed of the American people is equally apparent: almost all those who have not known them in their own country attribute to them, alike, a general degeneracy; than which nothing can be more unjust, since it excludes from well-merited praise those patriotic men who have constantly endeavoured to give a salutary direction to the administration of the public affairs of their country—men who have long been, and who yet remain, the victims of those demagogues to whom their peculiar system of government has given a preponderating influence.

No respectable person who has travelled much in America is ignorant that in every town, and in almost every part of the country, there are individuals distinguished from the rest by education,

manners, hospitality, and the possession of many of those high qualities which make men truly respectable in all countries, and render them valuable acquaintances to the stranger who has the advantage of knowing them. But these excellent persons, with exceptions so few that they are scarcely worth enumerating, *are rarely participators in the government of their country;* for, where the popular party predominates, they are excluded by the possession of those very qualifications that fit them for that high purpose; so seldom is it that a candidate placed before the "Sovereign People," without any other recommendation than his fitness, is not rejected.

It would be going too far to assert that this evil condition of things is, without some qualification, to be necessarily attributed to a republican form of government; because, even in the instance of the United States, it has not always existed. In 1806, when the author first visited that part of America, it was a very happy country. The bright examples which had exercised so beneficent an influence at the origin of the government, were not then forgotten. The moral dignity of Washington, the wisdom of Franklin, the integrity of Jay, and the virtues of many of their contemporaries, some of whom were then living, were yet revered by the people. A breach of decorum in the Congress, if it was not unknown in those days, was at least sure to be met by public reprobation; and in the State legislatures there was always a majority of individuals selected

by their constituents from amongst the most respectable members of society: at that time, indeed, in the State of New York, which has always had a preponderating influence in the Union from its population and wealth, a property qualification was required by the constitution both for the Senate and the House of Assembly.

In treating of this important subject it is not to be forgotten that in an evil hour (1821) for that Commonwealth, and for the Union, a few experienced demagogues, at a period when the members of the legislature had not been delegated for that purpose, contrived the authorisation of a convention of the people, to consider some fundamental changes in its constitution. There, playing upon the hopes and fears of some of those from whom an inflexible opposition was expected, and overcoming by their arts the reluctance that was manifested to enter upon the never-ending chain of evil consequences which invariably attend improvident concessions, these wily agitators succeeded in converting the mob into a constituency, by establishing "Universal Suffrage," that fatal principle which has been the leading cause of the prevailing degeneracy.

Those who have been in a highly populous country, where universal suffrage and frequent elections—ostensibly held for the preservation of liberty—prevail, can best understand how easy it is to make the "Sovereign People" a mere *Ochlocratic** ma-

* From ὄχλος, a mob.

chine in the hands of skilful demagogues; or with what facility good men are made odious to the masses, and government and society disorganised for the purpose of plundering them. Armed with this irresistible power, demagogues find no difficulty in perverting those principles in free constitutions which are intended for the moral and civil protection of society, or in excluding talents accompanied with education, integrity, and wealth from the service of the public. It is to the fatal substitution of universal suffrage for character and property, and the general departure from the enlightened and honest intentions of Washington and the other illustrious founders of their republic, that we must attribute the introduction into America of that wild, democratic, mannerless, and tyrannical rule, both in the constituency and its leaders, which promises no repose for the present, and little hope for the future. The friends of order may, indeed, rally from time to time, but it is to be feared that it will be only when the excesses of their opponents have created a temporary disgust: these, indeed, may be driven from power for a while, but as long as universal suffrage exists, the vigilance of demagogues will never sleep, and the same scenes will ever be enacted over and over again.

This experiment, therefore, of dignifying the masses with the title of "Sovereign People," and of attempting to provide for the well-being of society by cheap republican government founded

upon a theoretical equality in the privileges of men, if it is to be judged of by the results which have already appeared, is a signal and instructive failure, such as must attend every scheme which permits the ignorant to govern the wise, and transfers the rule which Nature intended for the head to the inferior extremities of the body politic.

How instructive is this lesson to the other governments of Christendom! and how interesting to ourselves, who had hoped for some contributions to the common cause of rational liberty from the happy opportunities which America has so long enjoyed! The melancholy truth seems too apparent, that when a people reject the experience of the past, cast aside the guidance of the wise and the virtuous, and commit their honour and prosperity to the tumultuous passions of the multitude, they are sure to descend in the scale of true civilization more rapidly than they rose.

Deep as is the regret which this eminent failure has caused to the sincere friends of civil liberty, it is immensely increased when they see how glorious an opportunity the United States have lost of enlightening the new-born republican governments of South America. The disadvantages under which the old Spanish colonies assumed their independence were great, and the struggle to sustain their self-government in an honourable manner was often sincere, though seldom successful: if they had been cheered on by a great example of wise government,

and scrupulous fidelity to their engagements, on their own continent, the United States might have had the glory of effecting for their sister republics what Great Britain has so well done, in the sphere within which she has moved, for the general interests of mankind; and have shown that "Liberty," without religion, morality, and honesty to guard it from desecration, is but a delusion; and that extent of territory gives no power to a nation that she can exercise in an efficient manner, unless she cherishes those duties which alone acquire for a people the respect of mankind.

The author is aware that these reflections may appear superfluous to some of his readers in the introduction to a work which does not aspire to be of a particularly serious character. He has been led into them, not from a desire to aggravate the discontent which is now so generally expressed, but to abate it by turning the attention of his readers to some circumstances which have not been sufficiently adverted to: viz., that the American people were misled at an early period of their self-government:* that whilst the cause of these evils, which have attracted universal attention, is to be found in that excess of liberty which in America has degenerated into licence, yet that the good and the wise there have stood up manfully in the cause of rational freedom:

* In the last chapter of this work a sketch will be given of one of the fundamental causes of their deviation from their ancient character.

that although some of the States have acted in a dishonourable manner, the greater proportion of them have been faithful to their engagements: and, finally, from a wish to state that if we encourage the prejudices which have been excited indiscriminately against all, by refusing our sympathies to those who are so eminently entitled to them, we only increase the evil, and dispose those to estrange themselves, whom we have the justest reasons to draw near to us.

The author also is glad to add his opinion, that there are good reasons for believing, that all the States which are defaulters will ere long provide for the due fulfilment of their obligations; their resources are great and are continually increasing, and the false step they have taken of destroying their own credit is now the main cause of their embarrassments: this they have been made clearly to feel, so that they have nothing to hope for their credit, either in their own country or in Europe, but by returning to the straight road from which they have deviated.

There is also another bright and encouraging spot on the horizon; for if any faith is to be placed in prognostics, the United States ere long will come under the administration of a chief magistrate, the influence of whose character will win back for his country the credit which she has temporarily lost. The whole civilised world is concerned in the wish that that salutary influence may be lasting, and throw into obscurity all the errors of the past.

No one is more sincere in that wish than the author. To those in America who may be disposed to put an unfriendly construction upon anything that has escaped his pen, he can only say that they do him injustice, for he is beyond that period of life when he could be indifferent to the reflection that he had purposely uttered opinions which were unjust to any individual, or to any community of men amongst whom he has lived. His justification with those to whom the free expression of some of his opinions may not be grateful, is, that errors of government which lead to injurious changes in the conduct and character of a people, form a subject deeply interesting to England, especially at a moment when so many new settlements are being planted by her; and that his remarks not being the result of theoretical considerations, he felt that he owed it as a duty to his country to speak of what he had seen, and of what he had carefully observed.

MAP
OF THE
UNITED STATES
TEXAS
GULF OF MEXICO
LOWER CANADA
MICHIGAN
ILLINOIS
INDIANA
OHIO
KENTUCKY
TENNESSEE
MISSISSIPPI
ALABAMA
GEORGIA
SOUTH CAROLINA
NORTH CAROLINA
VIRGINIA
PENNSYLVANIA
NEW YORK
MAINE

TRAVELS IN THE SLAVE STATES

OF

NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

Barnum's Hotel at Baltimore—Canvas-back Ducks—Soft Crabs; the process of changing their shells—Railroad to Fredericton in Maryland—Impositions practised upon Travellers—Notices of the Geology of the Country—Harper's-ferry; the Shenandoah Valley—Nationality of the Germanico-Americans.

ANY one who has endured for many days the filth and discomfort of that caravansary called *Gadsby's Hotel* at Washington, the city of "magnificent distances," will feel exceedingly rejoiced when, after a short interval of two or three hours, he finds himself transferred by the railroad to Barnum's at Baltimore. If there is an hotel-keeper in the United States who merits the commendations of a traveller, the veteran Mr. Barnum may claim to be that person. His neat private parlours and bed-rooms, his quiet house, his excellent table, and the ready and obliging attendance found there, leave the traveller little to desire.

It was at Barnum's, many, many years ago, in the opening of the winter, that I made my first essay upon what is universally allowed to be the

greatest of all delicacies in the United States, the *Canvas-back duck*—an exemplary bird, which seems to take,—*sua sponte*,—the most indefatigable pains to qualify himself for a favourable reception in the best society: for in the first instance he makes himself exceedingly fat by resorting to the low marshy lands of the Susquehannah and the borders of those streams which are tributary to it, to feed upon the ripe seed of the *Zizania aquatica*, a sort of wild rice which abounds there; and then at the proper season betakes himself to an esculent root growing in the sedgy banks of the rivers, to give the last finish to the tenderness, the juiciness, and the delicate flavour which distinguish him above all other birds when brought to table. But justice must be done to him by an able artist, or, great as his intrinsic qualities are, he may be reduced to a condition that entitles him even to be pitied by the humble scavenger-duck.

I had heard a great deal of this inestimable bird before it was presented to me under the auspices of Barnum, and was somewhat surprised and disappointed at seeing him place on the table, with great solemnity, a couple of birds on a dish without a single drop of gravy in it. Now every one knows that a quantum suff. of good gravy is to English rotîs what fine sunny weather is to the incidents of life, enabling them to pass along smoothly and pleasantly; and, therefore, as soon as I had a little recovered from my alarm, I

could not help telling Barnum that I was afraid I should not like his canvas-backs. Upon which, asking my permission, he took up the carving-knife, and making two incisions in the fat breasts of the birds, the dish instantly became *filled* with the desired fluid. Had I not seen this, I could not have believed it! Then came the action of the *réchauffoirs*, the dismemberment of the birds scarcely warmed through at the fire, the transference of their delicate flesh to our hot plates, and its reconcoction in their own gravy, with currant jelly, a soupçon of château margeaux, and a small quantity of fine loaf sugar. We were three of us to these two birds, and the great Barnum had the satisfaction of hearing us declare that the only defect they had consisted in their not being of the size of turkeys.

Certainly this dish well deserves its great reputation, and it is greatly to be regretted that the genius of the hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin has never been inspired by it.

But although the period at which the tour commenced, which will be narrated in these pages, was not that of Canvas-back ducks, still my family and myself, on reaching Barnum's from Washington, towards the end of July, 1834, found that the season for *soft crabs* was not yet over, and this is a dish of very great merit, and little known in Europe. The crab, in the United States, resorts in the early summer months to the low shores of the rivers and bays

between the 38th and 39th degrees of north latitude, to discard its shell, in order to take another more suited to its increasing size. The process of throwing off its shell is one which I have often witnessed in all its stages, towards the mouth of the Potomac river, and in various parts of that great estuary the Chesapeake bay. There these crustacea are seen during the summer months in countless numbers, and of all sizes, half buried in the mud, undergoing a severe operation, which Nature, consistently with the simplicity of all her works, has curiously and appropriately adapted them to. When the calcareo-mucous matter which exudes from their bodies begins to rise, and to force the shell a little upwards, the animal instinctively seeks the low shores, as a place of refuge against the voracious inhabitants of the rivers, that would otherwise prey upon it when divested of its armour. In a short time the sutures of the shells begin to relax, and the edible parts to be separated from them by the intervention of the mucous matter. When all is ready for the great struggle, the animal makes its exertion, and gradually *backs* out, leaving the shell behind, and sometimes with the loss of a claw or two. The operation being over, the crab appears to be entirely exhausted, and is nothing but a soft unresisting mass, prostrate in the mud. But it gradually reacquires strength; mucous matter is constantly secreting and coming to the surface of its body, where it

slowly indurates, and takes a crustaceous appearance. In this stage, whilst the shell is exceedingly soft, and the animal is flattering itself with getting into a convalescent state, it is too often its fate to be picked up and forwarded to Mr. Barnum, who serves it up fried with so much nicety, that the epicure is able, with peculiar satisfaction, to eat every portion of this savoury dish, especially including the nice crisp shell. This delicacy we found at Barnum's on our arrival, and all of us united in expressing our admiration of it.

At this comfortable hotel, then, my family and myself remained several days, making preparations for a tour to the Virginia Springs, in the Alleghany mountains, which are watering-places of great celebrity in the Southern States, not only on account of their curative qualities, but because they are resorted to by the families of many opulent planters south and west of the Potomac. Here I proposed leaving my wife a short time for the benefit of her health; whilst my son and myself, pursuing the eastern flank of the Alleghany mountains as far as we could, should continue our geological tour west of the Mississippi to the Mexican frontier.

Everything being ready for our departure, at five o'clock A.M., on the 1st of August, we exchanged our precious comforts at Barnum's for the confusion of a wretched dirty omnibus that was to convey us to the railroad station, on our way to

Fredericton in Maryland, distant sixty miles. In the hurry of the moment, when—with our eyes scarcely more than half open—there were so many things to look after, a small chest of chemical tests, which I had been preparing with great care, and some of the materials of which I had obtained from Philadelphia, was snatched up by one of the people, and strapped on very insecurely behind with the trunks. Before we had proceeded 150 yards from the hotel, I saw this object of my anxieties come tumbling down on the stones, and calling to the *Driver*, he alighted and brought it to me, adding with his characteristic twang, that it had the "most *on*conceivable smell I reckon I ever put my nose to." The first look was sufficient; the whole concern appeared to be smashed, everything was wet, and there was no remedy but to place it on the floor of the omnibus. "There goes the labour of ten days," said I in a piteous tone; "the whole box dished, and no end to take hold of that is not reeking with muriatic and nitric acid!" This was literally the fact. There was enough in this incident to make a man believe in bad omens: it was Friday, and if we had stopped in Baltimore till Saturday, it was very clear, at any rate, that the accident would not have happened on a Friday. My son somewhat consoled me by suggesting, that perhaps those vials only were broken which could be the most easily supplied, and I resolved to cling to that hope.

On our arrival at the station, we found that the deference which the railroad company affected to feel for the ladies and gentlemen who lodged at Barnum's, and for whose especial accommodation they had sent a dirty omnibus at an hour when it was impossible to procure a clean one, was in keeping with the other professions of those disinterested persons who live by conveying ladies and gentlemen to and fro in this bad world: instead of being comfortably placed in a clean car with birds of a like feather, we were most unceremoniously emptied into the last car, with a set of as unshaven, unpromising looking fellows as ever I was shut up with. Amongst the rest was a horrid, dirty, little humpbacked imp of the male kind, with a most malicious physiognomy, and as pert and forward as those unfortunate beings usually are when they have received their education in the streets. My wife was good naturedly disposed to submit to every inconvenience but this; the sight of this object perfectly horrified her, and she could think of nothing but the misery of sitting in the same car with this creature for sixty miles. Placing myself betwixt him and her, with the unfortunate test-box under my seat, this little creature perceiving me rather solicitous about it, ill-naturedly kicked it away, when it occasionally came in the way of his feet; but I had my revenge without taking much trouble, for he contrived to empty what remained of the acids into a little pool beneath him, and there, to my somewhat satisfac-

tion, he sat with his shoes in them. We stopped to breakfast at Ellicot's mills, a ceremony which gave a turn to our thoughts; and finding that Humpy Dumpy was not going any farther, and that the weather was going to be fine, we became more reconciled to our situation: I therefore mounted the top of the rail-car, and kept my ground there in the teeth of a column of smoke loaded with sulphuretted hydrogen, proceeding from the pyritical coals of the furnace, which the wind frequently urged upon me.

This railroad is laid in a very interesting ravine, through which the river Patapsco flows over its bed, consisting of granite and other primary beds. I was delighted at being wheeled with the velocity of a locomotive through a singularly picturesque road, where such a variety of primitive rocks presented themselves. At Marriotsville, 13 miles from Ellicot's, the beds became more fissile, and clay slate occasionally appeared, but gneiss was the general rock; and at Sykesville, four miles farther, where we stopped a short time, I found it contained small but very transparent garnets. Farther on, at Monrovia, we came upon micaceous slate; after which the country to Fredericton became less uneven, and we passed many well-cultivated farms, a band of limestone running through the district, of which the farmers are beginning to avail themselves as a manure. At Fredericton we got to a tolerably good inn, and here my first care was to overhaul my

case of tests. One large phial of refined alcohol was broken, as well as one flint-glass phial of nitric acid and one of muriatic acid. The labels were obliterated from the other phials, and all the caoutchouc coverings to the ground stoppers eaten off. Upon applying to a Mr. Elliot, a druggist of the place, he not only most obligingly assisted me to repair my misfortune, but refused to receive any compensation. Considering it, therefore, a good rule to keep up an account-current of good turns and evil turns with mankind, I set off the good deeds of worthy Mr. Elliot against the evil ones of the fellow who had not strapped the case on well, and against the malice of little Humpy, and closed the account. But I had to open it very soon again.

At Baltimore I had paid to the agent of Stockton and Stokes our fare all the way to Harper's-ferry, on the river Potomac, and had had the prudent precaution to take a receipt, in which it was stated that I was to be forwarded to Harper's-ferry on that day. This the agent of the company at Fredericton—a forward, impertinent fellow—now refused to do. He swore it was all a mistake; that I had not paid enough, and he "reckoned what *on*der arth I could want him to do it for, when he had no stage nor no horses, no more than if there *was* no such things to do it with." As I saw he was likely to be as obstinate as he was insolent, I got the landlord at the inn to send for another

fellow, just as great a cheat as the agent; and having ascertained from him what his lowest terms were for a stage-coach and four horses to Harper's-ferry, I took him to the agent, and told him if he thought the price too high, he must now say so, as his employers would have to refund it to me, for I was determined to go on. This move on my part brought him, as the landlord very quaintly remarked, "to a nonplush;" he saw that my remedy against his employers was a good one, and that further obstinacy might cost him his place; so, cursing and swearing and vapouring about, and declaring that he never did meet with "sich a *on*reasonable parson" as myself, he at length produced a stage-coach and four horses for the next 20 miles to the Potomac. If I had not taken a receipt, stating that I was to be conducted to Harper's-ferry on that same day, there would have been no remedy for me, and I should have been cheated out of the money; for the agent would have charged his employers for forwarding me, and would have put the money in his own pocket.

We had an agreeable drive across the Cotoctin mountain, a slaty chain in advance of what is called the Blue Ridge; and passing the bridge that crosses the Potomac, reached Harper's-ferry before sunset, which gave me time to look at the gorge through which the Potomac has worn its channel, and of which Mr. Jefferson, in his Notes on Vir-

ginia, has spoken in somewhat extravagant terms. The Potomac is shallow here, and is joined at Harper's-ferry by the Shenandoah, a very pretty stream, from the west.

It would seem to be a sufficient answer to those who have expressed an opinion that the beds of mountain streams and the passages which rivers make through chains of mountains have been originally formed by fissures which preceded the rivers, that the fissures are not found beneath the general level of the bottoms of the streams, and that the bottoms correspond to form one general plane of descent to the ocean. But independent of this objection to such an hypothesis, it can be shown that almost all the phenomena connected with these mountain channels bear direct testimony to the opinion that these channels have been worn by the rivers themselves; and perhaps there is no district in the world which contains more striking proofs of this than the Alleghany mountains, in which the sources of two great classes of rivers are found, those which empty themselves into the Atlantic, and those which flow into the Gulf of Mexico.

We left Harper's-ferry at the break of day. The issue of the Shenandoah from the gorge through which it flows is very grand. The rocks, composed of talcose slate, greenstone, hornblendic and other very ancient slaty materials, jut over, in bold ledges, from the lofty and craggy sides of the valley. To

the left the mountain is covered with forest-trees growing amidst the crags, and beneath runs the pretty river murmuring through the glen, in which the rifle-manufactories of the government of the United States are situated, the wheels of which were creaking at this early hour, a pleasing proof of the industry that prevails here. As soon as we had got well out of the primary rocks of the Blue Ridge, we came, at about two miles from Harper's-ferry, upon the limestone, occasionally alternating with slate, of the great valley of the Shenandoah, which is in some places about 30 miles broad. We stopped at Smithsfield, 15 miles from the Potomac, to breakfast; but I neither found any fossils in the rock, nor could learn of any having been found in that neighbourhood. It appears, however, to be contemporaneous with some of the limestone formations of the state of New York, and to belong to the series subjacent to the old red sandstone, which Mr. Murchison is at this time engaged in the classification of in England, with a perseverance and ability that promise the most brilliant and unexpected results respecting that portion of the geological column hitherto only obscurely known to us as the transition formations.*

* Mr. Murchison's great work, 'The Silurian System,' did not appear until 1839, seven years after he had engaged in the investigation of the strata comprehended in it. But as early as 1833, the year before this tour was made, he had commu-

Just as we had risen from our meal, up drove the stage from Boonsborough, with no less a personage in it than our little hunchback of the day before. He looked so much like an imp in disguise, sent by the father of evil to accompany and annoy me wherever I went, that I felt a sudden compunction come upon me as soon as I saw him, on account of the nitric acid. Perhaps his hoof had been injured by it! He came up to me too with the greatest possible familiarity, and with a devilish impudence, that put all sympathy for him out of the question. With this dirty creature we had to travel to Winchester, 15 miles, for to our great dismay he got into our stage; and indeed if he had got upon my back, as the old man established himself upon the shoulders of Sinbad, I should not have been exceedingly surprised, so completely astounded was I at his unexpected appearance. The road was very rough and knobby, occasioned by the cropping out of the edges of the limestone strata, over which we were travelling at right angles, and which dipped very rapidly to the east.

nicated to me the progress he was making, and his first synopsis of the formations he had succeeded in reducing to their natural order; so that I was enabled, at the earliest moment, to apply the information I received from him to my own geological researches in North America; and subsequently, in 1836, to publish a Tabular View of Rocks arranged upon Mr. Murchison's plan, and point out, for the first time, American localities which justified the extension of the Silurian System to North America.

The excessive jolting of the stage-coach kept everything upon the rock; the driver urged his horses as if he were possessed by a fiend, and we were obliged to hold on by the stage-coach to keep our seats: as to little Humpy Dumpy, he was tossed up and down like a shuttlecock, and at last got into a permanent hideous grin, whether of satisfaction or pain it was impossible to tell; but it ended by establishing one with us of a less equivocal kind, for we got into a most irrepressible fit of laughter, which I believe broke the spell, and our dread of Gobbo was at length lost in the amusement he afforded us.

Winchester is a neat substantial town, with some good cultivation about it: from thence we continued—without Gobbo—13 miles to Middleton to dinner. The crops of Indian corn on the route were good, and the horned cattle larger and in better condition than those I had seen in Maryland; but they were a mongrel breed, and indeed there is nothing like improvement visible in this part of the country in any kind of live stock. The Blue Ridge was in sight on our left, and in half an hour after leaving Middleton we came abreast of what is called the Massonetto mountain, a singularly beautiful elevation of limestone in the shape of a fork, the prongs lying to the north-east and the handle to the south-west, conforming with the general strike of the strata in the Alleghanies. This mountain, which stretches about 70 miles

north-east and south-west, sinks at the south into hummocks and slopes. The valley, between the two forks, is somewhat cultivated, as I was informed, and has a small stream running through it, called Passage Creek, which empties into the Shenandoah. Ammonites and trilobites have been procured near this creek. The distance of the two prongs from each other, at the north, is about six miles, and the north and south branches of the Shenandoah run on each side of the mountain, which, towards the south-west, is, as I was told, about two miles broad at the top. I was further informed, that slates alternated with the limestone in parts of this interesting monument of ancient geological action, which has thus modified the uniformity of this valley.

From Middleton to Woodstock, a distance of 17 miles, we travelled across the edges of the strata; the road being altogether upon the bare rocks, and the violent motion of the stage-coach almost past enduring: the country, however, was picturesque; we had the Massonetto on our left, and a broad ridge of the Alleghanies on our right; but we were extremely glad to arrive at Woodstock, where we found attentive people and tolerable accommodations.

At dawn of day we were all in the stage again; and, after travelling three or four miles, we came to the place called "the Narrow Passage," where the road passes over a natural terrace of blue com-

pact limestone, with a base about 200 feet wide at the bottom, tapering up to 20 feet in width at the top. On the south side the wall of this terrace is about 120 feet high, and is washed at the bottom by the north fork of the Shenandoah, whilst the wall on the north side is only 96 feet high, and is washed by a small creek called Narrow Passage Creek, which joins the Shenandoah to the north-east of this singular terrace. When standing on the top, the streams on each side can be perceived, and it would be difficult to understand the phenomenon without a careful investigation. Having established a good understanding with the driver, he very obligingly gave me, as he called it, "half an hour's law," which enabled me to examine every part of it. After a drive of 13 miles we stopped at Mount Jackson to breakfast.

This valley is principally settled with German people, some of whom are quite opulent. The villagers too seemed all well to do in the world, and have abundant means of making travellers comfortable. It is said, however, they have not always the disposition, being very national, and quite indifferent about those who are not of their race. I found the little German which I spoke of great advantage to me here; "Wie gehts mein lieber," accompanied with a hearty shake of the hand, operated as a talisman, and we certainly had nothing to complain of. It produced us a good and welcome breakfast at Mount Jackson, at which we were

joined by two actors and two actresses, who were giving entertainments to these little German settlements, and *grand concerts*, according to their bills. They got into the stage-coach after breakfast, and rode with us seven miles to Newmarket, where they had an engagement to perform the next day, admittance being 25 cents, or a quarter of a dollar. We found them very civil people, and possessed of a great deal of good sense. They said they succeeded tolerably well, that the people were kind to them, and that they managed to save some money. There was also an intelligent sort of person in the stage-coach, who was born in this valley, and was a nephew to one of the richest farmers; he had had the good fortune, however, to be sent to receive his education at a college in Pennsylvania, and was now a man of some information. He gave me a deplorable account of the ignorance and superstition of the German settlers of this fine valley, where, according to his account, human dullness could not be carried much further. He said, that with few exceptions, they all believed in witchcraft to this day, and that only last year the country people refused to come to Mount Jackson with eggs and other products of their farms, because a strange dog, with a wild look, had been hunting in the neighbourhood for some days, and had driven some cattle into the Shenandoah. It was universally agreed by them that this dog was the devil; and a young lawyer, who was not disposed to tranquil-

lize his neighbours, had gone so far as to say that he had met him one evening in his natural shape, with two eyes of flaming fire, and each of them larger than his head. Upon this Hans determined not to stir from home, and the markets continued to be bad as long as the dog was known to be about. Our fellow-passenger also told me, that an old uncle of his, who was worth 80,000 dollars, asked him, when he returned from college, what he had learnt there that he could not have learnt at the German school. His nephew told him, that, amongst other things, he had learnt that the sun did not go round the world, but that it stood still, and the world went round it. Upon which the old man said, "You dink so, because de beobles at the college tells you so, but I doesn't dink so, pecause I knows petter, and I ought to know petter."

In the neighbourhood of Mount Jackson we passed a very beautiful farm, with extensive rich low grounds, owned by a German cattle-feeder and drover, of the name of Sternberger, who is said to be worth 300,000 dollars. These Germans, like their brethren in Pennsylvania, are plodding, frugal persons, who hoard their profits in hard money, entertain a great dislike to bank paper, and a still greater to the payment of taxes; and as their lands are continually increasing in value, are becoming a very opulent community. Having very little love for their countrymen, the English-talking Ameri-

cans, they do not sympathize much with their politics; and where a German candidate is opposed to an American, are furious electioneerers. In Pennsylvania, where the people of German origin are very numerous, they control the elections entirely, and have it in their power to put the government into the hands of Germans, which they frequently do with the assistance of a democratic minority of the Americans.*

Although we are still on the limestone, sandstone boulders and pebbles begin to abound, evidently the remains of strata once forming an integral part of the adjacent ridges. From Newmarket we continued to Harrisburgh, a distance of 18 miles, where we dined. This is a pretty place, and has a sort of public square with some good houses, but the most agreeable thing I saw was a public spring of excellent water, which they had had the good taste to build a wall around, in the centre of the square. The landlord of the house where we dined was remarkably obliging and attentive—indeed we find them all civil. From hence we proceeded to Mount Crawford, eight miles, in the neighbourhood of which there is a spring of water which comes through the sandstone. We next advanced by a very pretty and much less rough road to Mount Sydney, having the Blue Ridge on our left hand,

* The dishonourable conduct of the state of Pennsylvania, in relation to the non-payment of its debts, is fairly attributable to the Germans.

distant about 12 miles. The last stage to-day, still over the limestone, was to Staunton, nine miles, a good town, where we found a decent inn. Here we were very glad to get some repose after a rough ride.

CHAPTER II.

Ascent of the first Alleghany ridges—A dandy Rattlesnake—Magnificent View across the Alleghanies from Warm Springs Mountain—Affecting Reception at the Hotel of the Warm Springs.

We were called at half-past three A.M., preparatory to our crossing the Alleghany ridges, on our way to the *Warm springs*, distant from hence about 56 miles; and were told we should find the road good, which is always a great comfort where a lady is concerned. Keeping with the limestone to Jennings' Gap—one of those defiles which penetrate these ridges—12 miles, we came to a clean tavern at the foot of the hills, where we got a comfortable breakfast. We now left the limestone valley, which we had followed 130 miles, over a succession of beds of limestone and slate, dipping to the east; and passing the *Little North Mountain*—which is a sort of advanced-guard of the sandstone ridge called *North Mountain*—where the landlord told me coal was found near some springs, we came to the main ridge, and entered it at a passage called *Walker's Mountain*, which has a mean elevation of about 900 feet. The summit is perhaps two miles wide; and is divided again into smaller ridges, with de-

pressions, or valleys and hummocks, imperfectly separating them. The denseness of the woods, the pleasant air, the refreshing cheerfulness of the mountain streams, and the delight at finding myself once more in the Alleghanies, where I had so often wandered, made this a very pleasant day to me.

Travelling in a public vehicle would seem to present singular impediments to a correct investigation of the geology and natural history of a country, as no doubt it does; and if I had not been already familiar with the structure of the Alleghany ridges immediately west of the *Blue ridge*, I should have regretted the very limited opportunity now afforded me of forming accurate opinions. The general principles, however, of what was already known to me of the structure and direction of this remarkable elevated belt were confirmed by what I saw around. The reddish and grey sandstones of the mountains, the slates and shales that alternate with them, the limestones in the valleys, and the general anticlinal structure of the ridges, with their strata dipping in contrary directions on each flank, and often rising again, with their imbedded minerals and fossils, on the opposite side of the valley, sufficiently bespeak the nature of the movement which has raised up these ridges, and left the valleys like furrows between them. Indeed I was delighted to find this mode of travelling not so barren of opportunity, but that I could derive a great degree of enjoyment out of every branch of natural history that fell in my

way. The roads were by no means good; the country was mountainous and rocky; our average pace did not exceed three and a half miles an hour; and the stage-coach stopped so often to water and change horses, that we had an opportunity of walking almost whenever we pleased—a privilege we were all glad to avail ourselves of.

As we were strolling up a hill, we had the good luck to surprise a young dandy of a rattlesnake, who seemed also to have a geological turn, for he was basking at the mouth of his *habitat*, a warm reddish sandstone, loaded with fine impressions of spirifers. His skin had a beautiful velvety appearance, and attracted admiration from us all. Poor fellow! it was the most unlucky day of his life, for it was his last; so, after making some fight, he gave it up at length, and I bore away eight rattles from the gentleman's tail.

At the end of 21 miles we reached Cloverdale, and stopped to dine at a tavern where we met with very civil people, who gave me all the information they possessed as to the extent of any ridge, about which I inquired, where the rock changed, where limestone was to be seen on the hill-sides, and where in the valleys; where the mountain springs came through freestone, as they call all sandstones; where mineral springs existed—coal, minerals, or any metals, they were not acquainted with; whether any fossil bones had been found in caves or other places; any rattlesnakes, any deer, any bears, any

panthers, any wild cats, or any thing queer of any kind whatsoever. To all such inquiries they gave rational and obliging answers. It is always well in the traveller to propound questions of this kind, for the explanations he gives to make them comprehend him set them thinking, and make them more intelligent sources of information to those who succeed him. There is something very delightful, too, in the racy stories of the old hunters you meet in these mountains; some of which, however, it is quite as well to receive *cum grano salis*. The traveller who takes such an interest in the country he is passing through, gets through it in a friendly manner, and gleans a great deal of information. At this place we had venison for the first time; but the haunch was so wretchedly parboiled, and then put into the oven, which they called roasting, that I was not tempted to taste it, more especially as I saw it was a doe, and had not the least fat upon it; for the hunters kill everything they meet, even a doe with a fawn running by her side. We were not alone at this venison feast; a carriage-full of American fashionables from one of the large towns assisted at it, and seemed to relish the wretched stuff surprisingly. They gobbled up and praised the tasteless meat, and the country that produced it, as if nothing better could be imagined: but it is one of the amiable weaknesses of the cockney part of this patriotic people, that when they have read in English books of the estimation in which anything is held

in England, they invariably believe that what is good in the Mother Country, from civil liberty down to venison, must be better in America; and so contrive to make themselves as happy with the shadow of things, as English people do with the reality.

From this place we proceeded to the Warm springs, 21 miles—a very interesting drive—passing through a valley extremely uneven, with hummocks of limestone here and there, and made agreeable by a great many charming mountain-streams. On its west side we had to cross another ridge at a point called *Warm Springs Mountain*, but which was formerly called Jackson's Mountain, after an old settler, whose name is yet preserved in Jackson's River, the south fork of which rises in the next valley, where the Warm springs are. The mean height of this ridge is about 850 feet, and its summit, like that of Walker's Mountain, is about two miles wide. The road which leads across it, its subordinate ridges, their valleys and hummocks, is a very good one, and winds for about five miles from the east to the west base of the mountain. More than two-thirds of this distance being on the east side of the ridge, I walked up it at leisure, and certainly it is difficult to do justice, either with the pencil or language, to the magnificent objects that were continually presenting themselves. Ascending the mountain, a succession of deep precipices and glens presented themselves, environed with dark

blue woods and obscure bottoms that no eye could penetrate, the fit habitations of panthers and bears; whilst from the western edge of the summit there was a mighty landscape of the Alleghany ridges, one succeeding to the other, almost without number, until the most distant was shadowed out upon the horizon by a pale and misty magnitude, that invested the whole picture with sublimity, and created an impression of grandeur too lofty to be scanned by aught living, save

> "The lordly eagle when from craggy throne
> He mounts the storm majestic and alone."

With one of the wheels locked, we commenced the descent of the mountain at speed; the driver dashed down as if he were mad. The road was good, but curving occasionally, and the precipices were fearful. We had nothing to do but sit still, hold our breath, and believe that if we got down safe it would be very satisfactory. And we did get down safe. In a very few minutes we exchanged the tranquil and elevated feelings that are inspired by the simple honest dignity of nature, for the distrust which experienced travellers entertain of the obsequiously cordial reception which in every country graces their arrival at the hotels of watering-places.

Until it is determined that you do not go to the rival hotel, the zeal in your service is overwhelming; the landlord brings out his very best politeness, the waiters grin and bow, and the other harpies stand ready to seize upon your luggage, with an ap-

parent disinterestedness that would induce a novice to suppose that the fable of the Prodigal Son was acting over again. What an expenditure of fine feeling it would cost travellers upon observing how deeply interested and concerned about them everybody appears to be, if it were not for the rising doubt that their concern is as to how long you are going to stay, and how much money they are likely to get from you! Covered with dust, and impatient to get out of the stage-coach, we soon announced our intention to stay a few days. Having taken this important step, our luggage was instantly whipped out of sight; and supposing we were following it, we ascended some steps to the portico of a tolerably large hotel. On gaining this, it was a matter that excited our admiration to perceive how suddenly that anxious solicitude, of which we had so lately been the objects, had assumed an abstract position. The landlord had made his bows, the waiters their grimaces, our names had been taken, *in limine in libro*, and being regularly bagged, we were left to provide for ourselves, not a soul coming near us. A fiddle was screaking in one of the rooms; and we found ourselves on the portico, in the midst of a number of queer-looking ladies, with and without tournures, corseted up in all sorts of ways, and their hair dressed in every possible form. The gentlemen, in greater numbers, were chewing, spitting, and smoking, with an ease that evinced their superiority, and all staring at us in the most

determined manner. Nothing was more certain than that we were out of the woods, had got into fashionable society, and were now going to depend upon the tender mercies of landlords, landladies, and dirty, impudent, black *waiters*. After a good deal of trouble, rooms were assigned to us; and having made our toilette and got some refreshment, we entered the public parlour for awhile, to take a look at those who had done us the favour to stare at us on our arrival; and being soon satisfied, retired to get some repose after a fatiguing day's journey.

CHAPTER III.

A Virginia Hotel in the Mountains—A dancing Landlord—Incomparable beauty of the Warm Baths—Their gaseous and solid contents—The *Hot Springs*—Curious effect produced upon them by an Earthquake—Geological Structure of the Ridges—View of the Alleghanies and the Warm Springs Valley.

HAVING risen much refreshed at the dawn of day, I went to the Thermal bath, and was so struck with the luxury of this unrivalled phenomenon, and with the general beauty of the valley and the adjacent neighbourhood, that I determined to remain at least a week. During this period I was very diligent in investigating everything around me, and committing my observations to my note-book, all of which were transferred to my journal the day preceding my departure, which was on the 12th of the month. To avoid a formal entry of the proceedings of each day, I shall now give a general narrative of what I observed, both of the manners of the place and the structure of the country, with an account of the rare thermal waters of this interesting place.

And first as to what is personal. Of the hotel at the Warm springs not much is to be said in com-

mendation. It is kept by an old inhabitant of the valley, a Col. Fry, a very worthy personage, who is much respected here, as he really deserves to be. He has a son, a very obliging sort of person, who assists him in the management of the hotel, and both father and son are not wanting in attention to their guests, especially to the ladies. These two excellent persons are devoured by a passion for dancing, and it used to be my great delight, on my return from excursions in the mountains, to go to the ball-room in the evening to witness the admirable performances of Col. Fry with his old lower extremities. The house is an awkward, ill-finished, ill-furnished building, with all the pretension of a well-established hotel in an old settled country. The black domestics correspond with the furniture and everything else. There is a long dining-room with a low ceiling, a small public parlour not capable of containing one-fourth of the company, and a few moderate-sized bed-rooms in which families are accommodated indifferently enough. Wood cabins, out of the house, are provided for single people. The portico is the greatest comfort about the place, being long and roomy, and affording a comfortable walk for invalids and ladies in the evening. The number of servants is quite inadequate to the crowd of company that is sometimes assembled there, and there is an eternal bawling going on both in the house and at the doors of the cabins, before breakfast and dinner, from those who have no servants of

their own. "Waiter, there ain't not a drop of water in my pitcher." "Waiter, who under arth has taken the towel out of my *chamm*ber?" "Waiter, I swar you've brought me two odd boots; one's considerable too little, and the t'other's the most almighty big thing what I never seed." One night there was quite a row out of doors, as late as eleven; somebody had abstracted all the pillows from a whole line of cabins, if such pincushions may be called by that name, when a Kentuckian won a bet that he would put nine of them into his coat pocket. At length, however, they were found under the mattress of some one who had probably fancied his bed was hard, and who had gone off in an early stage coach. But the awful hour of the whole twenty-four is that when dinner is announced, and when the grand movement of ladies and their beaux takes place to the dining-room. There a very good regulation prevails: your name is put on your plate, so that your seat is reserved and no one has a right to take it. The last comers to the hotel are placed at the bottom of the table, and as the rest of the company departs are "promoted" higher up towards the top.

During our promotion we had many neighbours and sat opposite to various persons, some of whom were polite and interesting, others very much the reverse, just as it occurs in almost every situation in this world. The effect of this constant movement was to bring us at last to the very head of the company, and place me next to the good-natured and

fat landlady, who did the honours of that eternal mass of bacon which is always the head dish at a Virginia table. Besides this huge dish of bacon, which left no room for anything else above, there were the hams of the fat landlady and their appendages, which on account of the narrowness of the table were equally in my way below. The meats, which were abundant, were so horribly ruined in the cooking, that it was exceedingly difficult to guess what they were composed of. There was, however, always a joint of roast mutton or meagre venison, which Col. Fry, who was very appropriately dressed in a blue check pinafore with sleeves to it, carved at a side-table. The pastry was good and abundant, with plenty of excellent milk, and lumps of beautiful transparent ice to put into it, a luxury which is universal in the pleasant state of Virginia from the mansion of the hospitable planter down to the humblest cottage. As to the servants, they were few in number and bad; they were all slaves, running up and down the sides of the tables to change plates and serve water to the guests, as rapidly as if they were on horseback, endeavouring to make up by activity for want of numbers, never stopping when they were called to, and giving you no chance of catching one but by sticking a fork into him. I was not often present at this ceremony, but was told it was the same thing every day, Col. Fry always officiating as high-priest in his blue check robes at the side-table, skipping from it to change

the ladies' plates, and if any one of them rose from the dinner table to leave the room, he was instantly at her side, armed with the carving-knife in his right hand, and presenting his left arm in his most insinuating manner to conduct her to the door. This extreme politeness not having yet travelled to the Ohio, tickles the Kentucky ladies wonderfully, and they are said to rise often from the table for the sake of being escorted by the martial chief carver and his carving-knife of state.

There was another exhibition at this house at which I was frequently present, as it took place in the evening, when my excursions were over. After supper it is the custom at the Warm Springs to adjourn to a place called the Ball-room, which has a few wooden benches round it, and one fiddler. This performer is a Paganini in his way, for the great Italian played on one string, and this man plays on one tune, for it was always the same. Col. Fry takes the most especial delight in this tune; he is never known to be tired of it, and with the exception of his son, prides himself upon being the very first gambado in Virginia. He certainly is the most extraordinary dancing tavern-keeper I have seen. Both father and son piquing themselves on their politeness, no sooner is the business of eating over for the day, than they transform themselves every evening into masters of the ceremonies; every lady as she enters the ball-room is whipped up by one of them and dragged to one of the

benches, a proceeding which is somewhat amusing the first evening of a lady's arrival, when she does not know who they are or what they are going to do with her. As soon as enough are assembled to make a quadrille, the Fry firm pounce upon two of the last comers to the hotel, refuse to take "No" for an answer, and literally haul their partners to the dance. Then commences the glory of Col. Fry and his son, in the profound solemnity of his bows, the indescribable flourishes they both make with their legs, and the unremitting attention they give to every minutia of the dance. If the lady to whom the Colonel is dancing should be talking to her next neighbour, and does not commence an instantaneous flutteration with her lower extremities, the Colonel skips to her side and raises a preposterous clapping close to her ears with the palms of his hands, so that in the course of the first quadrille he brings them to such a state of discipline, that they become as much afraid of him as if he was one of the bears of his own mountains; and when he seizes them by both hands to give them one of his grand whisks round, they submit with all the resignation of a bird in the talons of a hawk. The Colonel loves to hear his son praised, and admits that he dances the modern style better than himself; "but," says the Colonel, "I do more work with my legs than he does, and at any rate he can't spring so high."

These peculiarities in an innkeeper appear very

odd to those to whom they are altogether new, but the Virginians are accustomed to these manners, and estimate these accomplishments in the landlord highly. The truth is, that he is a very worthy, obliging man, and lived here when visiters could hardly get accommodations of any kind; so that, being the sole dispenser of all comforts, he has been at all times the most important personage on the spot. Indeed, it behoves every one who is passing through an unsettled district to have some deference for the landlord, especially if there is no other house within twenty or thirty miles; the host feels this his advantage over the traveller, and thus a custom, the reverse of that which obtains in the towns, has grown up in the interior of America, of the guests paying attention to the landlord, instead of the landlord paying attention to the guests.

Whilst here I became acquainted with the resident physician, Dr. Strother, a man of good sense, and whom I should think a safe medical adviser. From him I obtained a great deal of interesting information regarding many localities in the neighbourhood, and always found his conversation instructive and agreeable. It is very important to those who use these warm springs as a bath to consult this able physician, as many persons have injured themselves by a too free use of them. Considering how surprisingly beautiful and luxurious they are, this is not surprising. They rise through the limestone in a marshy piece of ground, partly

overflowed by the south fork of Jackson's River, which heads about three miles N.E. up the valley. Over the main bath a rough octagonal building has been raised, open at the top: the diameter of the bath at the bottom is about thirty-five feet, and the average depth is about five feet. When you enter the door of the building you feel a heat equal to that of a forcing-house, but you soon lose all consciousness of it in the contemplation of what is before you. First, you are struck with the unrivalled beauty of the water, which is so enchantingly pellucid, that you think you never saw any water so diaphanous before, not even the waters of the Rhone where they issue from the Lake of Geneva. Then the gaseous matter, which keeps the water in a constant playful state of ebullition, sometimes sending up streams of large bubbles, then firing off a *feu de joie* in a perfect shower of smaller ones. Enter when you will, it is playing and sparkling like a vast reservoir of champagne, and you would be never satisfied with looking on and admiring this unrivalled spectacle, and would continue for hours to look and admire, if the perspiration trickling down your face did not remind you that such a hot place was not made to remain all day in. But what words can do justice to the luxury of plunging into and playing about in this pool of perfect delight? Next to *Champagne frappé de glace*, which is certainly the most glorious invention after a hot day's hard geological work, I think this water, *frappé de*

chaleur, is the greatest enjoyment in the world, to any one who, rising with the dawn, has been occupied until noon wading through a burning sun, climbing the rugged mountain's side, hammering rocks, poking his half-willing hand—doubtful of the rattle-snake—into holes after snail shells, and who has had to trudge back with his pockets and hands full of specimens, and with feet and arms equally tired. It would be difficult for him to imagine aught that could rival this extraordinary bath, where the temperature is about 98° Fahr., and where streams of gas go gently creeping over his body, as if little fishes were nibbling at him; where he has ample room to flounder about, and entertains no apprehensions of a cold shock when he jumps in, or of cold air when he jumps out.

I was careful, however, never to pass more than fifteen minutes in it; that period was sufficient to refresh me, and instead of being sleepy and heavy after I came out, I felt more lively and ready for conversation than at any other time. It was fortunate, too, that my leisure hour was the only one during the morning when I could have the large bath to myself. From four in the morning this bath was appropriated every alternate two hours to the two sexes. I was told that sometimes twenty women would be in it altogether, and fine fun no doubt they had, if one might judge from the laughter and noise that proceeded from the place at such times. The men, too, are not less gregarious, and

thus convert the most delicate of luxuries into a state of things almost as bad, I should suppose, as that in the Penitentiary. Old sick men, young boys, husbands of charming wives, fathers of beautiful daughters, all in the same pickle together, mingling with the most extraordinary looking tobacco-chewing, expectorating, and villainous looking non-descripts. Where are the waters that could undefile a man after coming out of such a polluted liquid? When I was not so fortunate as to find the public bath vacant, I used to secure a more modest bath adjacent to the large one, in a very nice, and not a very small private place, where you are privileged to be alone.

The marshy ground in which these baths are situated, contains in the three or four acres which it comprehends, a prodigious variety of springs, differing perhaps in nothing but their temperature, which varies a little. Myriads of bubbles are rising in every part of the brook, which will no doubt be enclosed at some future day to increase the number of baths. Near to the modest bath a spring has been enclosed, which is called the "Drinking Spring:" this has been rudely fitted up for the visitors to resort to, and is said to be used medicinally with success. The temperature is somewhat lower than that of the large bath, being 94° Fahr., and it evolves a slight quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen, which is not very disagreeable, leaving a taste in the mouth not stronger than that which

is produced by the albumen of a boiled egg. The gaseous contents of these waters are principally nitrogen, carbonic acid, and a little sulphuretted hydrogen.* The soluble salts are carbonate, and sulphate of lime with magnesia. Small crystals of sulphate of magnesia are sometimes found attached to stones where the spray of the water has beaten, and a great deposit of carbonate of lime mixed with a small proportion of sulphate is made wherever the stream runs, for, in proportion as it becomes exposed to the air, the carbonic acid forsakes the lime, which is then precipitated. Lower down, where the public road crosses the stream, this calcareous deposit is very considerable, and forms a body of travertine upon which you can walk across the stream.

During my residence at this place I walked over to the *Hot-springs*, about five miles distant, in a south-western direction, down the same valley. About half a mile on the road there is a well-defined gap to the right through the Backwater Mountain; and here it is evident from the scooping out of the bottom, that when the waters anciently retired from this district, the stream that has contributed to the denudation of the valley has deflected, and caused the gap through which the road to Huntersville now runs. About four and a half miles from this is an-

* Dr. Daubeny, of Oxford, who visited the warm springs in 1838, found the gaseous contents to consist of 96 nitrogen, 6 carbonic acid, and 4 oxygen.

other very picturesque gap, scooped, as it were, out of the mountain, the slopes of which have a graceful inclination to the bottom. This gap is the termination of a short valley of about 2500 yards, that here intersects the main valley, which, together with the high road, it crosses at right angles. In this short valley are the hot-springs, with a small hotel for the reception of persons who come for the benefit of the waters. To the left of the road, as you approach the hotel, are several warm springs, as well as a most delicious cold one; but the *Hot-springs*, which are used as baths, lie to the right, immediately in front of the hotel. A new circular bath has been recently constructed here, with a diameter of more than thirty feet, but it possesses little of that natural beauty which is so striking in the principal bath at the warm springs, although the water is very transparent. It is also inferior in another respect; Dr. Goode, the proprietor, having by a great oversight omitted to enclose several very copious springs, with their beautiful jets of gas quite adjacent to the others, and having in their place enclosed a quantity of dead ground. The temperature was 94°, but would no doubt have been higher but for this mistake, which has shut out at least one hundred points of ebullition; for in a contiguous bath, called the Spout Bath, from its being brought a short distance in a spout, and made to fall from it into a reservoir, the temperature was 102° Fahr. These waters appear to be identical with each other as to their con-

stituents, they all produce travertine, and have a different proportion of carbonic acid from that in the waters of the Warm springs.* To the east of the road there is a singularly charming water, such as I have never met with before. It is collected in a section of a hollow tree, called a gum (because the *liquid-ambar styraciflua*, or gum-tree, is generally used for this purpose), which is sunk in the ground; and, although it possesses a temperature of 101° Fahr., it has the property of quenching thirst as well as cool water, at least it produced that effect upon me. Being warmed with my walk, and hearing Dr. Goode talk of a fine spring of cool water rising amidst the other springs which were all hot, my imagination was dwelling upon this cool spring long before we reached it; but having tasted the water in the gum first, I found it so agreeable that I drank three glasses of it, and allayed my thirst so perfectly, that I had no desire to drink from the cool spring when we reached it; and, indeed, feeling thirsty again before I went away, I hesitated for some time which of the two I should prefer, and was finally so pleased with the recollection of the warm water that I gave it the preference, and was very well satisfied that I had done so. This was the first time I ever supposed warm water could produce any effect upon me but that of an emetic. This is, probably, a very valuable water, of which time will dis-

* Dr. Daubeny examined these waters, and found the gaseous matter to be composed of 6 oxygen and 94 nitrogen.

close the great properties; it is agreeable to the palate, and can be taken into the stomach in large quantities without disgust or inconvenience. It has an agreeable chalybeate flavour, and is slightly acidulated with carbonic acid; and I understood from the proprietor that the country people admired it as much as I had done, and that it had obtained the name of the *Sweet Spring*. Very near to this rises the cool spring, coming through the limestone with a temperature of 60° Fahr. It is a very pure water, and is called the Freestone Spring, a very common name given to rock springs.

Whilst I was standing at this spring with Dr. Goode, he related to me, that during the last summer, when sitting one day over the gum—which usually is full to within two inches—the water in it suddenly rose in a body and overflowed its edges; this it continued to do for about two minutes, when a violent ebullition of gas commenced which lasted three or four minutes more. The water now, from a pure transparent state, became suddenly turbid, and remained so for some time. Struck with this unusual phenomenon he left the gum, and went to the baths to see if the waters were disturbed there also, but there was no apparent change; and he found no reason to believe that the other waters had been at all disturbed. At his return to the gum he found the waters clear again, and at the ordinary level. The phenomenon had never been repeated. Some time after this, looking

into a newspaper, he read, that on the very day, and at the hour he observed this disturbance, a severe earthquake had been felt in the central parts of Virginia. As I remembered this earthquake very distinctly, I noted Dr. Goode's day and hour, and on my return consulted my Journal of last year, and found that, being on a visit with my son to Mr. Madison, the ex-president, at his seat of Montpelier, in Orange County, Virginia, we made an excursion into the County of Louisa, and passed a night at the house of a worthy gentleman named Halliday, who related to us that the earthquake took place precisely at the time when Dr. Goode noted the disturbance of the spring; that the movement was sensibly felt upon his plantation and in his house, and created a general dismay in the neighbourhood. It was the subject of conversation a long time after its occurrence, and having collected information respecting it from other quarters, Mr. Halliday thought he was warranted in believing that his own residence was a sort of central point, towards which all the rumblings converged that had been heard from within fifteen miles of his plantation. He had taken up the idea that the phenomenon did not proceed from a cause acting subterraneously, but that it had its origin in the atmosphere, and was of the nature of a discharge of electric matter. A very long drought had succeeded to a very rainy season, that had lasted five weeks. This was the same year that the great meteoric discharge took place in

November, 1833, and which, though silent as the play of the Aurora Borealis, was singularly brilliant and copious at Fredericsburg, in Virginia, where I happened to be at the time.

In regard to the geological structure of this part of the country, most of these ridges have an anticlinal structure exceedingly disturbed, the order of superposition of the rocks being sandstone, limestone, and slate. In many parts the most important beds have been carried away, as appears to have been the case at the Warm Springs Mountain, where there is sufficient evidence that the surface of the country was much higher at the first heaving up of this mountain; the rocks in many places dipping to the east almost vertically, whilst across they dip to the west, showing that those which covered the intervening space must have been rent asunder by the movement. The limestone of the Warm Springs Valley appears to be of the age of that which I had so long followed, of the Valley of Shenandoah, and it is through this that the thermal waters arise, in consequence of the vent which has been given to them by the mighty upheaval and removal of this mass of mineral matter. In this Valley of the Warm Springs, about a quarter of a mile from the hotel, up a road on the left of the ascent of the Warm Springs Mountain in a N.E. direction, is a limestone bed containing fine impressions of producta, closely resembling P. Martini, with flustra, cyathophyllum, cellepora, astrea, &c.,

and I found specimens from this rock so much resembling those of the Dudley limestone in England, and of other calcareous rocks near Lake Erie, that both from the character of the fossils and the interesting groups which are presented, they would seem to be equivalents.

From the pinnacle of the Warm Springs Mountain (distant about 3000 feet from the toll-house at the summit of the road), which is perhaps about 1100 feet from the valley, and which is formed by a heap of white quartzose sandstone, there is a splendid and most instructive series of views of the Alleghany ridges. The view to the east is very magnificent, but I selected that to the west in order to include the Warm Springs Valley, which is analogous, according to its extent, to the other valleys which respectively separate the ridges; and my son made a sketch,* which very faithfully represents the character of the landscape. The view across the mountains extends perhaps forty miles, the various ridges all appearing very distinctly, holding a parallel course to each other from N.N.E. to N.E.; with the exception of a few irregular and transverse ridges that lie across the valleys in some parts of the country; these have generally passages or gaps—as they are here called—at one end or the other, or in the centre, unless one or more large gaps divide the ridges at some point adjacent to them.

These gaps are numerous and picturesque, and

* *Vide* Frontispiece.

it frequently happens that when the geologist has been strolling for miles in some narrow valley hemmed in by ridges 600 or 800 feet high, he comes upon one of them wide at the top with a graceful slope, and a talus of detritus to the bottom, like the gap of the Backwater Ridge, which confines the Valley of the Warm Springs to the west, and which suddenly opens, and gives an ample and beautiful peep upon a heavy ridge, which has the distinctive name of the Alleghany Mountain, and sometimes the Backbone Ridge, from its being a watershed for the sources of rivers that flow from its west flank to empty into the Gulf of Mexico, and from its east flank to empty into the Atlantic Ocean.

It is through these gaps that the waters have probably escaped which retired from the districts when these ridges were upheaved from the ocean, the channels by which they retired being most likely governed by the relative softness of the strata. The temperature in these valleys is of course much higher than on the ridges. On the 8th of August I observed it at nine o'clock A.M., on the pinnacle of the Warm Springs Mountain, at 74°, whilst by a corresponding observation, made in the valley, it was 88° Fahr. At that elevation the westerly winds have their freshness unchanged by the radiation and reflection of heat below, and are, as I have often experienced on sultry days, perfectly refreshing. One day, whilst I was sitting on one of the

loftiest peaks enjoying the grandeur of the view, a humming-bird flew past me, the only one I saw at that height. Land-shells also are very scarce at this elevation: I found some helices, however, in a cleft of the white sandstone at the top of the ridge. The pines are scrubby at these summits, and the Kalmia latifolia and the Vaccinium frondosum or whortleberry, are found at the highest points. The other plants on the slopes of the ridges are chesnut, hickory, walnut (Juglans), linden, locust (Robinia pseudo-acacia), and oaks red and white. The flies that frequent the tops of the ridges are a very large-sized variety. I met with no snakes except the rattle-snake before mentioned. Animals of chase are rarely found in this part of the country except when mast is plentiful. The bears and deer have generally retreated to situations where man does not torment them so much, and only return when food is scarce in their own districts, and when chesnuts and the acorns of the white oak, of which the deer are fond, abound here. At such times the panther (*Felis discolor*), comes for the same reason, not because he eats chesnuts, but because he knows that he shall find deer there. The sportsmen and dogs in the neighbourhood are out of all proportion to the game, and the few deer that remain alive in the vicinity are so worried by the dogs, that their meat is thin and not worth eating. Bears are very seldom seen.

CHAPTER IV.

The celebrated White Sulphur Springs—Mr. Anderson, a character—Description of this Watering Place—Beauty of the Alleghany Mountain—Our various adventures at a Blacksmith's Boarding-house and Alabama Row—An old Lady makes a double somerset—Our removal to Compulsion Row.

ON the 12th of August, a little after 4 A.M., we all got into the stage-coach for the *White Sulphur Springs*, the great point of attraction to all visitors to these mountains. At the end of six miles we came to a gradual descent through a very romantic woodland ravine, which lasted eight miles, to Shoemates, where we breakfasted. From this place to Callahan's, 13 miles, a sort of outlying mountain is crossed, formed of a decomposing sandstone, which is in some places very ferruginous; this rock coheres so little, that at the summit of the hill the sand is quite deep. Callahan's tavern is in a very agreeable valley basin, and has that lofty ridge, which is specially called Alleghany Mountain, in front. The house is neat, and promises some comfort, having a spring of delicious cool water near to it. The next stage of 15 miles lies for the greater part over the Alleghany Mountain just mentioned, which appeared to consist principally of slate and

fissile sandstone. On the summit I found fossiliferous sandstone in place, with the usual spirifers, encrini, &c. The trees on this ridge are well grown, and here, as well as in most of these mountains, I observed that the ridges on their slopes are not craggy, but are covered with a strong productive arable soil, capable of yielding 40 bushels of Indian corn to the acre. Occasionally I have observed fields of this corn at an elevation of 700 feet above the valleys, and when these slopes are worked with horizontal ploughing along the sides of the ridges, the soil is not carried away by the rains, as in the red lands of the central counties of Virginia, where vertical ploughing is practised, which creates gulleys and chasms so broad as to lead in many instances to the abandonment of the land. This, therefore, will make a good grazing country in time, and maintain a large population. At present, lands in a state of nature, not distant from the main roads, can be obtained at from three to five dollars an acre, when in accessible situations; at greater distances large tracts may be obtained for 50 cents, and even as low as sixpence sterling an acre, the parties in whom the title lies living at a distance, and wishing to sell it at any price rather than pay taxes for what they derive no benefit from. For a long period the farmers of this part of the country will be obliged to pack all their agricultural productions into the shape of hogs and cattle capable of carrying themselves to market, but there are

many things—if managed with prudence and skill—would repay the exertions of active men; fine wools, fat sheep, fat cattle, and even good tobacco, I am persuaded might be raised here. If the rocky surfaces and uncertain climate of New Hampshire, and some parts of Connecticut and New York, afford a hearty subsistence to industry, and permit prudent men to bring up large families in a happy and honourable manner, certainly these fertile and salubrious hills might do the same.

We had heard from various persons at the Warm Springs, who knew the place we were going to, many rumours relating to the White Sulphur Springs, which—notwithstanding their *great* celebrity at a distance—were of an unpromising character; we had been told that the establishment was full to repletion—that all persons were refused accommodation, whatever their respectability might be, unless they brought horses and carriages with them to augment the sum total of expenditure. Any little lawyer or storekeeper in Virginia, by rigging out a dirty old vehicle, and travelling with it at the rate of 25 miles a day, could, we were assured, *get in*; whilst those who came in the stage-coach only *got out*, for the sober truth was, that if they would not receive you, there was no other place to go to. Persons, therefore, of the greatest worth, seeking relief from the waters, and who came in the stage-coach because they would not destroy a good equipage and horses in a long

journey of five or six hundred miles, were said to be turned away without ceremony, or directed to farm-houses in the neighbourhood, under strong promises to provide quarters for them the next day; and were thus kept *de die in diem* with renewed promises and lying excuses until their patience was exhausted. In addition to this, we were told, that if you did get in, you were poisoned and embittered by a filth, a confusion, a want of common honesty, and a total want of personal comfort, that rendered the days and nights equally horrible.

We were ill prepared for such a state of things, for our friend Colonel Fry had certainly done his best for us both in the way of comfort and dancing, and we had left him with the kindliest feelings. On our approach to the White Sulphur Springs, therefore, my mind was somewhat disturbed as to what our fate would be. I had a lady with me who was an invalid, and who had come expressly to drink the waters, and I began to be afraid of meeting with difficulties beyond my control. It was true I had taken the precaution to write to a well-known friend who had gone there in his carriage, and with his own horses, and who was supposed to have great influence with the proprietor, Mr. Caldwell. I had therefore a friend at court, and that friend had written to me that Mr. Anderson, the prime minister of the proprietor, had promised to provide accommodations for us against our arrival. But unfortunately I had heard a great

deal of Mr. Anderson at the Warm Springs; the impartial world there seemed disposed to agree in doing him justice, and a lady from Kentucky, whom he had not been too attentive to, told me that "if Anderson warn't the biggest liar that ever was to belong to Virginny, then there was a great one to be born yet." The stage-coach in which we were was full of people, agitated by the same hopes and fears as ourselves, all anxious to get the first interview with this Mr. Anderson, a personage now grown into the highest importance with us all; when unluckily, as we were approaching the place, another stage-coach whipped past us full of people, which threw us all in despair, and we suspended for the moment our secret contrivances to anticipate each other, to unite in reproaches against our driver for permitting the other coach to pass us.

The moment our vehicle stopped I jumped out, and immediately found a group of people talking to a person who was answering the various eager inquiries they were putting to him. This was a short thick-set fellow, with a filthy black hat hanging on one side of his head, at an angle of about 45°, his garments as unpromising as his beaver, his arms a-kimbo, and his whole appearance vivified with a fierce, cool, and brazen-faced strut, that made a perfect character of him. I had been cherishing some faint hope that the great Mr. Anderson, the Metternich of this wonderful establishment, might have a touch of the gentleman in him, and be dis-

posed to assist me in my need: this animal, thought I, cannot be Mr. Anderson; but considering the levee about this matchless individual, my mind somewhat misgave me, and I doubtingly inquired of him where I could see Mr. Anderson? The answer was not long in coming, and to my somewhat dismay, I heard the important declaration, "I reckon I am Mr. Anderson." I then mentioned my name and the reasons I had for supposing that an apartment had been reserved for me; upon which, without the least circumlocution, he said, "Look ye, Mister, I han't room for a cat, to say nothing about your family." If ever individuals were in "a considerable particular fix," we now might claim to be in the rare situation which would deserve so felicitous a paraphrase, for the driver of the stage-coach having thrown our luggage on the ground, *ordered* my family to get out, as he was going to take his vehicle away: here, then, we were without friends or lodgings, or sympathy from any one. Addressing myself to this Anderson again, I told him we had been induced to come on, by assurances that he had engaged to procure us lodgings, and that he must do it, for we could not stay out of doors all night. The fellow now advised me to go to a house two miles distant until the morning, when he said he would do his very best for me, admitting that much interest had been used to procure lodgings for us in the establishment, and assuring me that he had the best dispositions to

serve me. The question was now how to get to this house, and whilst I was endeavouring to arrange this, a little lame man, with a very Jewish face—who seemed to belong to the establishment, and who hobbled about with a stick—brought an unshaven but civil spoken man to me, who said his name was Servoy, that he lived only half a mile from the Springs, in a cottage I had observed as we drove up, and that he would accommodate us with a room to ourselves until we removed to the Springs. I immediately closed with this offer. Mr. Servoy undertook to procure a sort of carriage to convey us to his place, and whilst these matters were arranging I took an opportunity of looking around me with a mind somewhat more at ease, which I was too busy to do before, even if I had not been prevented by a dense crowd, principally composed of dirty, spitting, smoking, queer-looking creatures, that had assembled upon our arrival.

The establishment of the White Sulphur Springs seemed to consist of a pack of unpromising-looking huts, or cabins, as they are called, surrounding an oblong square, with a foot walk in the centre, railed off from a grassy plot on each side of it. At the entrance into the establishment—which has very much the air of a permanent Methodist camp-meeting—you have on the left a miserable-looking sort of barrack, badly constructed of wood, with a dilapidated portico. Nothing can exceed the frowsy

appearance of this building, which contains the grand dining saloon, where daily between three and four hundred persons assemble to a kind of scramble for breakfast, dinner, and supper. A few of the cabins had a comfortable-looking appearance, and these were the private property of genteel families residing in various parts of Virginia, but who have a right to occupy them only in person, and not by proxy. This oblong square descends rather rapidly towards the south-west to the spring, which is surrounded by a small colonnade, with seats around it, generally filled by persons, many of whom are indifferently dressed, and are constantly smoking and spitting. Others are quietly waiting, with emaciated sallow faces, made ghastly with fever and ague, until the time comes to drink another glass of the sulphuretted water, the gaseous effluvium of which extends far around. A few paces from this is another reservoir of the water, surrounded with a curb-stone, where the negro servants assemble and drink in imitation of their masters, and out of which water is dipped for the use of the horses in the contiguous stables. From these springs other rows of cabins are visible, of an inferior kind, but all having a very unprepossessing look. One of these rows is called *Fly Row*, from the myriads of flies which constantly infest it. Other rows have still more objectionable names. Some of them have received names from the visitors, such as *Probation*

Row, an inferior locality, where families are placed until they can be better provided for.

We found Mr. Servoy's house exceedingly incommodious, and their manner of living rude and irregular. This man, who was really an obliging person, was a country blacksmith, and having perceived during the past season that the accommodations at the springs were insufficient, and having discovered a moist puddle on his own premises, which encouraged him to believe it might become a spring, had made an addition to his house, and had abandoned the anvil for the vocation of entertaining company, for which he was as much fitted as we were for making horse-shoes. The good people did their very best to entertain us; but the meat and the cooking were alike detestable; the bread and the butter were both bad; and only the milk tolerable, of which, fortunately, there was an abundance. There was a fine spring of cold water, too, on the premises, which was an invaluable luxury.

Nature, however, always attractive in this interesting country, compensated as far as she could for all these inconveniences. The house was situated upon a charming knoll on the west side of Howard's Creek—a tributary of the great Kanhaway River that discharges into the Ohio—which meandered at its foot. In front there was an enchanting view of the Alleghany Mountains, the spurs of which, clothed with noble woods, sometimes projected into

the valley, and sometimes ran parallel with the flanks of the mountains, whose beautiful and picturesque serrated summits, sometimes undulating in rounded hummocks, like the *Resegone* of the mountains of the Lake of Como in the Milanese, and at others presenting acute ridges and peaks, bore every where a rich velvety appearance, from the depth and luxuriance of their forests. With these sweet views around us, with the agreeable excursions we made, with bread and milk and good water, and occasional visits to the White Sulphur Springs, to remind Mr. Anderson of his engagement with me, we got over five days at our host's the blacksmith. He, on the other hand, took in every body who would come; and many were the unfortunates who, like ourselves, had reached the end of their journey without finding a home there. Unfortunately, whilst his house was full—having crammed sixteen people into a space not sufficient for half that number—the "help" he had engaged to assist his wife and children in cooking and waiting upon the guests went away, because "sich a power of folks it was *on*possible to sarve;" and not being able to procure another in the immediate neighbourhood, he was obliged to go to Lewisburgh, a small town about nine miles off, to get one. During his absence, Mrs. Blacksmith having to make all the beds, cook all the victuals, and wait upon every body into the bargain, came to the same conclusion that her "help" had done; and as various

significant hints were thrown out by some of the company that it was likely she understood blowing the bellows better than making people comfortable, she very sensibly thought that the best way of diminishing the quantum of dissatisfaction was to get rid of some of her guests. During her husband's absence, the dinner the first day consisted of a hunch of something she called beef, brought to table in such a state that it was impossible to divine whether it had been roasted or boiled, or what had been done to it; it was, moreover, so tough and stringy, that, after various unhappy attempts, it was found out of the question to hope to masticate it; whereupon all the guests in utter dismay grounded their arms, "gave it up," and rose from the table. Never was the chief of a state more puzzled with an insurrection than she was when her child, who was waiting on the table, went and told her mammy that the company "wouldn't touch the beef no how." This being an overt act that directly involved the authority of the government, she met it in the true Cyclopian spirit. Flying into the room, without a moment's delay, she gave notice, in the most intelligible manner, "I aint a-going to work myself to death to please nobody. I reckon, if you are so nice, you know where to get better; so go as soon as you like, for you shan't stay here no longer."

This proclamation produced the effect that all energetic measures timely adopted by governments usually do, and was felt to be particularly cutting

in that part where we were told to go as soon as we liked, as if we, poor devils! could like to go when there was no place for us to go to. At length the blacksmith returned, and without any "help," and in an ill humour, which was an unusual occurrence. We had a specimen of it in the evening. One of the company, who had gone without dinner, observed to him that it was past eight o'clock; that he had had no dinner; and that he wanted his tea, which ought to have been ready at six. Upon which Mr. Servoy observed that "the folks was doing the best they could for the boarders; and if the boarders warn't satisfied with that, why there was no sich thing as satisfying the boarders, for folks couldn't do nothing more than their best—that every body knowed; and if any of the boarders warn't satisfied with his folks, why he didn't want their company." This speech, which was instantly produced in place of the tea, showed us that we ought not to be very particular as to what we got as long as we stayed here, and effectually put us upon our good behaviour.

In the mean time I was forming a very close acquaintance with the premier, Mr. Anderson. Two or three days I visited the springs, to see if it was possible to soften his obdurate heart, and get admission into the paradise of filth and confusion over which he presided: each time he made me the most grave promises to take me in the next morning, which, when it came, he as regularly broke, alleging

all sorts of excuses, and bringing all sorts of defensive armour out of his inexhaustible stock of subterfuges and lies, to meet the rather critical cross-examinations I found it necessary to submit his reasons to. At length it became too bad; he had taken others in who came subsequently to us, and could no longer plead that they were on the list before us. My friends now complained to Mr. Caldwell, the proprietor, who promised to intercede in our favour; and upon this Anderson engaged positively to receive us the next day at twelve o'clock, but when that hour arrived he again broke his word.

Being now utterly tired out with his prevarications, lies, and subterfuges, I walked over with my son and told him, that as he had admitted that I had borne with his conduct with good temper and moderation, my anger was likely to be proportionably violent; that I could no longer stay at the blacksmith's, and that if I was not taken in forthwith, I should leave the White Sulphur altogether; but I desired him to understand that it was my fixed purpose to leave such a memorandum upon his shoulders as would be talked of by all who visited the mountains for generations to come. Upon this Mr. Anderson scratched his head, and said, "I'll tell you what, Mr. F., I can do for you; I can give you No. 29 now directly, if you choose to go into it, but I can't give you a whole cabin for two or three days to come." Five minutes before this he

had sworn he had not a hole to put a cat in. We now moved to No. 29, which was a single room, with two beds, in a row of inferior cabins called *Alabama Row;* my son having procured a dingy-looking hole to pass the night in, at the public tavern where the post-office was kept. Here, in the adjoining rooms, we found numerous acquaintances who had been in quarantine like ourselves. The room was an oblong about 12 feet long, and very narrow, consequently very inconvenient. This row was built against the side of a hill; and the room, which extended the whole width of the row, had two doors. The western one opened upon the hill, and you could step out upon it immediately; but the eastern and principal entrance was by a steep flight of broken and dangerous wooden steps. Furniture there was none inside, except two low bedsteads coarsely put together with rough planks; and the narrow wooden frame on which I was to sleep was so broken-backed that it tilted up in the middle. Finding it utterly impossible to sleep there, I had to get up again after I had lain down, and make a tolerably even surface by filling up the inequalities with articles from my own wardrobe. The mattress was full of knots, and what was in the thing that was intended to be my pillow I never ascertained; but a gentleman informed me that he and his wife having, after the usual vexatious delays, got into some room resembling ours, as soon as they laid down for the night, found their pillow not only

very disagreeable from a sickening odour that came from it, but gifted with some curious hard knobs in it that were moveable. As it was out of the question to sleep upon it, he threw it on one side, and had the curiosity to examine it in the morning, when he discovered that they had not only bountifully put a handful or two of dirty live feathers into it, but the necks, with the heads to them, of two chickens and a duck. I have not the least doubt of the truth of this, for the slaves who attend to such matters have entirely their own way, and there is no one to examine their conduct.

The next morning I made loud complaints, and we were moved into No. 31, where the beds were much better, and we certainly gained by the exchange. This No. 31 was south of our first room, and more down hill, consequently the wooden steps at the entrance were much steeper and higher. They were ten in number, sharp, jagged, wooden things, a fall from which would in most cases produce a broken limb, as they were at an inclination of about 55°. It was not long before an instance was afforded of the danger attending such contrivances. A respectable old lady, stout, and slow in her movements, who inhabited a cabin below ours, hearing the tea-bell ring, and hurrying to obey the summons, thought she could get quicker down by going out at the eastern than at the western door; and the poor dear lady was not mistaken in her conjecture, for having reached the steps, she pru-

dently thought she would take hold of the knob of the door and see if it was well shut; but, unluckily, taking hold of the key instead of the knob, and giving it a jerk, it came out, and she made a regular somerset before she got to the bottom, happily without breaking any limb. This and other inconveniences induced me to apply again to Mr. Anderson, who had taken rather a complaisant turn; he accordingly moved us to *Compulsion Row*, a line of cottages made with frames instead of squared logs, the roofs of which were not quite finished. Their exterior looked tolerably well, and at any rate they were new and would be sweet; besides, they had a small private portico before them which afforded some shade. The sound of the carpenters' hammers and saws presented an objection to our emigrating to this colony; but we saw advantages in the change which determined us to move, especially as the cottage offered to us actually contained two rooms, the precious privileges of which were beyond all estimation. Taking, therefore, an affecting leave of our friends in Alabama Row, we gathered our household gods and goods together, and made a grand movement across the whole establishment of the White Sulphur. In three or four trips with my papers, fossils, &c., and the slaves carrying our trunks, in the course of an hour we were established in No. 3, Compulsion Row.

It was a very pretty, lively young lady who gave this name to the place. Mr. Anderson had put some

families into private cabins, the proprietors of which suddenly appeared to claim their rights, and this brought him, as he feelingly said, "to a h-ll of a nonplush." The weather was setting in very bad, and the proprietors not only insisted upon coming in, but had made their own servants carry their luggage into the cabins, so that it seemed to him as if he had no place to put the actual possessors in but the Land of Promise. The family that had to surrender was in great distress, when suddenly Mr. Anderson's countenance beamed with that sort of satisfaction which sometimes illumines the features of genius, and which could hardly be surpassed by that of Newton when the discovery of gravitation relieved him from so many difficulties. "I have it," exclaimed he: "you shall go to the new buildings; they are not quite finished, but you will be comfortable. Boys, take the luggage over directly." The parties followed their trunks, came to the buildings, which were ceiled tightly in, with clap boards, the doors were hung, and things looked quite nice outside. But when they got in, they found that half of the roof not seen from the road without any covering whatever, except the rafters that were waiting for the shingles or wooden tiles; the floors also were full of chips and shavings, and the hearths were not laid. Very soon after they got into the house and its interesting secrets, it began to rain hard; and there being only half a roof, they might as well almost have been out of doors. Then came loud

complaints and remonstrances to the grand functionary, who declared that this was quite *on*reasonable; that he could not stop it raining; that nobody but the carpenter could do that; and he *promised* that he should do that to-morrow. Under these circumstances the family, not liking to take up their abode on the high road, made the best they could of it, and stayed in the half cottage by compulsion. This is one of the instances of the confusion produced by a fraudulent system of pretending to accommodate every body, when there is only room for a few.

CHAPTER V.

State of Society at Compulsion Row—Fine flavour of the Oysters at New Orleans—Private Cabins at the Springs—A Cyclopean Kitchen—Merciful plan of killing Bullocks with the Rifle—Extraordinary performances at Dinner—Mr. Wright's Shanty in the Woods—Generals who have never been Soldiers—The Ferryman and the Traveller without a title.

IF I had heard this story before we moved into Compulsion Row, we should certainly have never been inhabitants of it. Our portico was common to two cottages united by one roof. Each cottage had two rooms of a sufficient size, and as far as space went we were satisfied; the roof also was tight, but there was no ceiling to either of the rooms, and we looked up upon the rafters. On examining our premises a little more particularly, we were sorry to perceive that the partition-wall, which was common to us and the next cottage, was only carried up part of the way to the roof; all above the line where a ceiling was intended to be placed to divide the lower from the upper room, was entirely open space, except where the rough brick chimney reared itself up in a rather uncomely manner, so that if a quarrel had existed betwixt us and our neighbours, we could have carried on the war by throwing missiles at each

other, with almost as much facility as if there had been no wall at all. The inconvenience arising from this "bad state of the fences" soon manifested itself. We heard the door of the adjoining cabin open, followed by the sound of heavy footsteps of several coarse men, as we soon discovered, by the loud, drawling, unceasing vulgar conversation they got into. We had, however, no blaspheming, and this I was grateful to them for; but in its place we had such a torrent of ungrammatical holdings forth about temperance societies, Sunday schools, tracts, and the utter wickedness and lost state of every body but themselves, that at times many persons would, I dare say, have felt it quite a relief if they had taken to cursing and swearing. When we returned to our cottage for the night, these self-righteous persons seemed to be still labouring to express their spite against their fellow-creatures. More stupid, disgusting stuff I never listened to, than that which came from these conceited, self-sanctified, canting jackasses, nor in my opinion can anything tend more to suppress true religious feeling than such contemptible trash as they uttered. They were all democrats too, to a man, which made them quite perfect. In the morning we were awoke by their hawking and spitting, and beginning to talk as insipidly and disgustingly as ever.

During the next day, these farthing candles to lighten the Gentiles were exchanged for another set of a different kind, equally low and vulgar, but without their canting. This new company, four in

number, with two very small beds to sleep in, were constantly engaged in disputes about bacon—not Bacon, the great philosopher of England, but salt bacon of Virginia. One of them maintained that in "the hull woorld there was no sich bacon as Virginia bacon." Another, who was a Kentuckian, felt himself hurt by this observation, and put in an immediate rejoinder; saying, "I allow the Virginians do flog all mankind at praising themselves, and their bacon might be pretty good, but it war'nt to be compared, no not for a beginning of a thing, to the bacon of the western country, where the land was an almighty sight finer, produced better corn, and of course made better hogs." The Virginian now became nettled, and swore they had "more *reel* luxuries in old Virginia than they had in the *hull woorld,*" and asked the Kentuckian if they had "oysters in Kentucky, and clams, and sich-like;" finishing with a declaration that the finest land in the "hull woorld" was in Southampton County. These oysters silenced the Kentuckian, who, living far in the interior, had never seen any; but a resident of the state of "*Massa*sippi," who could not stand this boast of fine land, put it to the Virginian whether they could grow sugar in Southampton County, and added that he had "always heer'n that the hawysters of New Orl*ee*ns had sich a *on*accountable fine flavour, that they would knock the hawysters of Old Virginny into their ninety-ninth year any day." "I reckon they get that from the yellow fever," rejoined the Virginian. This is

pretty much a specimen of the conversation of these noisy fellows, who having come together in the stage coach, Anderson, to our great discomfort, had crammed into this room. I had opportunities afterwards of seeing these persons in the portico, and their external appearance corresponded to their conversation; they were ill-dressed, vulgar-looking fellows, drawn from the class of slave-dealers and land-speculators.

Language cannot do justice to the scenes we witnessed and through which we had to pass at the White Sulphur Springs. It must appear incredible to those who have heard so much of the celebrity of this watering-place, but who have never been here, to be told that this, the most filthy, disorderly place in the United States, with less method and cleanliness about it than belongs to the common jails of the country, and where it is quite impossible to be comfortable, should from year to year be flocked to by great numbers of polite and well-bred people who have comfortable homes of their own, and who continue to remain amidst all this discomfort, which, from the nature of things, they know is unchangeable. This requires some explanation.

The waters of this region have been frequented by the Virginians during a long period, for relief from the liver complaints and debilitated constitutions occasioned by the annual unhealthiness of all those low parts of Virginia which extend as far as the tide-water penetrates up the Atlantic rivers. The bilious and intermittent fevers general

to that flat country, compel almost all the proprietors who can afford to leave their plantations, to fly to the salubrious air of the mountains, where they usually remain from July until the first frosts set in in October. When these waters first became known, and before roads were made, everybody came on horseback, rude huts were constructed for their personal accommodation by those who came, and the game with which the country abounded, venison, partridges, and bear's-meat, supplied their tables. In time roads were opened, and families were enabled to come with greater comfort, and to bring articles of furniture and a few of the luxuries of life with them: this gradually led to settlements, and to a market at the springs for the productions of the settlers. The waters soon acquired a deserved celebrity, and were annually resorted to by many of the most distinguished persons of Virginia. At length this part of the district became private property, and some of the visitors, to ensure themselves the greatest possible degree of personal comfort, entered into an agreement with the proprietor that he should build for them small wooden cabins, to contain two or three rooms. The expense of erecting each of these cabins, not exceeding 200 dollars, was to be defrayed by the person for whom it was built, the privilege being reserved to him and his family of occupying it whenever he or they came in preference to any body else, he being bound to leave the key with the proprietor when he went away, who had then the right to put other persons

into it. These privileged visitors pay the same weekly charge per head for their board that all others do, and some of them bring their cooks and make an arrangement for a private table, so that they, not being obliged to mingle with the heterogeneous mass, have a degree of enjoyment that others cannot participate in. At present the increased population and wealth of Virginia cause great numbers to resort to these celebrated waters; but it so happens that the proprietor, Mr. Caldwell, is a man of a simple, indolent, and inactive character, who pays no attention to his own affairs; the consequence is that he is unceasingly plundered by those who do look after them.

It would be impossible for such a state of things to exist if the establishment were under the management of a person gifted with good sense and activity. The place might be made a mine of wealth to such a man. Everything concurs to make the speculation both profitable and permanent. The wide celebrity of the curative properties of the water, the beauty and salubrity of the country, the prevalence of the opinion that it is necessary to drink the waters at least a fortnight, the residence during the whole of the summer months of so many genteel families, the affluence of intelligent individuals from every part of the Union abounding with pleasant and instructive information, are a sufficient guarantee for the certainty of the returns that would reward the exertions of the right sort of man. Indeed, if cleanliness and order only prevailed, it would be the most

delightful watering-place I have visited in the United States. To a lover of nature the country abounds in attractions, and when the day's excursions are over, what with social visits to families backwards and forwards, agreeable evening walks when the sun has declined, the news by a regular daily mail, the general and particular intercourse maintained amongst those who are acquainted with each other, and the re-union at night of the company in the ball-room, this establishment, situated in a romantic and plentiful country, might be converted into a refined rural residence, during the summer, for a thousand persons; whilst the poor invalids who hie to this Bethesda, uniting the use of the waters with temperate exercise, a fine mountain air, and the pleasures of society, would bless the place to the latest day of their existence. If the proprietor were capable of accomplishing so much good, he would not only double his profits, which are said to exceed thirty thousand dollars per annum, but receive the praises of every one: but abandoning the concern to Anderson and a pack of worthless free black servants, one-half of everything is wasted, and he is thus driven to contract for the cheapest things he can procure, and to give his guests the worst things that can be procured in the country. Milk, which is so plentiful at the Warm Springs, is not to be had here. The kitchen, which opens into the dining-hall, is a dark cavernous-looking place, resembling a subterranean furnace, with dirt and offal of every sort thrown upon the floor, whilst human beings are

obscurely seen, some of them standing at the great fires and others running about as if they were so many Cyclops: all of them are negroes, a circumstance of great importance to the one hundred and fifty private black servants in attendance here, who are thus enabled to get the choicest morsels to themselves, an advantage they avail themselves of to its fullest extent. Hence the prodigious waste, for they and the dingy Dinahs consume more meat, bread, sugar, and butter, than their masters three times over, and only pay half-price; so that the practice of turning white visitors away who have no servants, and taking in those who have black ones, is a losing one to the proprietor, though he does not see it. A beeve and eight sheep are killed every day after dinner, and either wasted or consumed within the twenty-four hours. Contracts for these are made with cattle-drovers, who drive twenty or fifty, as the case may be: the usual price paid being three cents, or about three halfpence a pound for the meat when dressed, the hide and tallow being thrown in. When the lot is brought by the drover an average animal is selected, killed, dressed, and weighed, and the whole lot paid for, per head, at the same rate. The rest are put into a field of thirty acres, closely fed, and one of them is killed every day. When the servants have dined, the butcher, with his attendants, goes to the field, selects an animal, has it shot with a rifle, and brings away the carcase in his waggon. These black fellows, who have very little feeling for dumb animals, or for anything but themselves, one

day put several balls into a poor bullock, which being furious, tore down the fences, and took to the woods: hearing of this, my son, who is an admirable marksman, went to the place, took the rifle from the negro, and the animal being overtaken, put a ball into its head at a distance of upwards of 100 yards, which cut the spinal marrow, and killed it instanter.

The next day the people apprehending some similar difficulty from the cattle being very wild in consequence of having been chased the day before, came to my son and asked him to officiate again. Being curious to see the operation, I accompanied him to the field, where we found some difficulty in getting sufficiently near to them; at length they drew up into a group, and the butcher having designated a black one with a small white spot on its forehead, which was in the midst of them, my son waited till it presented its head towards him, when he fired at about 150 yards, and the animal immediately dropped on its knees, and rolled over. It was dead before the butcher could run up to let the blood out. This is certainly a merciful way of killing horned cattle when the shot is a sure one. The ball upon this occasion went in about two inches from the top of the forehead, exactly in the centre, and from thence passed into and cut the spine. I never saw a neater shot fired. The animal was now skinned, dressed in a rude manner, and carried to the house, where part of it was cooked for supper the same evening.

People seem always to be eating meat here, and to have no choice whether it is tough or tender, fat or lean—at least you hear nothing which induces you to suppose so; and, indeed, those who have a gross taste and voracious stomachs must fare well here, for there is any quantity of nasty-looking dishes of animal food placed three times a day before them.

But in this establishment, that might be as unrivalled in its comforts as it is in its natural advantages and beauty, everything is alike, a scene of dirt and confusion; and a charming rural retreat from the heats of the summer is thus disgraced with all the filth and nastiness of a badly conducted hospital. Into the details of his affairs the proprietor never enters. His orders are *to take everybody in*, and never were orders more faithfully executed. The manner in which this over-peopled and underfed place is daily provided for, is certainly unique. At six in the morning the first bell rings, and a little before seven the second bell announces that breakfast is on the table in the dining-hall. Now the doors of the cabins are thrown open, and the polite and the vulgar are seen converging from every quarter to a scene of indescribable confusion and filth. On the dirty portico, in front of the hall, all assemble in a dense crowd as if some extraordinary exhibition was to be presented, and there are three doors of entrance. Suddenly these doors are opened from within, and then it is important for every gentleman to take care of the lady under his charge.

Having forced your way inside after a desperate squeeze, the next thing is to find your seat. Where three hundred have to sit in a place which scarce affords room for two hundred, it is better to be first than last. A single man stands no chance for a place if he is not on the alert; yet I must do the visitors the justice to say, that although the motto is of necessity, *sauve qui peut, perd qui veut*, yet the claims of a lady seemed to be always promptly admitted. The only thing like system which is in favour of the visitors, is the having your name placed on your plate, as at the Warm Springs—a custom absolutely necessary to avoid a general scramble for seats. We always found our names on our plates, which were placed in front of a dirty bench without a back to it.

But who can describe the noise, the confusion incident to a grand bolting operation conducted by three hundred American performers, and a hundred and fifty black slaves to help them? It seemed to me that almost every man at table considered himself at job-work against time, stuffing sausages and whatever else he could cram into his throat. But the dinner-scene presented a spectacle still more extraordinary than the breakfast. And, first, as to the cooking, which was after this mode. Bacon, venison, beef, and mutton, were all boiled together in the same vessel; then those pieces that were to represent roast meat were taken out and put into an oven for awhile; after which a sort of dirty gravy was poured from a huge pitcher indiscrimi-

nately upon roast and boiled. What with this strange banquet, and the clinking of knives and forks, the rattling of plates, the confused running about of troops of dirty slaves, the numerous cries for this, that, and the other, the exclamations of the new comers, "Oh, my gracious! I reckon I never did see sich a dirty table-cloth," the nasty appearance of the incomprehensible dishes, the badness of the water brought from the creek where the clothes were washed, and the universal feculence of everything around, the scene was perfectly astounding. Twice I tried to dine there, but it was impossible. I could do nothing but stare, and before my wonder was over everything was gone, people and all, except a few slow eaters. I never could become reconciled to the universal filth, as some told me they had got to be, and my wife would literally have got nothing to eat if I had not given a douceur to the cook, and another to one of the black servants, to provide her every day a small dish of fried venison or mutton, for which we waited until it was placed before her; this, with very good bread—and it always was good—was her only resource. Much squeezed as we were at first, there was a sensible relaxation and more elbow-room in a very few minutes, in consequence of the great numbers who had the talent of bolting their "feed" in five minutes. A gentleman drew my attention to one of these quick feeders, who had been timed by himself and others, and who had been observed to bolt the most extraordinary quantities of angular pieces

of bacon, beef, and mutton, in the short period of two minutes and a half. This was a strange, meagre, sallow-looking man, with black hair and white whiskers and beard, as if his jaws had done more work than his brains. All the bolters went at it just as quick feeders do in a kennel of hounds, helping themselves to a whole dish without ceremony, cutting off immense long morsels, and then presenting them with a dexterous turn of the tongue to the anxious œsophagus, would launch them down by the small end foremost, with all the confidence that an alligator swallows a young nigger, into that friendly asylum where roast and boiled, baked and stewed, pudding and pie, all that is good, and too often what is not very good, meet for all sorts of noble and ignoble purposes. These quick feeders, with scarce an exception, were gaunt, sallow, uncomely-looking persons, incapable of inspiring much interest out of their coffins, always excepting, however, the performer with the white whiskers, whose unrivalled talent in the present state of the drama, might, perhaps, be turned to great account in some of the enlightened capitals of Europe.

Chemical solutions, to be made perfect from solid materials in the proper time, require first a little mechanical aid, that the greatest possible quantity of surface may be presented to the solvent power. If men would reason thus about the faculties of the stomach, the gastric juices would perhaps have a better chance of fair play. Nature has provided us with teeth for the mechanical purpose, and if men

will not assist her they must pay the penalty, and continue to be taxed with dyspepsia, and the ghastly physiognomies that not only afflict themselves, but those innocent persons who are compelled to look upon their unearthly visages. The consequences of this pernicious habit of quick feeding which is so general in America, I never perceived more strikingly than at this place.

The proprietor of this watering-place, in addition to his plan of over-trading, has had recourse to another scheme which deserves the strongest reprobation. He lets one of his houses to a set of sharpers, who keep a public gaming-table, that is open day and night, where faro, roulette, rouge et noir, and other desperate games are played. Thus every direct encouragement is given to vice, and inducements held out to the vilest fellows in the country to flock to the place for the express purpose of preying upon the company who support his establishment. Inconsiderate and ingenuous young men, who accompany their families here, are thus exposed to the worst temptations, and frequently acquire habits that render them miserable for life.

I can speak with more satisfaction of the ball-room, where the company has an opportunity of assembling every evening, and where young persons who love to dance can amuse themselves very well; for the musicians are far above the ordinary rate of those found at American watering-places. The refreshments too, which are handed about, appeared clean and very fair, a remarkable departure

from the usual course of things here. Some flashy-dressed men whom I saw in this room, not connected with known families, but who merely appeared as bystanders, were pointed out to me as members of the co-fraternity of gamblers, who drop in here to seize opportunities of inveigling the young men away to rouge et noir. Being an Englishman, I was asked by some ladies if I knew Colonel Smith of the British army, who had served at Waterloo, and answering in the negative, he was pointed out to me waltzing with a young lady. The colonel, for an Englishman, had a most suspicious-looking beard from ear to ear, a prodigious display of gold watch-guard, a gait that did not look very much like Waterloo, and a face with a pair of hairy jowls to it, so remarkable for low expression, that I could not help forming a very unfavourable opinion of him. Soon after, drawing up to where he was standing talking to his partner, not to hear what he was talking about, but to hear the sound of his voice, I detected my fine friend in a moment, for his language, which came out by mouthfuls, was of a low flowery kind, quite unknown to gentlemen, and what more especially blew him up, was his attempt to keep down the drawling vernacular of the State of Mississippi; in attempting to save himself at that point he lost himself and Waterloo altogether. I now advised the brother of one of the ladies he had made dancing acquaintance with, to ask him what regiment he had served in, but the fellow equivocated so much that I had no longer

any hesitation in giving my opinion of the true character of this swell, who, soon after perceiving the wind was no longer fair for him, ceased to come to the ball-room. This place was the only part of the establishment where cleanliness and decorum prevailed, for the reason, I suppose, that the genteel families who had their private cabins always attended it. But there, as well as everywhere, a never-failing topic was the general disorder, and dirt, and utter want of personal comfort.

For the last two days of our stay my stomach was so entirely overcome by the disgusting feculence of the dining-hall, that I absented myself at every meal, getting something occasionally to eat at a very odd fellow's, who had run up a shanty in the woods not far from the Springs, and which I had accidentally met with in my rambles. This man was named *Wright*, and he had formerly kept an oyster-cellar at Baltimore. Any one who knows how to fry oysters, generally knows how to fry anything else; and as Baltimore is a place that not only contains a class of jolly citizens, but captains and no captains without number, of slave-ships and piratical vessels, who live in oyster-cellars when they are on shore, it may be presumed that Mr. Wright came here to show his talent in that line. In fact he told me that having been for a short time last year to the White Sulphur, "the doings there was sich as he never seen afore," and perceiving an opening for his own talent, he first secured the

right to a small piece of land in the woods near to the road, without any body suspecting his object, then ran up a slight log-hut by way of experiment, and afterwards brought from Baltimore various kinds of confectionary, with Champagne, Madeira, claret, bottled ale, rum, brandy, gin, lemons, sugar, and indeed all the appliances of a jolly existence. He had also secured a quantity of ice, and had set up some rough tables, with leafy bowers over them, at which I have, upon various occasions, after a hard day's work in the mountains, had the justest cause to admire his skill in venison steaks, mutton chops, and in the concoction of inimitable ice punch. Here, too, when the thermometer was at 90°, we were always sure of getting a delicious glass of ice lemonade. At the period of my departure Mr. Wright was becoming a formidable rival to the bar-room of the White Sulphur, where cock tails, gin slings, gum ticklers, mint juleps, phlegm cutters, and other American sherbets, were brewed from morn to night for the crowds of spitting and swearing, cursing and coughing, smoking and stinking *reel* gentlemen that passed their time there; and such was his success that his intention was to extend his operations the succeeding year.

One of the advantages I had derived from my residence here consisted in a great variety of designations that were given to me by different people. If we are to believe the professions of Republicans, they abhor titles of every kind, yet they seem con-

stantly to betray a confirmed hankering after them; upon the principle, I suppose, that things which are very rare always have a high value placed upon them, and that when diamonds are not to be had, weak people will gratify their vanity by wearing paste. In Massachusetts and the New England States the plainest farmer, as soon as he is elected to the State Legislature, is metamorphosed into "*The Honourable* Mr. Slick." In New York a young lawyer, for political services, is named *Inspector-General* of the Militia—an office without duties and without emolument, as the militia never assembles in a body—and so becomes dubbed General for life, although he may be turned out of his office the next election. A General Officer of the United States army once told me that he dined with the Governor of New York by invitation, and that, whilst at table, hearing repeatedly, "Shall I have the honour of a glass of wine with you, General?" he at first took the compliment to himself, filled his glass, and looked for his man; but as he always failed in catching his eye, he began to be more cautious, and at length perceived to his surprise, that instead of being the only *General* at the table, there was a very considerable sprinkling of them, not one of whom had *ever been a soldier.* But here, in Virginia, the rage for titles is greater even than at the north. Almost every person of the better class is at least a Colonel, and every tavern-keeper is at least a Major. Occasionally a few *Kaptins* are

met with amongst the stage-drivers, but such an animal as a *Lew*tenant only exists on the muster-roll of the Militia, for I never heard of any one having seen a live one in Republican America. A well-known gentleman of Winchester, in this State, related an amusing anecdote to me on this subject. Crossing the Potomac into Virginia, with his horse, in a ferry-boat, the ferryman said, "Major, I wish you would lead your horse a little forward," which he immediately did, observing to the man, "I am not a Major, and you need not call me one." To this the ferryman replied, "Well, Kurnel, I ax your pardon, and I'll not call you so no more." Being arrived at the landing-place he led his horse out of the boat, and said, "My good friend, I am a very plain man, I am neither a Colonel nor a Major, I have no title at all, and I don't like them. How much have I to pay you?" The ferryman looked at him, and said, "You are the first white man I ever crossed this ferry that warn't jist nobody at all, and I swar I'll not charge you nothing."

If the various people I had dealings with at this place had acted upon this principle with me, I should have saved a good deal of money; for Mr. Wright, seeing me curious about rocks and shells, always called me *Doctor;* most of the people at the Springs, with whom I had formed an acquaintance, called me *Colonel;* and some of the blackeys that waited upon me, called me *Judge.*

CHAPTER VI.

The system of Alleghany Ridges caused by an upheaval from below, and the White Sulphur Springs a consequence of the movement—Gaseous contents of the Waters—White Rock Mountains—Horizontal Fossiliferous Strata in place.

THE Alleghany Mountain, or *Backbone Ridge*, mentioned at page 46, is the central part of this broad elevated belt which traverses so great a portion of North America. We had now crossed it, and found a sensible change in the general dip of the strata, a circumstance of itself sufficiently indicative of the origin of this great belt, a very brief account of which will now be given.

The Alleghanies, which is the general name the ridges of this belt have obtained in North America, have their south-western termination not more than 200 miles from the Gulf of Mexico, and run through the continent in a general direction of north-east, far into that part of Canada which lies north of the St. Lawrence; for although the distinct manner in which the various ridges are separated from each other in the more southern parts of the belt is often all but lost in those northern parts, yet the great limestone valley, which more or less accompanies it throughout its extent, and which is most conspicuous

in Pennsylvania, and that valley of Shenandoah in Virginia which has been spoken of at page 12, distinctly appears in the vicinity of Lake St. John, near the heads of the Saguenay River. The length, therefore, of this elevated belt cannot be far short of 1700 miles, and its breadth may be estimated from 80 to 120. That the whole series of ridges has been raised from a lower level, and that the maximum upheaving force has been in the direction of this Backbone Ridge, which is the most elevated of them all, is apparent from the general structure of the ridges; for although the more highly complicated fractures and arrangement of the beds of the eastern ridges, where every form of dynamic action appears to have been exerted, shows that a singular intensity of force prevailed there; yet the general movement appears to have been a simultaneous and undulatory one, evidences of an anticlinal and synclinal bending being common to the entire belt. This movement, whether it commenced from the west or the east, was evidently less paroxysmal in the central part of the belt, for the rocks at the Backbone Ridge begin to dip westwardly instead of easterly as they did before; and in advancing in a westerly direction towards the Mississippi, they gradually lose their inclination, and come more or less to the horizontal level. It is probable, therefore, that the mineral water of the White Sulphur has been liberated from its subterranean abode by the same sort of movement that has brought the

waters of the Warm Springs to the surface. The White Sulphur Springs, so called not from any efflorescence of sulphur, but from the pale yellowish colour of the confervæ that you see around the sides of the spring, are on the south side of Howard's Creek, a pretty stream that rises to the north-east, and flows into the Green Briar river. In various parts of the valley, and in the vicinity of this stream, I observed that the waters were tainted with sulphuretted hydrogen, as well as those at the White Sulphur Springs; it is probable, therefore, that if the stream were diverted a little from its course, other mineral springs equivalent in value to those now in use would be discovered.

The gaseous contents of the waters are nitrogen, sulphuretted hydrogen, with perhaps small portions of carbonic acid; hence they resemble the Harrogate waters in England, and like them, are not particularly agreeable to the taste, the sulphuretted hydrogen being nauseous, and the sulphate of magnesia and other constituents in them very bitter. I only drank of them once, and not being fond of nasty things, never had the curiosity to taste them again. The temperature is moderate; after a long rain it ranges from 61° to 63°, and is somewhat higher in dry weather; but as perhaps it never rises higher than 65°, the waters cannot be said to be thermal in the sense that those are in the Warm Springs Valley, and only so in proportion to their

excess over the atmospheric mean. The valley in which the sulphuretted waters are situated is very beautiful; the outlines of the hills also are pleasingly rounded off, as decomposing sandstones often are. In the dry beds of mountain brooks which abound here, quantities of fossil impressions on sandstone are found, producta, encrinites, &c., the bed of which, until the 23rd, I had not been able to find in situ. On that day my son and myself made a rather fatiguing excursion up the White Rock Mountain, one of the most conspicuous eminences in this part of the country, lying about west by south from the White Sulphur.

The base of this mountain comes down to the Lewisburgh turnpike, about three miles from the spa, but hearing it was not very accessible on this side, we began the ascent under the farthest peak to the south; and getting entangled in a hunter's path, we at last thought we were too far to the south, and were ascending the skirts of the main Alleghany ridge. In order to see where we were, we clambered up a very steep ridge on our right, at an angle of about 60°, and with great difficulty reached the top. On the other side there was a deep gloomy dell, thickly clothed with a forest that had yet been respected by man, and which seemed to be the proper abode of panthers during the heat of the day. From hence we saw the White Rock Mountain, which was the object of our excursion, distant at least two miles, and towering

above the little hills below. We had become so exhausted in clambering up the ridge where we were now standing, that our day's undertaking began to assume an importance we had not invested it with before; and, afraid to waste our strength, which we should have done if we had attempted the mountain by way of so intricate a dell, we determined to retrace our steps, so that we lost three hours before we reached the point where we thought it advisable to commence the ascent.

There was a house about a mile from us, kept by a person called Dixon, and thither my son went to get some water and acquire information. On his return he reported that there was no path, that the mountain was excessively steep, and that if we got up—as his informant stated—we should not be worth sixpence when we got down. It is remarkable how incurious and indolent the white people of this district are; they never enter upon any occupation unless there is money to be made by it, or unless they are compelled to do so. Every man has a horse, hence you never see any one but a negro on foot; and they cannot comprehend why individuals should wander from the high road, and place themselves in difficult and dangerous situations, especially when they are without arms to kill game, or to defend themselves with; the difficulties, therefore, that present themselves to any little enterprise that is out of the common way, are very much magnified by them, and they always discourage rather than comfort

you. After resting a short time, we determined to finish the adventure, and began the ascent. We were two hours and a half before we reached the highest peak, which appears to be about 800 feet above the level of the valley. The ascent commenced by a very rough slope, and a small ridge leading to the base of the main peak: its inclination in many places was near 60°, and every part of the soil and herbage was so glossy and slippery, as well as the soles of our boots, that we were continually falling, and could never have got up without the aid of the branches and twigs that we held on by. We were constantly obliged to take breath, in order to make a rush at any other shoot above which appeared strong enough to hold us.

The view from the summit of the peak, which is a rather flat level of about half an acre, is exceedingly fine: the entire length of the valley is distinctly seen, but distance destroys the beauties of its details. Farther to the west you see the mountainous ridges that run through Green Briar Valley. We remained at the top only long enough to make a sketch of the scene, the geological features of which are less distinctly marked than those presented in the view of the Alleghany ridges from the Warm Springs Mountain. On our descent we deviated a little to the right, finding it so extremely steep as to be rather dangerous; but seeing a rock projecting there, the beds of which appeared nearly horizontal, I went to it; and it turned out to be the

red ferruginous sandstone with fossils in situ, of which I had previously found specimens in the dry brooks. This rock is about 100 feet from the summit of the mountain. Having often found fragments of this fossiliferous rock midway in the valley, it is evident there has been a great destruction of the ancient surface. From this point we let ourselves, with the aid of the twigs, down a slope, which had a very sharp inclination, and if it had terminated in a mural escarpment, our situation would have been somewhat precarious: as it was, we had a dark gloomy dell beneath us, and evening was approaching. Had any accident happened to either, or to both of us, we should have been very much embarrassed, for men provided with nothing but portfolios, hammers, thermometers, and instruments for observation, would find them of very little use on breaking a limb. We had left our lodgings as early as nine A.M.; we had been told it was but four miles to the top of the mountain, were unprovided with any thing, and night was setting in. Water was what we most suffered the want of. Afraid of getting entangled in the dell beneath us, we retraced part of our steps, until we reached a point from which we could proceed on a horizontal line along the mountain side, until we regained that by which we ascended.

The thorny Robinia pseudo-acacia abounded so much that my clothes were torn to tatters; and, being at length brought into as bad a situation

as Humphry Clinker was, I was obliged to tie them up with my pocket handkerchief, and exchange my short roundabout jacket for my son's longer shooting coat. When we reached the first peak, which we had called Little White Rock, we again deviated to the right, and, leaving the line of our ascent, plunged into the dell in search of water, about which we both of us felt very anxious. I soon perceived an unusual dampness in the air, which bore the smell of water, and following a small dry brook some distance, we, to our great joy, found a spring of delicious water. Here we refreshed ourselves most luxuriously; and, reinvigorated, at length extricated ourselves from the dell, and reached the high road. It was night when we reached our lodgings, exhausted and worn out, but supper was over, and we could not procure even a piece of bread. Dressing ourselves in haste, we got again in motion, and dragging our reluctant limbs to the place where Wright's shanty was, we sat down to a venison steak and a bottle of ale; having finished which, we tramped back again to the White Sulphur, and made our appearance at the ball-room, where our friends were beginning to inquire for us. We had been incessantly in motion for 11 hours.

During my stay at this place I remarked that the adjacent hills, as well as the establishment of the Springs, were generally covered with fog until past eight in the morning, after which hour it is

dispersed by the sun. In rainy weather the fog is unusually heavy, and then a little fire is acceptable both morning and evening. It rained on the 20th of August, and on the 21st I found the thermometer at seven A.M. gave 62° Fahr. for the temperature of the water, and 56° for the atmosphere. When the sun broke out, the thermometer rose immediately to 82°, and at noon to 91°.

As to the curative properties of the waters of the White Sulphur Springs, they appear to be universally and justly admitted. I had various opportunities of conversing with intelligent physicians who annually attend them, and they all concurred in stating their great efficacy in relieving persons afflicted with obstructions of the liver, dyspepsia, and the derangements arising from those bilious and intermittent fevers to which people who inhabit low marshy lands on the large rivers are subject. This opinion seems to be sustained, as well by the successful cures which they annually perform, as by reasoning founded on medicinal theories. These sulphuretted waters have also obtained a reputation for being useful in cutaneous complaints. I had an evidence of this in my son, who arrived in this region troubled with large ringworms in various parts of his face, which were soon, by the use of the waters, successfully cured. But the most active causes, which perhaps concur with the waters to the restoration of health, are the journey to the mountains, the exchange of a low infected at-

mosphere for the invigorating air of a salubrious region, the fine exercise enjoyed in the hills, and a relief from the cares of business. The inhabitants of the marshy lands of the tide-water districts live there at an expense of health both fearful and unavoidable, but the fertility of the land makes the temptation irresistible. Since man, therefore, will go and increase and multiply under such unfavourable circumstances, exchanging health for wealth, it ought to be considered a providential dispensation that there should be a mountainous region containing so many precious resources so happily situated—midway, as it were, between the inhabitants of the low lands of the Atlantic Ocean, and those of the basin of the Mississippi. Here they can annually congregate, reinvigorate their sickly frames, and by communicating to each other the information they bring from their respective countries, reciprocally enlarge their minds, carry home useful information, and become, in every sense of the word, more united as citizens of the same nation.

CHAPTER VII.

Paying beforehand as bad as not paying at all—Journey to the Sweet Springs—Beauty of the Country—Gaseous and solid Contents of the Waters—Remarkable Dam formed of Travertine—Ancient Travertine 350 feet above the level of the present Springs, probably derived from them before the Valley existed—Proofs of the ancient Surface being lowered.

This morning, August 27th, found us standing, at five A.M., by the roadside, with our luggage, ready to get into the stage coach, in which our places had been taken to the *Sweet Springs, and paid for* two days before. Prudent people, who wish to be quite sure of getting away from this Tophet, will of course secure their places several days beforehand by paying for them. We had now to learn that this was insufficient. When the coach stopped, I perceived it had its full complement of nine passengers inside. As it was perfectly clear that I had a right to places there, I immediately opened the door, when a general growl informed me there was no room. The greater part of the passengers were men, not one of whom seemed disposed to stir. Those Americans who are underbred, rather plume themselves upon their deference to ladies when travelling, and I have often seen them somewhat officious in their politeness, as far as trifles went; as if they wanted

to show that they knew it was not usual to be rude when it could be avoided, or to spit upon ladies' gowns when they could do the same thing over the side of a steamer. But as to their giving up any good substantial thing they were in possession of without an equivalent, that was a virtue that did not seem to enter at least into the contemplation of this stage coachful of animals, for not one of them offered to resign his seat to my wife, though I told them my places had been paid for two days, whilst scarce one of them had engaged his place previous to the preceding evening. I now appealed to the driver, who refused to interfere, and said we might get on the top. The very idea of putting a lady on the top of such a preposterous machine as that stage coach, was an absurdity. Looking more narrowly into the inside, to see if there was any decent person that I could hope to prevail upon, I espied a dark ill-looking mulatto, and asked him civilly to ride on the top, but Mr. Gamboge liked his place as well as the rest, and refused; upon which I called my son, and told the fellow, that if he did not without further delay evacuate the premises, we would instantly drag him out neck and heels. Seeing we were in earnest, he got out sulkily, and my wife got in. I mounted the top, and my son wisely preferred walking the whole 18 miles, for a cold bleak fog covered the Alleghany mountain, and I suffered very much outside, having put on nothing

but a light dimity round-about jacket, expecting to ride inside. The road was very good, and led, in a southern direction, through many romantic dells and defiles of the Alleghany mountains, into a broad valley, where the Sweet Springs are situated, at the foot of an inferior ridge, here called Peter's Mountain, and which is probably a continuation of the ridge called Warm Springs Mountain, distant from hence about 50 miles in a north-east direction.

This ample valley is most agreeably diversified with hummocks, spurs, and knobs jutting out from the mountains, all of them well wooded, and interspersed with numerous sequestered coves and wild-looking little vales which separate them. At 11 miles from the White Sulphur we came to an enterprising settler's called Crow, who keeps a tolerably clean tavern, and here a small stream, in front of his house, runs on the limestone. Three miles from this place, and four from the Sweet Springs, the country opens, the mountains recede, luxuriant crops of corn are seen growing on the fertile bottom-land, through which the stream flows that takes its rise at the Sweet Springs; indeed all the adjacent country possesses a great deal of beauty, which is increased by a lofty and very graceful knoll that rises immediately south of the springs.

The cabins of the establishment, though by no means as good as they might be, were rurally dis-

persed over the foot of the slope, and numerous handsome single umbrageous oak-trees served as a shade from the hot beams of the sun, and added much to the pleasing aspect of the scene. We were put into a cabin that was old and rude enough, but it was roomy and water-tight, and we had no disagreeable neighbours. What a delightful country this would be if there were none but clean well-behaved people in it! Here then, finding a tranquil and agreeable resting-place, we determined to remain a few days, and recover from the disgust we had experienced at the White Sulphur. We found an abundance of clean and good provisions, venison, mutton, good bread and butter, and excellent milk; the pastry was also good and abundant; and, amidst this general plenty and cleanliness, and the constant obligingness of Mr. Rogers the landlord, and his family, we soon got into capital good humour again with everybody and everything in this charming district. We heard of other springs not far from us; there were the *salt sulphur*, the *red sulphur*, and others; those who had visited them spoke highly of the cleanliness and abundance of those establishments, and I found that Mr. Caldwell enjoyed an undisputed notoriety for everything that was offensive to the visitors to the mountains, a fact which points to the inevitable results which attend indolence and want of capacity. I had such a long tour before me, that I had not time to visit the other springs, and

therefore devoted the short period I remained here to some very curious natural phenomena in the neighbourhood, which had never attracted public attention, and the most remarkable of which was the manner in which travertine had been deposited here, both in ancient and modern times.

The Sweet Springs break out very copiously at the foot of a pretty knoll, which extends about three quarters of a mile to Peter's Mountain, and are received in a neat reservoir appropriated to drinking, the surplus being conducted by different conduits into two separate baths. In the bath I found the temperature 72° Fahr., the atmospheric temperature in the shade being 57° 30′, and in the sun 62°. I never remained in the bath more than five or ten minutes, and always felt a delicious glow on coming out, which left me without lassitude, and had a very bracing effect. The gaseous contents were nitrogen, carbonic acid in abundance, and perhaps a little oxygen; all these came up very freely through the transparent fluid, as at the Warm Springs. The solid contents are carbonate of lime, sulphate of magnesia, sulphate of lime, and a very minute quantity of iron. The sweetish taste they have, which has given their name to the waters, is probably occasioned by a small quantity of magnesia in combination with carbonic acid. These are not the only mineral waters in this valley; other springs come to the surface in it. Not more than half a mile to the north-east from the

Sweet Springs, there is one of a similar character; and at no great distance, various chalybeate springs, with some that contain sulphuretted hydrogen. But to return to the curious deposits of ancient and modern travertine.

Before the waters of the Sweet Springs have left their source 100 yards, they begin to deposit carbonate of lime, which has formed into a regular travertine on the sides of a brook running near the enclosure of the establishment, and which pursues its course thence through the rich bottom of the valley. When the stream has flowed on for about two miles, it reaches a fall, where there is a saw-mill. This fall is about 550 yards wide across the valley, and is called by the country people the Beaver-dam, they supposing it to have been constructed by the beavers in past times when they existed in this valley. In fact, from its great width, and from the circumstance of many logs lying on its slope, it is not surprising that it should be thought to be the remains of one of the well-known structures of these animals. On examining this fall and its broad slope, now entirely grown up with bushes and brakes, I was surprised to find that it was not a log-dam constructed by beavers, but that the whole slope consisted of calcareous matter of the same character as that I had observed at the Sweet Springs. It was evident, therefore, that the stream, now only a few yards broad, had once covered the whole surface of the valley, and that the water, in

passing over this fall, which must have been a very gentle one at first, had gradually built up a calcareous dam to its present height, over which its waters had at some period been discharged, as in the case of ordinary dams, over the whole breadth of 550 yards.

In this curious phenomenon we have evidence of a surprising diminution in the volume of a thermal water; and reflecting upon this, it struck me that, if it were so, the flat land at the bottom of the slope below the dam must also have been covered by this calcareous stream in proportion to its breadth, and upon examining it I found it to be so, the travertine extending for a great distance on each side of the now diminished volume. I then followed the stream for three quarters of a mile, to a cascade forty-two feet high and about six feet wide, projected in a very beautiful sheet upon a strong bed of slate, highly inclined, which in many places was covered with a stalagmitic floor of travertine, a foot thick. On scrambling down to the slate, I had a front view of the cascade, and saw that it was projected from a bold mural ledge of travertine, from which depended an infinite variety of stalactitic rods and pilasters. Amongst other curious appearances, I observed a fir-tree (*Abies Canadensis*), about forty years old, in full life, with its roots and about seven feet of the stem entirely encrusted with calcareous matter.

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Near to the foot of this wall of travertine, which was more than forty feet high, were openings to various caverns—similar to some spacious ones I had entered in the broad calcareous dam higher up the stream—with numerous depending stalactites, resembling filigree work and petrified mosses, the fretted appearance of which is caused by the spray of the cascade.

Mineral waters of this character, when they pass rapidly over shallow or stony places, or are in any manner thoroughly exposed to the action of light and air, are most prone to deposit their solid constituents, especially lime—a fact which accounts for these deposits. When this valley was formed, the stream probably passed over a gentle rapid, which, breaking the water, would cause the deposit; and this increasing in height until the volume of the stream was diminished to its present width, or had contracted in consequence of the accumulation of vegetable and alluvial matter, the slaty bottom, being dammed up, would be converted into a fertile valley capable of producing 10,000 bushels of maize annually: another beautiful instance of the beneficent manner in which provident Nature operates in favour of man. For here we see the springs of life not only issuing from unfathomable subterranean depths to the surface of the wilderness, ready to restore the enfeebled constitution of the suffering Southerner, but behold them, after admi-

nistering to his wants, mechanically engaged, by a simple process in harmony with the laws of nature, in producing the means even of sustaining those who come here to seek relief, and in embellishing everything around. These are amongst those charming lessons we receive from Nature, which dispose our hearts to see a Divine care for us in everything.

I was one day returning to my cabin with some fine specimens of travertine rods formed in concentric circles, and a collection of beautifully encrusted leaves in a state of perfect preservation, when I met Mr. Rogers, the landlord of the establishment, an old inhabitant, and a very intelligent and worthy person. He assured me that some years ago, when hunting deer in the hills, he had seen some rocks, at a great height above the valley, exactly resembling them. Being a man of good judgment, I proposed to him to accompany me to the place, and he cheerfully assented. Mounting his horse, and accompanied by me on foot, he led me about six miles in a north direction; but so many years had elapsed since he had casually observed the place, and the deep dells and hills, clothed with their everlasting woods, resembled each other so much, that we passed the whole morning wandering about, climbing one hill and descending another, till I began to think he had been mistaken, and told him so. He would not admit this, and proposed trying

another hill-side before we returned, called Snake-run Mountain, one of the outliers of limestone, of which there are many in this valley, and there I followed him. Being on horseback, and in advance of me, I heard him holla, and knew from the cheerful sound of his voice that the game was found. As he approached, I saw he held in his hand a piece of rock, and, on joining him, I immediately recognised it for a piece of very ancient, weathered travertine. He now conducted me to the brow of a hill, at least 350 feet above the level of the Sweet Springs, and there, to my great surprise, I saw a huge mural escarpment of ancient travertine skirting the brow of the hill, with innumerable weather-worn remains of old stalactites; whilst the body of the escarpment resembled in every particular the recent one at the cascade, abounding in large moulds of calcareous matter, which had formerly enclosed logs and branches of trees. The pendent stalactites, too, were constructed of concentric circles, so that I had the complete evidence before me that a stream of mineral water of great breadth, loaded with carbonate of lime, had for a length of time passed over this brow, and formed this very ancient escarpment. The surface of the rock contained in many parts those circular perforations made by stones and gravel kept whirling about in them by eddies, which are vulgarly called pot-holes, and which are to be seen in the vicinity of all rapid

streams. This Snake-run Mountain stood, as I found by compass, N.N.E. by E. from the Sweet Springs; and Peter's Mountain, in another part, where I got a peep of it through the trees, bore E. of the place where I stood.

Here was an extraordinary phenomenon!—an immense deposit of travertine lying 350 feet above the present level of the spring from which it was probably derived: for it seems to be susceptible of no other explanation than that the level of the valley was, at some remote period, much higher than it is now, and that the Sweet Springs were then at the same level with this ancient travertine. Before the valley was scooped out by the currents which retired—perhaps when the Alleghany ridges were elevated—it is probable that the whole surface of the now deeply sulcated region was of one continuous level, and that the Sweet Springs came to the surface through the limestone, on a level with this ancient escarpment: but when the valley was swept out, the hard, compact limestones resisted, and remained behind, as we now find them, in the calcareous hummocks; whilst the conglomerates, shales, and sandstones were broken down and carried away. Since that period, the softer parts of the formations occupying that part of the valley where the springs now are have been gradually worn down, permitting the stream to take a new direction, and make new deposits; whilst the old

travertine remains a monument of the ancient level of the country, and one of the strongest geological proofs of the extraordinary changes that have been effected in the general surface.

These mountainous countries have indeed undergone great changes. I have frequently found fragments of conglomerate sandstone (old red) abounding on the slopes and in the valleys, together with slabs and pieces of encrinital limestone, once, no doubt, at the same level with the beds near the summit of White Rock, near the White Sulphur. The conglomerates, too, in this district, appear to have been *in situ* above the highest existing summits of this region, for I have repeatedly found bouldered fragments of them on their tops; and near Bedford, in Pennsylvania, the same conglomerates are still found in place on the sandstones of the Backbone ridge.

The following diagrams will serve to explain the ancient and present state of the source of the Sweet Springs of this valley :—

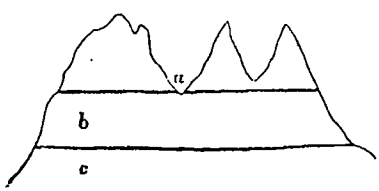


Fig. 1 : ideal.

a. Ancient source of the springs.
b. Limestone.
c. Slate.

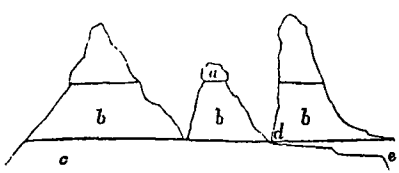


Fig. 2.

a. Ancient travertine.
b. Limestone. *c*. Slate.
d. Modern source. *e*. Cascade.

The general order of the strata in this part of the country is but a repetition of the ordinary succession of slates, limestones, and sandstones, the last of which are occasionally very ferruginous. Sometimes the surface of the summits consists of slates, at other times of sandstones; the modifications which the ridges have received appearing to be in proportion to the violence of the movement which has elevated them, and the subsequent action of the retiring waters. Limestones generally form the bottom of the valleys, but where the ridges have taken the anticlinal form and have been dislocated, the limestones are often found on their flanks. About five miles to the N.W. of Crow's, I found anthracite coal cropping out in a ferruginous sandstone, on the left bank of a stream called Fork Run, which drains a small valley: the strike of the coal, which contained a great deal of sulphuret of iron, was the same as that of the ridges, N.N.E. and S.S.W. This bed of anthracite had never been disturbed, being completely covered under the flat land of the valley, except where the stream has laid it bare. The coal seems to follow the flexure of the hills, as in the Alleghany ridges of Pennsylvania, a fact which I saw more clearly at another locality on the south side of the Sweet Springs Mountain, not far from a Mr. Wiley's. The ferruginous beds at the top of the Sweet Springs Mountain are sometimes very rich, and would probably give from 50 to 60

per cent. of iron. The ridges about here are well wooded, and have generally a good soil to the top, capable of making excellent grazing land. With iron, and coal and limestone to flux it, I see no impediment to a thriving population establishing itself here hereafter. Worse land, without these valuable minerals, will sell for 25 dollars an acre in many parts of the State of New York, whilst many of these fresh and fertile lands are offered, as I am informed, at one cent an acre, to avoid the payment of taxes. The fine bottom land, however, of the Sweet Springs is not to be purchased at that rate; a great portion of it is already cultivated and produces heavy crops of corn, being composed for many feet of dark-coloured vegetable matter mixed up with fragments of old land-shells, helix, paludina, anculotus, and a prodigious quantity of planorbis, in consequence of the presence of carbonate of lime. They were ditching a part of this fat land whilst I was there, which gave me an opportunity of making a collection of these shells: amongst other things, I saw them take out from a depth of about six feet the cranium of an ox, which turned out upon inspection to be the skull of one of those buffaloes which inhabited the country before it was settled by the whites. It is not remarkable that their bones should be found in such a situation, as they usually congregate in places where salt springs and wild grass are to be obtained; indeed the buffalo must have

frequented this valley within the memory of man, for there is an aged man near the White Sulphur who asserts that he has killed several animals of that race at the mineral spring there.

CHAPTER VIII.

Depart on foot across the Mountains to Fincastle—Deciduous and evergreen Trees alternating with the Soil—Fincastle, a Virginia Town—Mr. Jefferson the Confucius of the United States — Free-thinking and Universal Suffrage his grand Nostrums for good Government—A patriotic proposition to blow Virginia "sky-high" to save its Constitution—Botetourt Springs—A Camp of Negro Slave-drivers—The Coffle of Slaves crosses New River manacled and fettered—The Negro drivers in mourning.

HAVING looked at the most interesting objects in this part of the country, and confided my wife to the care of some friends, my son and myself, having still an arduous tour before us as far as the Mexican frontier, set off on foot at an early hour on September 3rd, for Fincastle, distant 29 miles, forwarding our luggage by the stage. It was a beautiful morning, and we soon got to the south side of Peter's Mountain. Here, in a small valley, on the property of Mr. Brooke, and at the bottom of another ridge called Pott's Mountain, I observed a strong bed of anthracite coal bearing N.N.E.; it was a promising looking deposit which had not been disturbed, and therefore did not disclose the thickness of the vein. The limestone lies very near to it, and not far dis-

tant there was a mineral spring of sulphuretted hydrogen rising through a pyritous slate. Farther to the south, there is a lofty hummock, or hill, exceedingly steep, entirely composed of rich iron-stone, which we left the road to examine. Having rather fatigued ourselves here, we left the place and began the ascent of Pott's Mountain, up which the road ran for four tedious miles to the top, near which we found a delicious spring of cool water with a large trough to receive it, and here we washed and refreshed ourselves. The view from the summit is very extensive, presenting many distant ridges on each side densely covered with the foliage of the unvarying forest, but without a vestige of the labour of man, except at the very top of the mountain, where, owing to there being an extensive deposit of clay, a small pottery has been established for the purpose of manufacturing earthenware. As we descended the mountain on the other side, we met with numerous springs coming out from beneath the clay, and at the foot of the ridge we came to a fertile piece of land where a Mr. Scott kept a small tavern. From hence we proceeded to Craig's Creek, which we reached long after sunset. Usually at such places there is a passing-place made of squared timber for foot passengers, but here we could find none, and in the exceedingly faint starlight, that disclosed things but imperfectly, we were quite uncertain which was the ford. There was no resource, however, but

trying, so down we sat on the beach and stripped to it, and entered the stream, which was about 150 feet wide. What had appeared at first to menace us with embarrassment now became a source of the greatest satisfaction, the temperature of the water being so very agreeable as to refresh our feet exceedingly, which were somewhat bruised and chafed. Being always provided with towels for emergencies of this kind, we sat down very cheerfully to dress ourselves as soon as we had reached the other side, and then pursued our walk for an hour, which brought us to a tavern kept by a person of the name of Price, where we got some refreshment and were glad to repose ourselves after an unceasing tramp by a tolerable night's rest. We had walked 25 miles since eleven in the morning, over a very rough country.

In the morning I examined a sulphuretted spring near the house, and advised the proprietor to divert the course of a brook which ran too near to it, for, being at a higher level, the waters of the brook mixed themselves with those of the spring, and not only diluted it, but brought its temperature down to 52°. After breakfast we ascended Caldwell's Mountain, another eminence which separated us from the valley in which the town of Fincastle is built, and which is a continuation of the great limestone valley running west from Harper's-ferry: in the ferruginous slaty sandstones towards the top, we found large elliptical nodules of ironstone embedded in

concentric circles, some of which were three feet long and twelve inches broad. On descending the mountain we took a sketch of some conical peaks on the summit of an adjacent ridge, which were separated from each other by deep sulcated depressions coming down its side; these showed a bright green foliage of hickory, maple, chesnut, and other *deciduous* trees, whilst the ribs of the ridge on each side of the depressions showed nothing but dark green evergreens of the fir kind. The clouds partially covering the cones of these peaks whilst the sun was gleaming upon their sides, they made an exceedingly pretty and rather uncommon picture, for the contrast between the foliage of the evergreens and the summer-leaved trees—occasioned, I supposed, by a curious alternation of slate and sandstone—was very strong. Here we sprung the only head of game we saw during the walk; a fine large cock *pheasant* [tetrao cupido], as they are called here, with his crest and whiskers erect, was strutting about in a wild way and clucking like a hen. After observing for a time his fantastic movements, which resembled those of a pouter pigeon, with great pleasure, we alarmed him, and he arose with a loud cuck-a-ra-ra voice and a strong wing, and flew across the dell with great velocity. This pleasing incident relieved the solitude of the scene very agreeably. At the bottom of the mountain we came upon the limestone again, and on our approach to Fincastle we passed an opulent-looking plantation

with a very respectable mansion-house, surrounded with a stout limestone wall. As this had been taken in blocks from a quarry in the neighbourhood, I examined it, and found that it contained some fine specimens of producta.

Fincastle is a monument of colonial times, taking its name from one of the titles of Lord Dunmore, who was Governor of Virginia when the rebellion broke out there in 1775. The principal street of this straggling village is very narrow, but the place contains some respectable families, and just at this period the court of justice was sitting, which occasioned a great bustle of lawyers and country-people. To judge from appearances the science of law seems to be a little more cultivated than any other in Virginia; for, with the exception of a few country gentlemen of the ancient families, all the men of any influence in the State appear to be lawyers. They fill the State legislature and direct all its proceedings; they represent the State in Congress, and take their full share there of all the talking and all the political intriguing that is going on; and as it occurs in most of the other States, the political parties are frequently changing their ground as well as their designation, to suit the "cry" under which their candidates are brought forward; so that whilst they all profess to be most religiously devoted to the maintenance of the Constitution of Virginia, they have forty different ways of interpreting it, each of which is most stoutly maintained to be the true exposition of the

Jeffersonian doctrines. It is well known to those who have travelled a great deal in the United States, that Virginia is one of the most agreeable parts of the Union, that there are many persons in it who eminently deserve the character of gentlemen, and that Virginians are, generally speaking, a lively and ingenious people, full of kind attentions to those who go amongst them. In the days of Washington and the men of his time, the political topics of the day might be comprehended without much difficulty; for although men of sense and character differed about the local application of measures, yet they were united in the support of practically good and intelligible principles of government: but the complexity of political opinions in modern times is so great, that a traveller who is merely passing through the State, and has not paid particular attention to Virginian politics, is quite baffled in the attempt to understand what he reads or what he hears.

The principal cause of this degeneracy from the straightforward and simple principles of the old school, is fairly attributable to that eminent person who is considered by many of his admirers in America and in Europe to be the Confucius of the United States. Now whether this parallel is flattering to the memory of Mr. Jefferson or not, it would certainly seem to be true that he believed, as that antique philosopher did, that little was wanting to produce good government amongst man-

kind beyond a string of well-concocted abstract maxims; he therefore bequeathed to his countrymen a set of opinions that were quite independent of anything taught by the Christian religion, and which to a great extent he had derived, during his residence in Paris at the period of the French Revolution, from those Gallic philosophers who, dissatisfied with the condition of man as it develops itself through the various degrees of intellect, temper, and physical power with which Providence has endowed him, attempted to bring all to a philanthropic equality by the lively action of the guillotine.

Before Mr. Jefferson's time Virginia was a happy English colony, a better copy of the mother-country than any of the other colonies. She had numerous independent country *gentlemen*, whose fathers, as the custom of the day was, had sent their sons "home" to be educated at Oxford and Cambridge, and she had an established endowed Protestant Episcopal Church. It was Mr. Jefferson who uprooted that church, and confiscated the glebes and parsonages. His maxim was "to let religion take care of itself," never attending to the obvious necessity of cherishing religion for the two important purposes of consoling the poor and ignorant, and giving a Christian and wise direction to the power of the rich. Those grievances which the colonists had just reason to complain of from the British government, found in Mr. Jefferson an active ex-

ponent; he soon became the leading patriot in his native State, and drew in many gentlemen, who disliked the man, to support his measures. It was but a short time, however, which elapsed after the acknowledgment of the independence of the United States, and the establishment of the Federal Government, before he turned his attention to overthrowing the influence of the gentlemen who, with General Washington at their head, had united with him in their opposition to the mother-country, and he was successful.

In exchange for a Federal Government resting for its maintenance upon character and property, he succeeded in substituting one based upon free-thinking and universal suffrage, two grand incarnations of fancied virtue totally without the principles they stood in the place of. Hence the necessity of all his political dogmas and maxims, to reconcile absurdities, most of which, like many other oracles, can be made to assume every possible phase by acute and ingenious persons, when it is necessary to avoid the exposure of their intrinsic worthlessness.

I was exceedingly amused by the conversation at the public table of the inn where we stopped, at which a great number of country lawyers were assembled, most of whom were disciples of Mr. Jefferson. Nothing could exceed the extraordinary propositions which were brought forward and warmly defended by metaphysical subtleties of the wildest character. Every disputant asserted that the argument of his

adversary was utterly subversive of the Constitution; so that if the opinion of any one of them had been admitted to be founded in reason, it was clear that it would be at the expense of the Constitution. A grave-looking gentleman, who, from his conversation, I took for a Federalist of the Washington school, made a quiet observation of that kind, which brought out one of the most loquacious disputants; thumping his hand upon the table, he exclaimed with energy, "By * * *, before I'd let any man hurt the Constitution a hair's breadth, I'd blow old Virginia sky-high!" This plan of averting dangers from the Constitution by a heroic explosion of the Commonwealth itself, is an instructive illustration of the practical tendency of Jeffersonian philosophy; for it cannot but be highly encouraging to the patriots of all countries who cultivate the subtleties of metaphysical equality and universal suffrage, to discern in them a potency which, up to the present times, has not been equalled even by gunpowder.

Finding it impossible to accomplish the whole of our proposed journey on foot, and being now upon a road where the mail ran, we booked ourselves in the stage-coach, and started the next morning over an execrable road of knobby limestone, stopping a short time at Botetourt Springs, another name that reminded me of colonial times. Here there is a mineral water of sulphuretted hydrogen, not much dissimilar to that of the White Sulphur. The establishment, when compared with the other Virginia springs I have visited, looks very respectable; the

buildings, which are wooden cabins elsewhere, are well constructed of brick, and placed in a neat quadrangle, at the end of which is the hotel, containing a large hall, with an excellent parlour well furnished; everything at the place looked comfortable, but there were only three visitors there. A mile or two from these springs is Tinker's Mountain, which has a singularly symmetrical saddle-formed shape. Farther on we came to a small settlement called Big Springs, one of those immense natural basins of pure water not uncommon in limestone districts, and which seem to abound in this well-watered country. We next ascended to a poor sort of town called Christianburgh, forty-eight miles from Fincastle, on the way to which we crossed several branches of the Roanoke River, which empties into the Atlantic Ocean.

Here we slept, and departing very early in the morning, found ourselves somewhat unexpectedly upon an extensive table-land, not at all cut up by ridges and valleys. This continues to New River, one of the tributaries of the Kanawha, which empties into the Ohio. We found the descent to this stream rather rapid, and the river broader than any we had passed, being about 200 yards wide. On this watershed the waters which flow into the Atlantic, and those which flow into the Gulf of Mexico, have their sources, in some places very near to each other.

Just as we reached New River, in the early grey of

the morning, we came up with a singular spectacle, the most striking one of the kind I have ever witnessed. It was a camp of negro slave-drivers, just packing up to start; they had about three hundred slaves with them, who had bivouacked the preceding night *in chains* in the woods; these they were conducting to Natchez, upon the Mississippi River, to work upon the sugar plantations in Louisiana. It resembled one of those coffles of slaves spoken of by Mungo Park, except that they had a caravan of nine waggons and single-horse carriages, for the purpose of conducting the white people, and any of the blacks that should fall lame, to which they were now putting the horses to pursue their march. The female slaves were, some of them, sitting on logs of wood, whilst others were standing, and a great many little black children were warming themselves at the fires of the bivouac. In front of them all, and prepared for the march, stood, in double files, about two hundred male slaves, *manacled and chained to each other.* I had never seen so revolting a sight before! Black men in fetters, torn from the lands where they were born, from the ties they had formed, and from the comparatively easy condition which agricultural labour affords, and driven by white men, with liberty and equality in their mouths, to a distant and unhealthy country, to perish in the sugar-mills of Louisiana, where the duration of life for a sugar-mill slave does not exceed seven years! To make this spectacle still more dis-

gusting and hideous, some of the principal white slave-drivers, who were tolerably well dressed, and had broad-brimmed white hats on, *with black crape round them*, were standing near, laughing and smoking cigars.

Whether these sentimental speculators were, or were not—in accordance with the language of the American Declaration of Independence—in mourn-

ing "from a decent respect for the opinions of mankind," or for their own callous inhuman lives, I could not but be struck with the monstrous absurdity of such fellows putting on any symbol of sorrow whilst engaged in the exercise of such a horrid trade; so wishing them in my heart all manner of evil to endure, as long as there was a bit of crape to be obtained, we drove on, and having forded the river in a flat-bottomed boat, drew up on the road, where I persuaded the driver to wait until we had witnessed the crossing of the river by the "gang," as it was called.

It was an interesting, but a melancholy spectacle, to see them effect the passage of the river: first, a man on horseback selected a shallow place in the ford for the male slaves; then followed a waggon and four horses, attended by another man on horseback. The other waggons contained the children and some that were lame, whilst the scows, or flat-boats, crossed the women and some of the people belonging to the caravan. There was much method and vigilance observed, for this was one of the situations where the gangs—always watchful to obtain their liberty—often show a disposition to mutiny, knowing that if one or two of them could wrench their manacles off, they could soon free the rest, and either disperse themselves or overpower and slay their sordid keepers, and fly to the Free States. The slave-drivers, aware of this disposition in the unfortunate negroes, endeavour to mitigate

their discontent by feeding them well on the march, and by encouraging them to sing "Old Virginia never tire," to the banjo.

The poor negro slave is naturally a cheerful, laughing animal, and even when driven through the wilderness in chains, if he is well fed and kindly treated, is seldom melancholy; for his thoughts have not been taught to stray to the future, and his condition is so degraded, that if the food and warmth his desires are limited to are secured to him, he is singularly docile. It is only when he is ill-treated and roused to desperation, that his vindictive and savage nature breaks out.* But these gangs are

* This practice of driving gangs of slaves through the country to the southern markets has been to a great extent discontinued on account of the dangers and inconveniences it is unavoidably subject to: for the *drivers* are not all equally prudent and vigilant; often outraging the slaves by brutal treatment, and then trusting too implicitly to their apparent humility. Watching their opportunity, the slaves have sometimes overpowered them, put them to death, and dispersed themselves. The attention of these speculators in men has thus become turned to the expediency of embarking them at some port in one of the slave-holding states, and sending them to New Orleans by sea.

This scheme, however, as far as regards the speculators, seems to be obnoxious to the same objection that applies to marching them by land, and amounts in fact to the introduction of the domestic slave-trade of the United States upon the great highway of nations. In the case of the Creole, slave-transport, which occasioned so much excitement in the United States, and led to a protracted negotiation between the Federal Government and the Government of Great Britain, the cargo of slaves overpowered their keepers whilst on the voyage, and took refuge in a British dependency. They were reclaimed as *property*; but as our laws admit of no property in human beings, the legality of

accompanied by other negroes trained by the slave-dealers to drive the rest, whom they amuse by lively stories, boasting of the fine warm climate they are going to, and of the oranges and sugar which are there to be had for nothing: in proportion as they recede from the Free States, the danger of revolt diminishes, for in the Southern Slave-States all men have an interest in protecting this infernal trade of slave-driving, which, to the negro, is a greater curse than slavery itself, since it too often dissevers for ever those affecting natural ties which even a slave can form, by tearing, without an instant's notice, the husband from the wife, and the children from their parents; sending the one to the sugar plantations of Louisiana, another to the cotton-lands of Arkansas, and the rest to Texas.*

the claim was denied, and the denial was acquiesced in. There seems to be no distinction, in the eyes of humanity, between chaining and transporting slaves by land or by sea, and any European government that would recognise claims for aid or compensation, founded upon the inability of slave-drivers to protect their interests upon the high seas, although when bound from one American port to another, would substantially give countenance to the slave-trade.

* One day, in Washington, whilst taking a hasty dinner preparatory to a journey, I received a letter from a benevolent lady—*which letter I have preserved*—entreating me in the most pressing terms to endeavour to procure the enlargement of a slave called Manuel, who had been her servant. She stated that he had been decoyed to a public slave-depôt in the skirts of the city, had been seized and detained there, and was going to be sold into the Southern States, and that the delay of an hour perhaps would be too late for interference. This poor fellow was the *property* of the principal hotel-keeper in the place, a

Revolting as all these atrocious practices are, still this "Institution"—a term with which some of the

person called G*****; who, when the Congress was not in session, and he had little or no occupation for his slaves, was in the habit of hiring them out to families by the month, as domestic servants. This Manuel, who was about twenty-six years old, had belonged to his present master a great many years, was very useful in the hotel, and had married a female slave born in G*****'s house, by whom he had four or five little children. I had observed him when visiting at this lady's, and was struck with his pleasing manners. She informed me at the time that he was in everything exemplary in his conduct, and that on Sundays he always went to church with his wife and children, whom he was training up in the most admirable manner.

Inconvenient in many respects as it was for me to interfere at that time in a matter of this kind, I felt that I should not be satisfied with myself if I disregarded her entreaties, and therefore determined instantly to go to this slave-depôt. In a few minutes a carriage took me to a large brick edifice in the suburbs, and being directed to a room where the superintendent was, I went there, and found that it was neither more nor less than a gaol that I was in; manacles, fetters, and all sorts of offensive things were lying about, and on casting a look at the hard features of the superintendent, I saw at once that he was the gaol-keeper. Informing him that I wished to see a coloured man of the name of Manuel, he took up a ponderous key and conducted me to a door with chains drawn across it, and unbarring and unlocking it, he called the poor fellow, whom I immediately recognised. This door opened into a very spacious prison, where several coloured people were walking about, but without manacles; and stepping into it, I asked Manuel what had happened. He then told me the following story:—

His master had sent him to the depôt with a message to the superintendent, who, on his arrival, locked him in the prison. Towards evening his master told his wife that he was surprised Manuel had not returned, and she had better take the children a walk there to see what was the matter. Thus were these poor

American statesmen dignify slavery and the circumstances inherent to it—as it exists in the United States, does not appear to me to have been fairly placed before the judgment of mankind by any of those who have written concerning it. All Christian men must unite in the wish that slavery was extinguished in every part of the world, and from my personal knowledge of the sentiments of many of

unsuspecting people all entrapped. Manuel on the arrival of his wife and family saw into the plot he had been the victim of, and coupling it with some other circumstances that had not struck him at the time, now perceived that his master, wanting to raise a sum of money, had sold them all. The poor fellow brought his wife and neat little children to me: she was a modest, well-dressed woman, appeared very wretched at the idea of being sold away from her husband and her children, and implored me most earnestly not to leave them there. On seeing me they had conceived the hope that I had come to buy them all, to prevent their being separated, and they both protested in the most vehement and affecting way that they would be faithful to me until death. I told them that was impossible, that I never did own a slave, and never intended to own one; that Mrs. —— had written to inform me of their misfortune, and that I would do all I could to persuade some of my friends to do what they wished me to do. Leaving a little money with them, I drove to the house of a gentleman who knew what it was most advisable to do in such a case, but he gave me very little consolation. He said that he knew of several transactions of G***** of a similar character; that he had more than once purchased slaves to prevent their being sent to the South, and that he would interest himself in the affair, but that it would take some time to put anything in train for their relief. I left Washington that evening, and on my return some months afterwards, had the satisfaction of learning that the publicity I had given to the affair had prevented the separation of these unfortunate but respectable persons.

the leading gentlemen in the Southern States, I am persuaded that they look to the ultimate abolition of slavery with satisfaction. Mr. Madison, the Ex-President, with whom I have often conversed freely on this subject, has told me more than once that he could not die in peace if he believed that so great a disgrace to his country was not to be blotted out some day or other. He once informed me that he had assembled all his slaves—and they were numerous—and offered to manumit them immediately; but they instantly declined it, alleging that they had been born on his estate, had always been provided for by him with raiment and food, in sickness and in health, and if they were made free they would have no home to go to, and no friend to protect and care for them. They preferred, therefore, to live and die as his slaves, who had always been a kind master to them. This, no doubt, is the situation of many humane right-thinking proprietors in the Southern States; they have inherited valuable plantations with the negroes born upon them, and these look up to their master as the only friend they have on earth. The most zealous, therefore, of the Abolitionists of the Free States, when they denounce slavery and call for its *immediate* abolition, overlook the conditions upon which alone it could be effected. They neither propose to provide a home for the slaves when they are manumitted, nor a compensation to their proprietors. Without slaves the plantations would be worthless; there are no

white men to cultivate them; the newly-freed and improvident negroes could not be made available, and there would be no purchasers to buy the land, and no tenants to rent it. The Abolitionists, therefore, call upon the planters to bring ruin upon their families without helping the negro. In the mean time the Abolitionists, not uniting in some great practical measure to effect the emancipation of all slaves at the national expense, suffer the evil to go on increasing; the negro population amounts now to about two millions, and the question—as to the Southern States—will, with the tide of time, be a most appalling one, viz. whether the white or the black race is to predominate.

The uncompromising obloquy which has been cast at the Southern planters, by their not too scrupulous adversaries, is therefore not deserved by them; and it is but fair to consider them as only indirectly responsible for such scenes as arise out of the revolting traffic which is carried on by these sordid, illiterate, and vulgar slave-drivers—men who can have nothing whatever in common with the gentlemen of the Southern States. This land traffic, in fact, has grown out of the wide-spreading population of the United States, the annexation of Louisiana, and the increased cultivation of cotton and sugar. The fertile lowlands of that territory can only be worked by blacks, and are almost of illimitable extent. Hence negroes have risen greatly in price, from 500 to 1000 dollars, according to

their capacity. Slaves being thus in demand, a detestable branch of business—where sometimes a great deal of money is made—has very naturally arisen in a country filled with speculators. The soil of Virginia has gradually become exhausted with repeated crops of tobacco and Indian corn; and when to this is added the constant subdivision of property which has overtaken every family since the abolition of entails, it follows of course that many of the small proprietors, in their efforts to keep up appearances, have become embarrassed in their circumstances, and, when they are pinched, are compelled to sell a negro or two. The wealthier proprietors also have frequently fractious and bad slaves, which, when they cannot be reclaimed, are either put into gaol, or into those depôts which exist in all the large towns for the reception of slaves who are sold, until they can be removed. All this is very well known to the slave-driver, one of whose associates goes annually to the South-western States, to make his contracts with those planters there who are in want of slaves for the next season. These fellows then scour the country to make purchases. Those who are bought out of gaol are always put in fetters, as well as any of those whom they may suspect of an intention to escape. The women and grown-up girls are usually sold into the cotton-growing States, the men and the boys to the rice and sugar plantations. Persons with large capital are actively concerned in this

trade, some of whom have amassed considerable fortunes. But occasionally these dealers in men are made to pay fearfully the penalty of their nefarious occupation. I was told that only two or three months before I passed this way a "gang" had surprised their conductors when off their guard, and had killed some of them with axes.

CHAPTER IX.

Cause of some Confusion in the Designation of the Alleghany Ridges explained—A Duck-shooting Landlord—Arrive at Abingdon—Account of Saltville—Geology of the Valley and surrounding Country—Visit to King's Cove, a singular basin in Clinch Mountain, the residence of an Outlaw—His account of the Panthers and Wild Cat Accoucheurs—Strata of the Clinch Mountain.

From New River the country rises to Newburn, a village situated upon a lofty and fertile table-land covered with rich grass and well-watered; finer pastures I have never seen, nor a more promising looking district for grazing. As we advanced to the south-west, I found a great deal of confusion prevailing amongst the country-people respecting the designation given to the principal ridges of this part of the country. That chain, which is called the Blue Ridge in the north-eastern parts of Virginia, and which is the most advanced towards the Atlantic, is by many persons in this quarter called the Alleghany Ridge; and a ridge which runs behind, or to the west of this, is called the Blue Ridge. This has taken place from the want of a little elementary information in geology.

The Blue Ridge is the most advanced towards the east of all the ridges of the great elevated Alleghany Belt, except a small subordinate and partial ridge, which in the central parts of Virginia is called *South-West Mountain.* The Blue Ridge, in fact, fronts the Atlantic, and may fairly claim to be called the *Atlantic Primary Chain,* consisting, wherever it is seen, of a mixture of talcose, quartzose, hornblende, green altered epidotic rocks, ancient sandstones, and chlorite slates, exceedingly intersected with strong quartz veins: being also non-fossiliferous, it is in the strictest sense of the word, and according to the received opinions of the most accredited European geologists, to be classed among the primary rocks, in the sense that these have preceded the formations containing fossiliferous beds. On the other hand, the ridges which immediately succeed to the west of this Atlantic Primary Chain consist of fossiliferous beds and sedimentary rocks without exception, and undoubtedly belong to the formations which have hitherto been called transition, and which Mr. Murchison has now included in his system of Silurian Rocks. The most remarkable of these is that great watershed, which has been before noticed, called the Alleghany Mountain or Ridge; which, although farther to the north it generally maintains a regular distance from the Atlantic Primary Chain, here seems to converge to the south, and towards the point where the Blue Ridge divides into two ridges, the westernmost

taking the name of the Iron Mountain, and farther to the S.W. that of *Unaykay*, which is the Cherokee term for "white;" while the eastern one, pursuing its way to the S.S.W., forms the western boundary of Patrick County; the space contained between these two primary ridges being occupied by Grayson and Floyd counties. The country-people, however, not adverting to the difference between the constituents and age of the primary and sedimentary ridges, suppose the Alleghany Ridge to have crossed the Blue Ridge, and that the most eastern of the two primary ridges is its continuation; hence they call this last the Alleghany Ridge, and the western one the Blue Ridge: and this is not incorrect as far as it relates to its watershed character, for the eastern ridge does throw down some headwaters of the Kanawha to the west, and of the Roanoke to the east.

Some of the limestone beds, in the vicinity of Newburn, are nearly horizontal, and contain patches of chert of a blackish colour, of the same character as that which marks Black Rock in the State of New York. Anthracite coal is found in most of the little valleys about here, at the foot of the ridges, conforming to the flexure of the strata. To our left, about eight miles, at Austinville, near to the Iron Mountain, there is a vein of galena in the limestone, which is worked with some success, and which runs, as I was informed, nearly north-east. We stopped at Wythe Court House, at the

shabby dirty tavern where the stage-coach puts up, and where they pretended to give us dinner, but everything was so filthy, it was impossible to eat. The landlord, a noisy, ill-dressed, officious fellow, was eternally coming into the room with his mouth full of tobacco, plaguing us to eat his nasty pickles and trash along with the bread and milk we were contented to dine upon, and for which he charged us half a dollar each.

This worthy was a perfect representative of that class of lazy, frowzy, tobacco-chewing country landlords who think nothing is right unless there is a good deal of dirt mixed up with it. Seated upon a chair, with his legs sprawling upon two others, his great delight was to bask in the sun at the door of his tavern, and watch the approach of the stage-coach, or any other vehicle or person that was upon the road. It was in this situation we found him, dressed in a pair of preposterously-fitting trowsers, covered with grease, a roundabout jacket to correspond, and a conceited, lantern-jawed, snuff-coloured visage, with an old ragged straw-hat stuck at the top of it. But he had one surprising talent. From his long practice of chewing large mouthfuls of tobacco, and the consequent necessity of ridding himself of the strong decoctions that, like a spring-tide, constantly threatened to break their bounds, he had gradually acquired the art of expectorating with such force and precision, that he could hit anything within a reasonable distance, and

with a force before unknown to belong to that branch of projectiles. Mr. Jefferson's doctrines had one of their most able exponents in him, for, when he was hard pushed at an election, he sometimes gave his opponents just cause for seeing that he was the wrong man to contend with, by squirting his opinions into their eyes—a mode of argument which, as he was a justice of peace into the bargain, caused him to be respected accordingly.

We had an opportunity of seeing a curious specimen of this man's talents before we left the house, for as we were preparing to get into the stage-coach, a flock of young ducklings, with an old one or two, came waddling along with remarkably uncertain steps; the old ones advanced, looked, and hesitated, whilst the young ones hardly seemed to know which way they were going: most of them seemed to be blind, and, in fact, had been partly deprived of sight ever since they had been able to waddle about; for as soon as they were hatched the old duck bringing the little ones to pay their compliments to the landlord on his three chairs, and to pick up what crumbs they might find, he, merely to keep up his practice, was in the habit of knocking the little ducklings over neck and heels whenever they came within shot, and so in process of time the poor things had lost the use of their eyes. The old duck had perhaps been spared on account of her maternal character; but from what I saw of her motions, I rather think she had become as expert at dodging as he was

at knocking her young ones over. These details of this accomplishment of the worthy landlord and justice, I had afterwards from the driver of the stage-coach.

From this place to Mount Airy we found the road very bad, and arriving there late, stopped at an indifferent-looking house, where, to our great surprise, we got a clean supper and single bed-rooms. Mount Airy is on one of the lofty parts of this table-land, which here throws down some of the head-waters of the Tennessee River; and as we advanced next day to the west, we found excellent pastures in every direction, and a very beautiful country; graceful knolls of limestone well wooded to the top, rich grazing-grounds, and a surprising fertility all around. The edges of the limestone strata, however, cross the road often, and make it very rough travelling. We passed many patches of red earth that bore a very luxuriant herbage: soils of this colour appear to be derived from two sources, a red argillaceous rock, of which I have observed some isolated patches, and a red ferruginous sandstone, which last, on decomposing, makes rather a barren surface, probably from the too great abundance of ferruginous oxide. At the ford of the north fork of the Holston River—a main tributary of the Tennessee—there is a fine bottom land which is very productive, yielding eighty bushels of maize to the acre. This valuable estate belongs to General Preston, father to the distinguished senator from South

Carolina, Colonel Preston. It was late in the night before we arrived at Abingdon, a straggling village, which was originally built by the Scotch and Irish, who penetrated into these most distant parts of Virginia from Pennsylvania at an early period. These settlers had no blood connection with those English families of Eastern Virginia, or the *Old Dominion*, as the Virginians love to call it, who took possession of the country by the way of James River, but were a distinct people, equally remarkable for their enterprise. Most fortunately General Preston and his family were at home, as well as Colonel Preston, the senator, and his lady, with both of whom I had the pleasure of being well acquainted. I was received in the most friendly manner by them all, and during my stay was indebted to them for the most obliging attentions. General Preston is a person of the highest respectability, and has always been distinguished for great energy of character, without which no man, under the circumstances of the period when he first came here, would have advanced into so unsettled a wilderness as this was. He is now a very opulent landholder, and can count one hundred and sixty-two descendants.

The day after our arrival, Colonel Preston most obligingly sent a couple of blood mares for my son and myself, for an excursion we proposed to make to his father's salt-works, sixteen miles distant, of which I had heard a great deal.

We crossed a ridge called Walker's Mountain—

which we had had upon our right a great part of our journey—by a very low gap, and soon reached *Saltville*, the object of our excursion. This is a ragged assemblage of wooden buildings where the salt is manufactured, and is situated in a small vale about a mile and a half long, and, perhaps, six hundred yards broad: it is evidently the site of an ancient lake; indeed, canoes were used when the white people first took possession of the place, and even now it is a low, flat, marshy bottom, imperfectly drained. After riding about and looking at the place, we rode to the *Plaster Banks*, a deep quarry excavation from whence they take the gypsum in blocks, which is sold on the spot at four dollars and a half per ton. At sunset we rode to the superintendent's, where we found Colonel William King, one of the lessees, to whom we had very friendly letters, and by whom we were kindly received, and immediately made at home. The next day we devoted to a careful examination of this interesting place under the guidance of Colonel King.

The floor of this small vale is formed of a limestone, running E.N.E., apparently of the same period as that of the valley of Shenandoah, and is contained between lofty hummocks or hills of the same mineral, round and conical at the top. These hills present the appearance of having been once united by a continuous floor at a level of perhaps 200 feet higher than the present floor of the vale. The salt water was first discovered by its exuding

from the hills of the eastern slope, near the old mansion-house once occupied by the Preston family; but wells having been subsequently sunk more towards the centre of the marsh, those old springs have ceased to flow. The wells have been dug 220 feet, through a deposit of clay and gypsum much mixed up with salt. In sinking their augers through the mineral matter, they drop through into the water at a certain depth, and as they sometimes hear fragments of gypseous clay splash into it, it is evident there is a vast reservoir of salt water at the depth of 220 feet. In dry weather, and especially after long-continued drought, the water becomes excessively salt, yielding, as I was informed, one bushel of salt of 50 lbs. to 24 gallons of water; but in the rainy seasons the atmospheric waters raise the wells, and make the brine weaker. The water from the well called the *Preston Well* is pumped up day and night, and permitted to run off unused, to make the water of another well, called the *King Well,* more productive; because, if the Preston Well, which is within eighty feet of the other, were not discharged in this way, the water of the other well would be too weak. And the necessity of doing this arises from the fact that a subterranean stream of fresh water runs into the Preston Well at a certain depth from the surface, and from thence has an oblique passage downwards into the King Well, and thus reduces its strength. They are therefore obliged to pump, to keep down the level of the

waters of the Preston Well below the orifice by which they would otherwise mingle with the King Well.

The pure beds of gypsum, or sulphate of lime, lie at the E.N.E. end of this vale, and the plaster is, as frequently occurs in other localities, capped by an incoherent sandstone. This gypsum may have been deposited by the same water, or by a mineral spring which has ceased to flow or escapes under ground; a supposition strengthened by the fact that other extensive deposits of gypsum are found to the N.E., in the valley between Walker's Mountain and the ridge called Clinch Mountain, where there are no salt springs. Springs containing sulphate of lime only may have been common in ancient geological periods; gypsum, however, is generally found associated with salt, and this brine at the King Well is so highly loaded with sulphate of lime, that not only do immense numbers of small crystals of the sulphate come up with it, but when the kettles are examined after a week's boiling, their bottoms are always found "*blocked up*," as it is technically called, with layers of gypsum from each succeeding boiling, six or eight inches thick.

This vale or basin was probably—after the elevation of the land which shuts it in—a lake fed by saline and gypseous springs. The limestone is very cavernous, and it is not impossible that at some period the surrounding hummocks may have been

united with extensive caverns intervening, into which the mineral waters rose. When the connection between these hummocks was destroyed, that portion of the lake where deposits of gypsum were formed above the brine, would, in the course of time, be filled in with aluminous earth brought in by the adjacent streams, as in the case of the valley at the Sweet Springs, and thus a body of clay and gypsum would be formed, such as they now bore through into the salt water at this place. As additional evidence that this vale has once been an extensive lake, the same earthy and mineral deposits are found in the borings at the S.W. end. A few hundred yards west of the buildings at Saltville, and in the road leading to the Holston River, is a deposit of 150 feet of argillaceous matter, 50 feet of which consists of blue vertical slate, and 100 feet of brown soft argillaceous schist; this last contains madrepores and producta, of which I procured some fine specimens, and runs a great distance through the country N.E. and S.W., being identical with what has hitherto been called graywacke slate.

From this vale, accompanied by one of our new friends, we set off on horseback to examine a place called *King's Cove*, of which a great deal had been said to me, and which is on the lofty ridge called Clinch Mountain. This ridge appears to be a continuation to the S.W. of the Alleghany ridge, near the White Sulphur, and holds a very straight course to the N.E. as far as the Kanawha River. The name

of cove is given in this part of the country to any crater-like basin or vale of land entirely surrounded by lofty hills, and there are many such in these mountains. Some of them contain from 500 to 1000 acres of the most fertile soil. There is one called Burke's Garden farther to the north, up the Clinch ridge, which was described to me as a very extraordinary kind of amphitheatre, surrounded by a circle of lofty hills, and containing from 3000 to 4000 acres of the most fertile land. The cove we went to see was difficult of access; after travelling about three miles up the ridge, we came suddenly upon it, and got into it by a difficult pass, just wide enough for one horse, where the mountain side sloped at an angle of about 65° among the loose sandstone rocks, which made it frequently necessary for us to dismount. On our right was a deep ravine which separated us from some lofty mural escarpments, at the top of which were strong ledges of naked sandstone hanging at an angle of about 55°. The scene was strikingly wild.

Our guide was a very extraordinary character, quite without a rival, as I was told, in his line; and truly I never saw a greater original, or met with a man that so precisely came up to my idea of a Yankee outlaw. He was known by the name of Charley Talbot, was a spare, sallow fellow, with eyes that glanced incessantly from one object to another, without resting more than an instant upon anything. If he was quite sure that the thing he was

looking at was not the sheriff come to arrest him, or a panther, or a rattlesnake, he immediately turned his attention to something else; and although he was more than sixty years old, he was beyond all comparison the most active of our party. This cove was his den, where he lived, and from it, when danger was impending from officials, he could, in a quarter of an hour, be in any of the four counties of Washington, Russel, Tazewell, or Wythe, all of which happen to corner here "quite slick."

As we had given Charley no notice of our approach, we took him by surprise on approaching his hut; and when he came to the door and saw us, Colonel King observed that he faltered, believing us to be limbs of the law, the Sheriff of Washington County having made an unsuccessful attempt to bag him a few days before. Charley had attracted the public attention some time: as a panther-hunter, a wild-cat killer, a man that would drag a bear out of his den, bring down a deer, and that failing, kill the fat hogs or beeves of the settlers, his character was established. His merits, too, were acknowledged as a dabbler in literature, being with some reason suspected of keeping up an intimate connection with the dealers in counterfeit bank-notes, that seem to abound in every part of the United States. Being obliged, therefore, to come occasionally into the world, Charley was provided with a grey stallion of great fleetness and bottom to go to Abingdon on a Sunday, when he was pri-

vileged from arrest, and upon these occasions he, used to boast that his nag and himself cared nothing for Monday, because they knew every inch of the country as well by night as by day.

As soon as our real object in visiting the cove was explained to him, he laid aside all apprehension, and showed great alacrity in assisting us, and took us to various parts of the cove. Some maize of extraordinary dimensions was growing not far from his hut, on the fertile red soil, resembling that which I had frequently seen on my way to Abingdon, and on lifting up my glass I saw that the very summit of the mountain to the left was capped by red horizontal rocks, forming an escarpment. Upon my expressing a desire to go there, Charley instantly offered to conduct me: leaving, therefore, my friends, who had been at the top of the mountain before, I put myself under his direction, listening to the interesting stories he related about "varmint," as he called panthers, wild cats, and bears.

According to his experience the "painter,"—for so the country-people call the panther—is shy of the "human," whom he never attacks but when he is wounded or ravenously hungry. He is, however, easily taken by the hunter when he has dogs with him, for if the animal has not time to leap on a tree before the dogs close in upon him, the hunter despatches him with his rifle, whilst the dogs, as Charley said, "is managing the varmint." But

when the dogs are in full pursuit, and close at his heels, he springs at the first tree that suits him, generally selecting one whose lower branches are about twelve feet from the ground, knowing well that no animal he is upon bad terms with can perform the feat. The rifle soon puts an end to the presumptive thought that he is in safety.

The panther (*Felis discolor*) is the lion of America, and bears a strong resemblance to the African lioness. Charley had killed a great many of them, and they were now becoming scarce in his cove; still he said there were four or five large ones that haunted it, and these came from the strong laurel thickets in Russel County, to watch a gap at the top of the mountain, which was the usual place by which the deer entered the cove from that direction. To this gap the panthers hie before day, stretch themselves at full length on a log to wait the approach of the deer, and spring upon the neck of the animal as soon as it is within reach; whilst the whelp panther, if there is one, brings a fawn to the ground. "But," said Charley, "I hates them 'ar cursed varmint, the cattermount, as some folks calls 'em, a plaguey sight worser than the painters, and there 's a pretty smart scatter of 'em in this cove, I tell *you*. The cursed critturs do beat all for sneaking along seven or eight of 'em togither when a sow 's going to pig, and they 'll git right close to her when she is gitting the pigs; and when she grunts at 'em, the blasts set up their backs jist like a *naytural* cat, and one of 'em

will take one pig, and another of 'em will lay hold of another pig, and I swar, when she is done, she turns round and she ain't got ne'er a pig on the face of the arth. That 's the way these *on*accountable varmint has sarved my sows ever so many times, for I reckon they like the woods to pig in better than the stye."

This animal, so fond of sucking-pigs, is the spotted wild cat (*Felis rufa?*), and is universally complained of in this part of the country as destructive to young pigs, for the sows are all permitted to run at large in the woods.

After some exertion we scrambled up to the foot of the escarpment, and found that the red rocks consisted of argillaceo-calcareous beds, resting upon horizontal limestone, and that they were fast wearing away from the effects of the weather, being of a soft laminated structure, like the red rocks near Dawlish, in Devonshire. Great portions of the cliff fall down after wet weather to increase the rich soil beneath, and there the growth of trees, plants, and herbage is surprisingly luxuriant. When I had examined the rocks at this point, perceiving that it was possible to scramble along the head of the talus, which is formed by the crumbling escarpment for a very great portion of the distance round the cove, I expressed a desire to examine the beds farther to the S.W., so Charley most obligingly led the way, and soon got out of sight, for I was loitering along looking for rare plants, fossils, land-shells,

or anything else in so interesting a place, and could no longer hear him pushing his way through the bushes. There was a thicket to pass through which was very dense, on the right of which was the mural pile of argillaceo-calcareous beds, which indeed, as Charley had well observed, "looked powerful curious:" before I reached it, and whilst I was stopping to hammer away at some fossils, it came into my head that some of the "varmint" might be out looking for "spiciments," as my companion called them, as well as myself; and I quickened my steps a little, as fast as the nature of the soil would permit me to do, for it had rained that morning and was slippery: but faithful Charley was full of consideration for me, and I found him quietly waiting at no great distance. "Look here, stranger," said he, "here is the track of one of them 'ar painters, and I reckon it is a considerable big bitch, for here's a whelp's track along with it." The impressions had been made before the rain fell, and the prints of the toes were somewhat deadened, but not at all obliterated; the whelp's track was generally found following the other, and we traced them both distinctly for a great distance. It was evident they had been prowling just before day, ere the rain had fallen, and were going towards the deer gap.

It was now 1 P.M., and Charley said it was the custom of the "painters," as no game was abroad, to retire at that hour into the laurel thickets on the

west side of the Clinch Mountain in Russel County. I therefore inquired if it was possible to ascend the face of the rocks, get to the top of the mountain, and take a peep at the laurel thickets. Charley said he knew of a place where he thought he could get up, and that he was willing to lend me a hand too; "but I calculate, stranger," he added, "you ain't a-going to do no sich a foolish thing as to go into the laurels; why there ain't ne'er a sheriff in the four counties but what's got more sense than to walk into sich a fix." Having satisfied Charley on that score, he led the way to a part of the escarpment that was practicable, clinging with his hands to points jutting from the rocks, and getting from one ledge to another. Two or three times he stopped to give me his advice and his hand, but I had been accustomed to climb worse passes, and got up without his assistance to the summit of the loftiest pinnacle of the Clinch; upon which Charley paid me the compliment of saying, "Why if you arn't a most particular parson, then I don't know one, for I swar you don't want no help at all!" But when I took out instruments to ascertain the course of the chain, the temperature, &c., Charley's admiration of me increased greatly; he clearly lost every vestige of apprehension that had lurked about him as to the real nature of our visit; showed me a place where he had a desperate fight with a panther, and the place where he had *treed* and shot him: after which he most willingly

took me to a point on the flank of the mountain, from whence we had a view of a dark-looking dell thickly filled with laurels, and which appeared to be a most judicious abode for "painters."

The view from the summit of this part of the Clinch Mountain is very extensive, by far the most ample I have yet seen from any of the Alleghany ridges: to the south it was bounded by the Iron Mountain; but in every direction there was scarce anything to be seen but a succession of ridges covered with their eternal forests; few indications of man were to be observed, and, with the exception of some clearings, the scene presented very much the same appearance it would have done when the Indians had exclusive possession of the country. The thermometer was 8° of Fahr. lower at the summit than it was in the cove, and Charley said he had never seen any flies or other insects on the wing there in the hottest weather. The elevation was judged by me to be about 2400 feet above the level of the sea.

In the horizontal limestone upon which the red argillaceous beds rest, I found orthocera, flustra, spirifers, producta, with other fossils apparently of the carboniferous limestone. The strata succeed each other as follows:—

Red Argillaceo-Calcareous beds,
Limestone, with Fossils,
} Horizontal.
Quartzose Sandstone.
Limestone, inclined at an angle of 50°.

If a good stone fence were laid across the ravine at the east end of the cove by which we entered it,

and something done at the Deer Gap, the expense of which would not exceed—as Charley thought—200 dollars, about 1200 acres of extremely fertile land would be so secured that nothing could get in or out of it, if the occupant thought proper. Exceedingly gratified by this excursion, which I believe terminated to the perfect satisfaction of Charley, we returned to Saltville to a late dinner by way of the north branch of the Holston, in which we saw great numbers of large soft-shelled turtle (*Trionyx ferox*) from 12 to 20 inches long. In the evening I walked to the Holston and procured some fresh-water shells, several species of unio, as well as that elegant univalve the *Fusus fluvialis* of Say. The next morning, Sept. 12th, we took leave of our hospitable friends Messrs. King and Lewis, and returned to Abingdon.

CHAPTER X.

A pleasant Party in a Stage Coach—Arrive at Blountsville in the State of Tennessee—Fists *versus* Dirks and Pistols—Knoxville—Meet President Jackson.

THIS morning, September the 12th, was occupied in packing up and taking leave of the Preston family, for whose kind attentions I felt under great obligations; and about two P.M. the stage-coach, in which I had secured and paid for our places to Blountsville in the State of Tennessee, came to take us away. Whilst I was standing in the balcony of the hotel shaking hands with Colonel Preston and some gentlemen. who had called to take leave, I observed a stout man about 30 years old ordering one of my trunks to be taken off from the carriage, and to be left behind; upon which I went down to the street, and believing himto be a contractor or agent for the stage, began to negotiate with him to pay for its weight rather than leave it; but perceiving his language was a little equivocal, I asked him by what authority he interfered in the matter: upon which he avowed himself to be only a passenger, but insisted that the trunk should be left, on the ground that the roads

were bad, the stage was an old one, and that no passenger was allowed more than one trunk. Desirous as I was of avoiding a quarrel, I found myself obliged to carry matters with a very high hand with this officious person to silence him, and at last sent for the agent, who told the man that, having paid for two places, I had a right to have two trunks conveyed: the matter being thus decided in my favour, the trunk was replaced. Inside of the stage were two passengers from South Carolina, to which state they were going from Blountsville. One of these persons, a Dr. W*****, grumbled a good deal about the trunk and the roads, but I told him as the agent had decided that my trunk was to go, I should consider it as a piece of personal impertinence addressed to myself if anything more was said about it; upon which he had the good sense to make no more remarks. The other Carolinian said nothing. Besides these two and the puppy who had ordered my trunk to be taken off, there was an exceedingly strange-looking white man, and a negro seated opposite to him; but as the stage-coach only held six passengers, and there were already five in it on its arrival, it was evident that either my son or myself would have to ride outside unless the negro was sent there.

This man I ascertained was the servant of the white man opposite to him, a queer tall animal about forty years old, with dark black hair cut

round as if he were a Methodist preacher, immense black whiskers, a physiognomy not without one or two tolerable features, but singularly sharp, and not a little piratical and repulsive; all this was set off with a huge broad-brimmed white hat, adorned with a black crape that covered it almost to the top of the crown. His clothes also were black, so that it was evident he intended people should see he was in mourning. I civilly asked this sorrowful figure if he would let his servant ride on the top of the coach and permit my son to come inside, and his answer was "I reckon my waiter is very well where he is." I told my son therefore to go to the top —where there was another black fellow—and took care to say very deliberately and audibly, whilst I was holding the door of the stage-coach, that he would meet with some better company there than in the inside. I now took the sixth seat in this pleasant company, and there we were, all of us apparently as distrustful of what was to happen next, as if there had been a rattle-snake under one of the seats.

It was my fortune to be seated opposite to the fellow who had given me so much trouble, so that our knees would necessarily interfere with each other if we were not mutually accommodating, as travellers usually are. This man would neither do one thing nor another; he seemed to put his legs in the way as much as he could, kept spitting out of the window, and then thrusting his head

out of it; so that, being made exceedingly uncomfortable, I was compelled to ask him, though I did it in a civil way, to keep himself quiet; but I might as well have remained silent, for, drawing himself up into a somewhat fierce and sullen attitude, he growled out "that he had as good a right to be in the stage as me." Upon this the broken-hearted gentleman under the black and white sombrero, who had drawn forth some voluminous sighs of a strong Cipolline character, affectionately put his hand upon this fellow's thigh, as though they were exceedingly intimate, which encouraged him to add "I reckon I ain't a-going to be put upon by no man: if any man thinks he's a-going to put upon me, he will get no good by it—that I know." Having cheered himself on with this encouraging speech, he proceeded to take a dirk from beneath his waistcoat, which having approvingly looked at, he replaced; next he took a small pistol from his pocket and showed it to his melancholy friend, who observed that "leetel pitchers would carry water as well as big ones." The other passengers said nothing. In the Northern States such an occurrence as this, of five inside passengers combining against one who had offended none of them, could not have taken place. The very sight of the dirk and pistol would have incensed every one to kick the fellow out, but we were approaching countries under the jurisdiction of the bowie-knife, and having learnt at Abingdon that while we were wrangling about the

trunk they had ascertained from the waiter at the tavern that I was an Englishman—a circumstance not much in a traveller's favour when mixed up with low fellows of the uneducated classes in America—I saw that my policy was not to get into disputes with them, but to watch their proceedings.

In this sort of humour we continued the remainder of the journey, and at nine P.M. reached Blountsville, a small frontier town of the State of Tennessee. The night was damp, and we all went into the bar-room of the tavern, where a great many persons were standing round the fire. Here, after securing seats for the next day, I took my stand, happy to be released from the disagreeable persons I had been shut up with, who, I was informed, were going in another stage-coach to South Carolina. Whilst standing with my back to the fire looking at some young children who were amusing themselves with blowing a horn, my old tormentor came up, and in an insolent manner tried to provoke me into a quarrel with him: for a long time I refused to speak to him, but perceiving at length that he was exciting a great prejudice against me, and becoming rather irritated, I told him that he might, for aught I knew, know a great deal, as he said he did; but that he didn't know the difference betwixt a gentleman and such a low, impudent jackanapes as himself; and that though I was his senior by a great many years, I

thought it would be quite advisable for him not to provoke me any further. Upon this, without further circumlocution, and boiling over with inarticulate rage, he said "I allow you are a *—* old rascal, and that 's just what you are."

During all my journeys in North America I had never carried pistols, or dirk, or hidden weapons with me, or any arms but a rifle to procure myself game, and hitherto I had not found it necessary to do so. I now saw that I had to do with a bully armed with a knife, and who was prepared to use it; and who, seeing the advantage he had over me, and believing that he could say what he pleased with impunity in a crowd of fellows who were delighted to see an Englishman insulted, felt quite sure that he might indulge in every sort of insolence with impunity. Great was the surprise therefore of the beholders when they saw me draw out a couple of instruments, the noble use of which was altogether unknown in the enlightened State of Tennessee. Near forty years before this memorable evening, I had in my young days been an eager pupil of the then celebrated pugilist Jackson; and no sooner did the word rascal come strangely to my ears, than all the practice I had acquired under my great master suddenly and intuitively came to my fingers' ends. It was literally Scarborough warning he got—a word and a blow; in an instant I served him upon his astonished optics with

two "straightforwarders," right and left, and down he went on the floor into an ocean of tobacco spit, quite puzzled to imagine how he had got there. Perceiving, however, that he began to fumble for his dirk and pistols, I instantly jumped upon him, whereupon the landlord jumped upon me, and my son upon the landlord. We had a few moments of very interesting scuffle and confusion, but being at length separated, the fallen bully was lifted up with his eyes and cheeks puffed up like a muffle, crest-fallen, and an object of pity even to myself. Nothing more was said now about pistols or dirks, and I had the satisfaction of seeing this foolish fellow, who thought I should be content with telling him back again, according to the manners of his equals, that he was a rascal too, led off, almost frightened out of his senses lest he had lost his eyes, vapouring, however, as he went what he would do; for which I had only one answer, that I would give him ten times as much if he did anything at all.

From this moment I was treated with great deference as far as coming into contact with me went, for when I approached the fire every body retired a little to make room for me. To give them an idea that I attached no sort of importance to what had taken place, I began to converse quietly with some of the bystanders about the country, and whilst doing this, the poor devil was brought in from the kitchen, by his whiskered friend and some others, with his head bound up, and accompanied by them

went out of the door, but whether to the doctor's or the magistrate's remained to be seen. I now told my son in French to be upon the watch and to bring me information of what was going on. In the mean time the Dr. W*****, of South Carolina, whose conduct had not prejudiced me in his favour, having found out who I was, came in a very friendly manner to my son and myself, explained his behaviour, and secretly told us that I ought to be on my guard, as it was very probable an attempt would be made to injure me. I was not particularly afraid of this: what I was really afraid of was that they would attempt to hold me to bail in a large sum. I was quite sure of my man. He would not neglect such a favourable opportunity of turning his eyes to account, and I should have been too happy to have compromised the affair by immediately paying one hundred dollars for each of my offending fists. But the parties returned to the tavern evidently disappointed: they had, it seems, been to consult some limbs of the law who resided in the place, but, most fortunately for me, every creature that could assist them in the legal way was gone to a court at some distance. Supper now was announced, and we went to it grave enough; not a word was said. The landlord, the landlady, the travellers, the drivers, and the negroes, first stared at the wounded hero, who was affectionately fed by his black-haired, piratical-looking friend, and then at me. I have not the least doubt that all agreed in

considering me as the greatest monster that had yet penetrated into Tennessee.*

I was the first that retired from the supper-room, and immediately proceeded to my old place at the fireside of the bar-room. As soon as they had all re-assembled there, I addressed the landlord and the company, stating that it was the practice of gentlemen always to apologize when they were provoked to use violence; that I therefore apologized to him and to them all; but that as I had been called a rascal for the first time in my life, and that by a man much younger than myself, who had taken great pains to quarrel with me, it was very natural in me to chastise him on the spot, as I dared to say any one of them would have been manly enough to have done upon a like occasion: that I really was sorry for what I had done, but that I was quite sure I should do the same thing over again if I was insulted in the same way. I next went up to the man himself, and told him, in a friendly tone, that I was exceedingly distressed to see that he was so very much bruised, that I wished it had not been done, and would most willingly undo it if it were in my power; but that he must be sensible that he had made me very angry, and that most

* I learnt afterwards that the affair had reached the ears of my friends at Abingdon, with a slight change in some of the particulars; the Englishman was represented as having struck at a peaceable American gentleman with a dirk, then knocked him down with the butt end of a pistol, concluding the assault by jumping upon him to gouge him.

men when angry took some revenge or other, and my way of revenging myself was much better than using dirks or pistols, which either killed or injured people for life: that he would soon get well, and would then be no worse for the blows I had given him, and that I hoped he would do as Englishmen did, forget and forgive, especially as I was very sorry to see him so much hurt, and was ready to compensate him.

This fellow was not so bad but that he had some good feeling in him; perhaps, too, there was a little unction in the word "compensation," for he no sooner heard it than he blubbered out, "I didn't mean to say that you ain't a gentleman, and I am quite willing to be friendly:" adding that his name was G*****, and that he was from Tuscaloosa, in the State of Alabama. Whereupon we shook hands and retired to our rooms. Being relieved from my apprehensions of having to deal with Tennessee lawyers, I went to bed and got a capital night's rest. This man was a singular compound of pomposity and ignorance, boiling over with conceit of himself until this incident occurred, which I have no doubt was an excellent lesson for him.

On coming down at one A. M. into the bar-room, I was surprised to learn, contrary to my expectation, that he, with his whiskered friend, was to proceed on in the stage-coach with us, having been before given to understand that he was to leave us here, which the two South Carolinians did. When he

made his appearance, I was not a little shocked to see how horribly his face was disfigured, and felt great remorse for the blows I had given him. On getting into the stage-coach—there being now room for my son—matters after daylight took a surprising change. I was treated with the greatest respect, especially by my black-eyed friend; and whenever I lifted up my mauleys, even for the most innocent purposes, the gentleman in mourning used to observe them very curiously, as though he was not quite satisfied as to the part they were going to perform. We, however, contrived to be on friendly terms; and all danger of quarrelling, at any rate, seemed to be at an end. It was daylight when we arrived at a place called King's Port, on the Holston, which is here a pretty stream, navigable for boats. I obtained some fine unios during the short time we stopped; and observed a great many concamerated shells in the limestone beds on the roadside, especially orthocera of a large size, but too firmly imbedded to be taken out without much preparation. We had the Iron Mountains on our left, extending S.W. to Georgia; and passed through an undulating country, not very fertile, with limestone hummocks, poor log-huts, inhabited by a rude people, and all the signs of an unproductive country.

Rogersville, twenty-five miles farther west, has a few brick houses; and the land about there is generally formed of hummocks of limestone, dipping S.S.E. about 45°. The ridges at this place behind

the settlement are constituted of slate, apparently contemporaneous with that which underlies the Sweet Springs Valley. I took a peep at the dinner-table here, where there was an old woman smoking a bad pipe, my travelling companions, and the driver; before them was a nasty-looking dish, with quantities of coarse onions; but everything looked so disgusting and filthy, that I could not make up my mind to sit down, and preferred to go without any dinner. Here a great many sympathising inquiries were made respecting the reasons which had compelled the Tuscaloosan to wrap up his head so curiously, and he gave the old tobacco-pipe lady a piteous account of the stage being run away with, and how he had been thrown against a tree. Unfortunately the driver, who knew the truth, took this as a reflection upon the stage-driving fraternity, and not only related the true story before he came away, but gave it as his opinion that "he was a poor etarnal scamp, and that that 'ar Englishman had given him a most almighty hiding that he hoped would last him till the last *kayws* (cows) would come hum." The truth is that the poor devil was a pretty bad fellow at bottom, had a wonderful fertility of invention, which enabled him to tell the most extraordinary lies to inquirers about his accident, and was so totally insensible to his disgrace, that when he was in the stage he soon got up his spirits, and conducted himself as if nothing had happened to him.

We took various passengers in whilst on the road for short distances, and for each of them he had almost a different story: but it was of no avail; the first driver from Blountsville had spoiled all his inventions by telling the truth, and speaking of him with the greatest contempt. When we had made seventy miles from Blountsville, we stopped to get a little rest at a place called Williams's, two miles from Bean's Station. Here the Tuscaloosan and his whiskered friend got into the same bed together. The next morning we drove twenty miles to a house kept by a Mr. and Mrs. Shields, two well-behaved people, who gave us a clean comfortable breakfast, during which a musical-box, enclosed in a large case with a sounding-board, was playing most delightfully. In an adjoining room was laid his brother, who had got a concussion of the brain a week before, in escaping from the stage-coach whilst the horses were running away with it in a narrow road in the woods. He was getting a little better, after remaining three days insensible, but was still delirious at times.

About noon we reached Knoxville, a poor neglected-looking place, which notwithstanding makes a great figure on the map. I saw some tolerable dwelling-houses, and called upon a gentleman of the name of Campbell, to whom I had a letter, and who was very polite to me; but we only stayed an hour, just long enough to let the passengers dine at the tavern. I also called upon a very worthy and

well-known gentleman with whom I had the pleasure of being acquainted, Judge Hugh White, a senator of the United States, who resides here; but he was from home. There is steam-boat navigation from Knoxville down the Holston and Tennessee into the Mississippi when the water is high enough; but, to judge from the inactivity of the place, there is very little commerce going on. Fourteen miles farther we came to Campbell's Station, a place where the white settlers used to assemble, after they had first penetrated into these remote parts, to chastise the Indians. As we drove up to the door of the tavern, I saw General Jackson, the venerable President of the United States, seated at a window smoking his long pipe, and went to pay my respects to him, apologising for my dirty appearance, which I told him I had very honestly come by in hammering the rocks of his own State. He laughed and shook hands cordially with me; and learning that my son was with me, requested me to bring him in and present him. My son, who had been scampering about the country all the time we were in Knoxville, was in a worse pickle than myself, and felt quite ashamed to be presented to so eminent a person; but the old General very kindly took him by the hand, and said, "My young friend, don't be ashamed of this: if you were a politician, you would have dirty work upon your hands you could not so easily get rid of." We had a very agreeable chat with the old gentleman; he was in

fine spirits; and we left his cheerful conversation with great reluctance, amidst the kindest expression of his wishes for our welfare, and an injunction to call upon him at Washington as soon as we returned. The President was then on his way to the seat of government.

CHAPTER XI.

A Negro-Driver in mourning for a great Patriot—Irreverence of a Negro to a White Man's Ghost—Bivouac of a Gang of chained Slaves—An agreeable and lively fellow-passenger—Cross the Cumberland Mountains—Arrive at Sparta—A Driver killed—Hickory Valley—Mounds and Graves of the Indians that formerly dwelt here—Imaginary pigmy race.

On resuming our places in the stage-coach, our companion in black pronounced a most decided eulogium upon *Gineral* Jackson, but in such language as was quite inimitable. With a strange solemnity of tone and manner, he said, "The old Gineral is the most greatest and most completest idear of a man what had ever lived. I don't mean to say nothing agin Washington—he was a man too; but Jackson *is* a man, I tell *you:* and when I see'd him in his old white hat, with the mourning crape on it, it made me feel a kind of particular curious." This mysterious sympathy betwixt the two white hats in mourning opened a vein of sentiment in our companion that presently took a very sublimated form, and he commenced thinking aloud as it were, keeping his right hand pressed on the thigh of the Tuscaloosan. He now attempted to

cover a farrago of bad grammar with an affected pronunciation of his words; and at last got into such a strain of talking fine, that my son and myself had great difficulty in suppressing our laughter. He spoke of a niece that he had, and said, in quite a staccato style, "She—is—a—most—complete—" and there he rather equivocally left the matter, adding, however, that he had given her "a most beautiful barouche," and that he expected to overtake her that night. By and by, he said he expected to overtake another barouche which belonged to him; and then told us what the two barouches had cost him. In short, he so thoroughly mystified us, that we could not make out what stratum in society he belonged to. If it had not been for these barouches, we might have conjectured, but they threw us out. We knew we had no barouches on the road, and were disposed to respect any one who had, for a barouche is a barouche always; and what must a man be who has two on the road, and "a complete" in one of them?

A vague idea had once or twice crossed my mind that I had seen this man before, but where I could not imagine. On coming, however, to a long hill, where I got out to walk, I took occasion to ask the driver if he knew who the passenger was who had two barouches on before. "Why," said the man, "don't you know it's Armfield, the negur-driver?" "Negur-driver!" thought I, and immediately the mystery was cleared up. I remembered the white

hat, the crape, the black short-cut round hair, and the barouches. It was one of the identical slave-dealers I had seen on the 6th of September, crossing his gang of chained slaves over New River. On re-entering the vehicle I looked steadily at the fellow, and recollecting him, found no longer any difficulty in accounting for such a compound of everything vulgar and revolting, and totally without education. I had now a key both to his manners and the expression of his countenance, both of them formed in those dens of oppression and despair the negro prisons, and both of them indicating his abominable vocation.

As he had endeavoured to impose himself upon us for a respectable man, I was determined to let him know before we parted that I had found him out; but being desirous first of discovering what was the source of that sympathy which united his hat with that of General Jackson, I asked him plump who he was in mourning for. Upon this, drawing his physiognomy down to the length of a moderate horse's face, "Marcus Layfeeyate" (Marquis Lafayette) was his answer. "Do you mean General Lafayette?"* I inquired. "I reckon that 's what I mean," said he. "Why, General Lafayette," I replied, "gloried in making all men free, without respect of colour; and what are you, who I understand are a negro-driver, in mourning for

* He died in the early part of the summer, and many of his friends in the United States were in mourning on the occasion.

him for? Such men as you ought to go into mourning only when the price of black men falls. I remember seeing you cross your gang in chains at New River; and I shouldn't be at all surprised if Lafayette's ghost was to set every one of your negroes free one of these nights."

The fellow did not expect this, and was silent, but my son burst into a violent fit of laughter; and, to add to our amusement, the negur-driver's black man—who had been vastly tickled with the idea of the ghost coming to help the negurs—boiled over into a most stentorious horse-laugh of the African kind. His enraged master now broke out, "What onder arth is the matter with you, I reckon? If you think I'll stand my waiter's sniggering at me arter that fashion, I reckon you 'll come to a nonplush to-night." These awful words, which Pompey knew imported very serious consequences, brought him immediately into a graver mood, and he very contritely said, "Master, I warn't a larfing at you, by no manner of means; I was just a larfing at what dat ar gemmelman said about de ghose." Soon after this the fellow pretended he was taken ill, and determined to stop at a tavern on the road, a few miles from Bean's Station. He accordingly told Pompey to go on with the stage-coach until he overtook the gang, and then to return for him with one of the barouches.

Here we left him to digest our contempt as well

as he could. Pompey now told us a great many things that served to confirm my abhorrence of this brutal land-traffic in slaves. As to his master, he said he really thought he was ill: "Master 's mighty fond of ingeons," said he, "and de doctors in Alexandria tells him not to eat sich lots of ingeons; but when he sees 'em he can't stand it, and den he eats 'em, and dey makes him sick, and den he carries on jist like a house a fire; and den he drinks brandy upon 'em, and dat makes him better; and den he eats ingeons agin, and so he keeps a carrying on." From which it would appear that the sum total of enjoyment of a negro-driver, purchased at such a profligate expense of humanity, is an unlimited indulgence in onions and brandy.

Before we stopped for the night, but long after sunset, we came to a place where numerous fires were gleaming through the forest: it was the bivouac of the gang. Having prevailed upon the driver to wait half an hour, I went with Pompey —who was to take leave of us here—into the woods, where they were all encamped. There were a great many blazing fires around, at which the female slaves were warming themselves; the children were asleep in some tents; and the males, in chains, were lying on the ground, in groups of about a dozen each. The white men, who were the partners of Pompey's master, were standing about with whips in their hands; and "the complete" was, I suppose, in her tent; for I judged, from the attendants being

busy in packing the utensils away, that they had taken their evening's repast. It was a fearful and irritating spectacle, and I could not bear long to look at it.

Our company, on my return to the stage-coach, was reduced to ourselves and the now humble Tuscaloosan. We were kind to him, lest the poor devil should feel unnecessarily uncomfortable. After a rough ride in the dark over an execrable road, we came to a poor miserable house where the sheriff lived, and where we were told we might lie down until four A.M. But such beds! We were charged 12½ cents, or 6*d.* each, for the privilege of lying down upon them, whilst we should have been most happy to have given ten times as much for clean ones. But as the great study here appears to be to spare themselves trouble and exertion, they content themselves with putting a pack of dirty rags together, calling it a bed, and then leave it in the same state throughout the year. A better specimen of "cheap and nasty" could not easily be found. In the morning we started again at daylight, and reached the junction of the Clinch and Holston where they form the Tennessee, at a poor place called Kingston. The country now began to teem with graves and mounds of the Indians who once possessed the country, and to become very interesting.

Early in the morning a passenger joined us, who turned out to be a very agreeable and diverting person. I saw at once he was not an American;

for, although he had a sallow face, it was round, and his nose and a certain expression of his countenance, added to the native politeness of his manners, marked him for a Frenchman. We conversed for some time in English, which he spoke tolerably well; he had been on the Mississippi River, and knew most of the towns there familiarly. In the course of our conversation I happened to mention the village of St. Geneviéve, and giving it the French pronunciation, he broke out, "Ah, Monsieur, je vois bien que vous parlez Français—je parle Anglais moi comme un animal, je le sais bien—parlons Français s'il vous plait." From this moment we talked nothing but French, except when our lively companion addressed the Tuscaloosan, who, having removed the handkerchief from his head, exhibited his black eyes in full relief. His odd appearance greatly attracted the Frenchman's attention, who, in a very sympathetic tone, inquired as to the cause of it. We had now the old story of the stage being upset, and Monsieur fully believing he had been injured in that way, could scarce contain himself, exclaiming, "De Americain drivaire in de Southern State is an infamious animal!" and then proceeded in the most voluble manner to tell us of some narrow escapes he had had with drunken drivers. It appeared to me that there was not a place in the Southern and Western States where this Frenchman had not been; I had only to look at the map and mention a place, when he would say, "Monsieur,

je connais cet endroit là parfaitement; il y a un tel qui demeure là et un tel." And to my inquiries he would answer, "Oui, Monsieur, il y a bien de montagnes, mais pas comme celle du Cumberland, que vous allez traverser." Or else it would be, "Non, ce pays là est plat comme ma main."

After a few hours of this sort of conversation, I perhaps felt as curious to know what his pursuits could be that had led him to so many places where he knew so many people, as he was to know mine who made so many inquiries about the surface of the country. Apparently his curiosity was more lively than mine, for he made many attempts, though always with politeness, to penetrate my secret, and once or twice went rather far on the road towards finding out who I was. At last, without telling him my name, I informed him that I was an Englishman, and that my pursuits were purely confined to geology and natural history. He was delighted with this mark of confidence, and said, "Monsieur, je ne connois pas les sciences, mais je les honore; et je suis bien aise de rencontrer un brave Anglais, car je les estime tous de tout mon cœur." He now proceeded to tell me who he was and what he was, and what sort of a person his wife was, how long he had been married to her, and what age she was when she became his wife. "Oui, Monsieur," said he, "c'étoit une jeune personne charmante, pleine de bonté, et je puis dire que je l'aime de tout mon cœur." His name was Nidelet,

he was a silk merchant of Philadelphia, had married a daughter of a respectable French négociant, a Monsieur Pratte, of the town of St. Louis, on the Mississippi, and was at this time engaged, as he had often before been, in collecting debts due to his house, which accounted for his accurate knowledge of the country. In the course of the day the driver, it appeared, told him how the Tuscaloosan had got his black eyes, which had exceedingly sharpened his curiosity to know who I was; and on coming to a hill he joined my son, who was walking up it, and contrived very ingeniously to get it out of him. On re-entering the stage-coach, therefore, he triumphantly exclaimed, "Ah, ah, Monsieur! vous êtes donc Monsieur F.: j'ai bien entendu parler de vous à Philadelphie, et je suis enchanté de l'honneur de votre connaissance. C'est vous donc qui avez flanqué à ce coquin ces gros yeux—il les a bien mérité. Diable, c'est un art superbe que celui de boxer! J'ai pris quelques leçons moi-même, mais n'importe—je voyage toujours avec des pistolets et un dirk—tenez! regardez! Vraiment vous lui avez arrangé son sacre museau joliment. Peste, comme il est beau. Il parait être votre ami à présent—ne vous fiez pas; il est capable de trouver son moment et vous planter son dirk. Le coquin, j'aurai un œil sur lui—si jamais il fait le moindre mouvement, je lui régale un coup de pistolet au museau." The poor devil who was the object of this rhapsody saw, by the excited looks and gestures of the Frenchman,

that he was blown, and at the next hill took his seat with the driver, and never came into the stage again, so that we had nothing more to do with him.

We commenced the ascent of Walden's Ridge to-day, which is on the east flank of the Cumberland Mountain, and is separated from the western flank by a depression or valley. Proceeding along a disintegrating sandstone, we came to a place called the *Crab Orchard*, from the first white pioneers finding crab apple-trees (*Malus coronaria*) here. A few miles hence the mountain descends again rapidly to a beautiful circular cove, containing, perhaps, one thousand acres. This is a singularly romantic and pleasing vale, perfectly round, and surrounded by a mountainous country, the hills, as well as the vale, being in every part covered with graceful and stately trees. The Cumberland Mountain, taken altogether, is, where we passed it on the way to Sparta, a sort of table-land about forty miles broad, with occasional depressions in it. Indications present themselves here of rocks of a later period than those of the Alleghany Ridge; the limestone in the valleys is all horizontal, and on each flank of the hills the same strata of sandstone crop out as we ascend and descend them. The fossils on the flat tabular limestone, which consist principally of producta, spirifers, and flustra, increase greatly in numbers, but do not vary much, apparently, in genera, from those in the inclined rocks we have so long been traversing. The descent to Sparta is

rugged for one mile and a half over the mineral beds, and on reaching the foot of the mountain I observed a change in the botany of the country, as well as in the rocks. The flint in the limestone beds here takes an agatized form, and often assumes a beautiful botryoidal chalcedonic appearance.

Soon after we had got upon the level land, we met a stage-coach from the west with a passenger severely cut in the face. He informed us that in the morning the driver had fallen asleep on his seat, and dropping from it upon the ground, the wheels had gone over his head and killed him on the spot, upon which the horses galloped off, and at a turn of the road ran the vehicle against a stump, and broke the stage to pieces: he was thrown against some trees, and narrowly escaped with his life. These accidents frequently happen, for, with few exceptions, the drivers are a reckless, unmanageable race of fellows, that drink hard, and care nothing even what happens to themselves. All the particulars of this sad story were eagerly listened to by the Tuscaloosan, whom we discovered afterwards to have represented himself as one of the injured passengers upon that occasion. It was late at night before we reached Sparta.

Sparta is a very small place, not exactly upon a Lacedæmonian plan perhaps, but at any rate it has a small square and a court-house. As to the rest, the houses were miserably shabby, as well as the stores. Here I determined to remain a short time,

as the country was very interesting, and I found obliging and nice people at the tavern. The next morning after breakfast I returned to the Cumberland Mountain to secure some fossils I had seen, and to get a view of the country from the summit. From the west brow of the mountain a bold ledge of horizontal sandstone rocks projects for a great distance, forming a natural stone terrace, from whence there is a most extensive view of the country; which, with the exception of a few patches of cleared ground, is an unreclaimed wilderness. There is a small vein of bituminous coal not very far off, with two strong chalybeate springs.

On the 17th we sallied out on foot to a place called Hickory Valley, where there were said to be a great many coves and little vales. I had heard of Indian graves of a peculiar kind that were found here, and was desirous of inspecting them. After an agreeable walk we reached the valley, and found it a very pleasing place, with fine springs, game in abundance, flint in the limestone strata occurring as the chalk-flints do in Europe, and everything appropriate for the permanent residence of a tribe of Indians. Mr. Turner Lane, an old resident here, to whose plantation we went, informed us that when the stumps of trees in his clearings became sufficiently decayed to permit them to plough their fields thoroughly, the coulters frequently tore up square blocks of limestone and human bones. This took place so often that at last their curiosity was

excited, and they perceived that these blocks were parts of stone coffins, consisting of a bottom-piece laid flat on the ground, two side pieces, a foot and head piece, and a lid laid on the top. The extreme length of these graves was 24 inches, some of them were only 15 inches long, and others even less, and the coffins were sunk not more than a foot in the ground. It had struck him and other persons as a curious fact, that amidst so great a number of graves there should not be one longer than 24 inches, and he determined, therefore, in concert with a Mr. Doyle—a neighbour of his who inhabited another cove about four miles from his residence—to examine into the matter with great care. They accordingly opened some graves, and first removed the stones before they disturbed the contents of the coffins, which were filled apparently with nothing but the common soil of the country. Having removed this carefully with their knives they found that each grave contained a skeleton, supported by a sufficient quantity of earth to prevent the bones falling into a heap. The skeletons were uniformly laid on the right side, and drawn up somewhat as people sleep, the right side reposing on the right arm. Under the neck they uniformly found an earthen Indian pot, formed (as I afterwards found) of clay and fragments of the unio, which, being saturated with moisture, generally fell to pieces, but when carefully taken out and dried, would become hard again. Mr. Lane and his friends were now con-

vinced — as they still are — that they had discovered an ancient race of pigmies that had been buried in this valley before the existing forest had grown up; and the story setting out, some country doctors and curious people came to the place, and finding the dentification of the jaws perfect, and the sutures of the crania complete, they pronounced the skulls and bones to have belonged, not to children of the ordinary Indian race, but to adults of a pigmy race. A book was next written about it, and it became one of the wonders of the western country.

Having heard Mr. Lane's account of the affair, we walked over to see Mr. Doyle, and hear what he had to say.

On our way we stopped to examine some ancient mounds almost obliterated by time, with very old forest trees growing upon them. We found Mr. Doyle at home, living very comfortably in his beautiful cove, where he had cleared about one hundred and fifty acres of land. He gave us precisely the same information we had received from Mr. Lane, only observing that the graves were much more numerous on his farm, and that *he* had been the first person to suppose them filled by a pigmy race. He said he had opened at least one hundred of them, and that they resembled each other in everything, save that in the shortest of them the bones were extremely decayed, and the skulls contained no teeth; whence he inferred that

these were the graves of the pigmy children. I now examined several of the coffins he had opened, and measured them, and found that there was not one of them longer than 24 inches, or deeper than 9. Having seen these I proceeded, with his permission, to open one of the graves myself that had been untouched. The skeleton was there, with an extremely thin cranium without teeth: the bones were surprisingly small, and it was evident the body had been laid on its right side, and packed in earth. A small pot was under the neck which crumbled to pieces on being touched, and I found a rib of a deer with a snail shell, that had also been put into the grave. In most of these coffins Mr. Doyle had found some shells, and some small perforated stones, which had probably been used for a collar to put round the child's neck. On going to Mr. Doyle's house he presented me with some of the shells found in them, which were Fusus fluvialis, a univalve, found in the neighbouring Holston. Whilst rambling about we came to a very strong ledge of sandstone rocks which had a sort of cavern beneath them: on looking into it we saw the bones of another skeleton, and contrived to get the cranium out; it was full of teeth, and had a hole in it which it was evident enough had been made by a tomahawk.

Before we parted with Mr. Doyle I essayed to undeceive him about the pigmy race, and told him it was the custom with a great many tribes of Western Indians to expose their adult dead upon

scaffolds, and when all the soft parts had wasted away, the bones of the skeleton were put into very short graves; that if he would consider the size of the oldest skulls he had found, he would see that they had belonged to individuals with as large heads as our own, which would have been both inconvenient and unnecessary to a pigmy race. But Mr. Doyle was not at all pleased to have his wonder taken to pieces in this way, and fought for his pigmies with all the pertinacity of an inventor of genera and species for shells, who has never seen them in their habitats, and has acquired his information from dead valves. On coming away, his last words were, "You 've jist got the wrong notion, and when you git to Nashville you 'd better talk about something else." I regretted my indiscretion, and was determined henceforward to be as careful about interfering betwixt a man and his pigmies as I would be betwixt a man and his wife.

We returned to Sparta by a different road, and had a charming walk over a calcareous spur from the Cumberland Mountain, passing by Simpson's Bridge on the Calf-killer's Creek (so called from an Indian chief), near to which I found a seam or parting in the limestone of argillaceo-calcareous earth, with some large specimens of *Apio crinoidea*. We reached the village an hour after night.

The next morning I prepared to go to a place called the *Wild Cat's Cove*, where I was informed

there were great numbers of Indian graves and mounds; but it began to rain, and continued wet the whole day. I therefore devoted the time to writing and arranging my fossils, which had accumulated upon my hands. In the evening my kind French friend gave me a letter to his father-in-law at St. Louis, and made me promise to deliver it in person. Here I took leave of him.

During the few days I had passed at Sparta, our friend Nidelet always used to come and visit us in the evening. Every body in the place knew him, and he knew every body; and I believe it was in part owing to his good offices, and the manner in which he always spoke of us, that so much attention was paid us, in having horses placed at our disposition to go upon our excursions. He was not pleased, however, with the conduct of the greater part of his debtors. His house at Philadelphia had permitted their country customers about here to take silk goods to the amount of 70,000 dollars—a very large sum, certainly, for one house to trust them with in only one branch of trade; and many of them not only told him they could not pay, but would give him no security. Upon such occasions he was very prodigal of the terms "voleurs, coquins, chicaneurs;" and used to say, "Ces gaillards sont tous de même; ils ne payeroient jamais s'ils ne craignoient pas les avocats, qui sont voleurs de même calibre." But, generally speaking, he was a person of the

happiest disposition, had a great deal of drollery, and was by no means wanting in good sense and observation. I never met with any one better fitted to get along in such a country; he could sleep any where or any how, and could eat, drink, and smoke any thing and every thing that came in his way. Once, upon observing that I was rather fastidious about the use of a towel, he said, "Monsieur, quant à moi, je trouve que tout est bon, quand il n'y a pas de choix!"—a happy expression, that merits the attention of all persons travelling in frontier countries. He was a person of unbounded curiosity; and, observing that I attached importance to the fossils I collected, would not let me rest until I had given him an idea of the general scope of geological inquiry. Often would he interrupt me by exclaiming, "Magnifique! magnifique!" As soon as we had emptied our pockets in the evening, he would examine every thing, and ask, "Est-ce que ceci étoit avant le déluge?" And when answered in the affirmative, would say, "Misérícorde!" Then, lifting up some unios, he would add, "Et ceci?" To which I would answer, "No, these are recent shells that I took from the river." That was sufficient for them; he would instantly put them down, saying, "Ah, ce n'est rien donc!" When we parted, he had just made such felicitous progress in the science of geology as to entertain the most sovereign contempt for every thing that had happened since the deluge.

"Je m'étonne que vous ayez de la patience avec de pareilles bêtises, mon cher," he would say; a dreadful satire upon the labours of those philosophers who have forced all existing things that are scarcely dissimilar to each other into different genera and species, and have excluded nothing but chimneys and haystacks from nomenclatorial classification.

CHAPTER XII.

Indian practice of burning the Underwood to enable the Natives to pursue the Game—The Aboriginal Races to be traced by their Mounds—General Jackson's Plantation, the Hermitage —His character by a Neighbour—Arrival at Nashville.

On the 19th of September, at the dawn of day, we resumed our places in the stage-coach for Nashville, passing through a country with very much the same character as that about Sparta, the surface being occasionally cut up into ravines, and the road made rough by hummocks of limestone: the trees also, as we had seen them in other places, were more open in the forests, and had abundance of wild grass growing up amongst them. This is particularly the case on the plateau of the Cumberland Mountain, where an immense pasturage is afforded to the cattle. This openness of the woods gives a park-like appearance to the country, and enables you to see through the forest for a great distance, which is very pleasing. The white men, however, having now driven the ancient race out of their country, the underwood is beginning to spring up quite thick, as the old settlers say, in comparison to its ancient state. The soil was always prone to produce a lofty wild

grass; and as this prevented the Indians from seeing and pursuing their game, they were in the habit of annually setting fire to it, and thus kept the underwood down.

During the morning we crossed Caneyfork, a fine branch of Cumberland River, where I saw immense quantities of large valves of the unio laid on the bottom of the stream. Our road was now up and down steep limestone slopes to a place called Liberty, where, as well as we could judge from the exterior, there was a decent tavern; and as we had ridden thirty-three miles without breaking our fast, we told the people we hoped to get a good breakfast. But it turned out they had no bread even of Indian corn, and in its place the landlady placed before us a filthy-looking mess of what she called *boiled pie-crust*, and added some sort of meat, but so filthy and black that we had to give the whole matter up and go without anything. I remembered Mons. Nidelet's maxim, but I could not act up to it upon this occasion. I therefore went out to collect some fossils, and placing them on the seat of the stage-coach, where I thought, as we were the only passengers, they would not be disturbed, I entered the house again to see if I could not prevail upon them to get us some milk. The landlord of this house was a weazen-faced, dried-up Methodist, and was going a short distance in the stage-coach with his daughter to attend a camp-meeting. When I returned to the vehicle I found him there, and he

asked me "if it was me what had left that 'ar dirt on the seat," and said that he had flung it all into the road. I was angry enough to call him a senseless jackass, a matter which he did not pretend to dispute with me. Being a religious man, however, and having meant no harm, I was sorry for having said it, and told him so after I had explained what fossils were. This set all right when we got into the stage-coach, and I got some information from him about the country. He said there were immense quantities of Indian graves in the neighbourhood; and that about five miles from his house there was a mound, situated near a stream that flows into the Cumberland, with a circumvallation going round it that would measure three quarters of a mile, with a great profusion of graves near to it. I regretted I could not see this to make a sketch of it; for where mounds of a similar character are found upon a long line of country, they generally point to the origin of the Indians who have made them. Some fragments of idols which I have seen in these valleys, whose waters flow into the Gulf of Mexico, are almost identical with some of the Mexican idols; and obsidian has been found in the mounds near Lake Ontario, which is a strong indication of Mexican origin, as there is no obsidian in the United States.*

* It is always useful to give the forms and dimensions of Indian mounds and graves when seen at isolated points, for the purpose of connecting long lines of such objects where they exist. One traveller sees one part of the line, and another

At night we arrived at Lebanon, a place which is tolerably well laid out, and contains some good buildings: where there is any soil upon the rocks, it is very fertile, but the horizontal limestone comes so near to the surface, that the ground is often unfit for agricultural purposes.

By daylight on the 20th we were again in the stage-coach, proceeding through a country of flat limestone covered with a deposit of fine soil. Cotton now becomes the staple of the country. We stopped at a poor tavern and got a wretched breakfast, a not uncommon occurrence in these districts. Travellers always fare much better in farming than in cotton-planting countries, where butter, milk, eggs, flour, &c. receive very little attention from the small settlers.

We now drove on to the Hermitage, the plantation of General Jackson, the President. I had seen at a tavern in Virginia a box directed to him, and learnt accidentally that it had been waiting there several weeks, the contractor of the stage having refused to forward it because the carriage was not paid, and because he was opposed to the General in politics. I therefore took it under my care, and mentioning the circumstance to him when I met him at Campbell's station, the old gentleman told me that the

traveller sees another. The Americans have not hitherto done much to make Europe acquainted with the interior of this part of their country; they are as yet too much occupied in establishing themselves, and in making money.

box contained his favourite saddle, and that he had been inconvenienced for the want of it during the short holiday he had been indulging in from the seat of government. The mansion-house at the Hermitage—where I stopped to deliver this box—is built of brick, and is tolerably large; everything was neat and clean around it, the fences were well kept up, and it looked like the substantial residence of an opulent planter. The estate is said to be a very fine one, to consist of from seven to eight hundred acres of cleared land, two hundred acres of which are in cotton at this time, and to extend to the Cumberland river. The quantity of cotton which the land yields in this part of Tennessee is small compared with the great productiveness of the rich bottom lands in the 33rd and 32nd degrees of latitude farther south, where the plant comes much nearer to perfection.

A plain farmer of the neighbourhood who got into the stage with us, not far from the Hermitage, to go to Nashville, and who had lived near General Jackson betwixt twenty and thirty years, gave us a very interesting account of this distinguished man; which, making allowances for the partiality of a neighbour who shared his political opinions, I have no doubt is founded in truth. He said the General was an industrious, managing man, always up to all his undertakings, and most punctual in the performance of his business engagements: that his

private conduct was remarkable for uniformly inclining to justice, generosity, and humanity: that he was an excellent master to his slaves, and never permitted his overseers to ill-treat them. As to his house, he said it was constantly full of people, being in fact open to everybody; those whom he had never heard of before being asked to dine when they called, and those they had room for being always furnished with beds. For these reasons, he said, everybody respected him, and most people loved him. As to his public conduct, he observed that he was rather an uncompromising man, and liked to have his own way, but that his own way was always a very good one, and a very sensible one, if he was left to himself. He was a man of strong passions, and had once been very much addicted to cock-fighting, horse-racing, and "*con*siderable cursing and swearing," but that he had "quit all these," and was in earnest about doing good to the country. And he added, that if the General was not always right, it was to be laid to the score of some of his political friends, who imposed upon him for their own private ends, a thing not very difficult to do, because when he thought a man his friend he was too apt to go great lengths with him. These remarks, which fell from our fellow-traveller in a quiet sensible manner, are so much in accordance with what I have observed and seen of one of the most remarkable men the United States

have yet produced, that I listened willingly to a very curious account he gave me of some incidents of the General's early life, which, I believe, have been greatly misrepresented.

About 1 o'clock P.M. we fell in with an excellent macadamised road, leading to Shelbyville, and soon after came in sight of Nashville, the centre of civilization of the western country. Its appearance was prepossessing. We soon reached the public square, and alighted at a good-looking inn, called the City Hotel, where at last we found some comforts, after getting over 900 miles in one way or another since the 1st of August.

CHAPTER XIII.

Description of Nashville—The College—Professor Troost—The Baptist Preacher and the Rattlesnakes — Affinity betwixt certain Mexican Idols and others found in Sequatchee Valley in Tennessee—Public Spirit of the leading Men of Tennessee —Mr. Ridley, one of the earliest Settlers—His adventures— Indian attack upon a stockaded Fort—Heroic conduct of Mr. Ridley's Daughter—Murder of White Children by the Savages, and unmitigable hatred of the Whites to them.

In the afternoon, after reading the numerous letters I found waiting for me at the post-office, and taking a hasty look at the town, I walked out to a villa in the neighbourhood where my friend Monsieur Pageot, of the French legation, was passing some of the summer months with his lady, who is a native of the State of Tennessee. We were delighted to meet in this distant part of the world, and I remained chatting with them until sunset. On reaching my quarters I began the serious work of answering my letters, for I find it one of the very best habits of a man who has a great deal to do, to leave, if possible, nothing undone that belongs to the day, and at any rate to make a clear week of it.

Nashville contains about 6000 inhabitants, has a

public square, churches, meeting-houses, markets, &c. &c., and is built upon a lofty knoll of limestone, the fossiliferous flat rocks of which come to the surface: there is also a commodious bridge which connects the town with the northern bank of the Cumberland River, on the road to Kentucky. Some of the streets are steep, and encumbered with sharp pieces of limestone, that punish the feet severely in walking. There is an excellent spacious building in the vicinity called the Penitentiary, and another is erecting for a hospital. Coming from the wilderness, where we have been leading rather a rude life for some time, Nashville, with its airy salubrious position, and its active bustling population, is quite what an oasis in the desert would be; and when improvements are made in the navigation of the Cumberland River, and in the public roads, it cannot fail to become a populous town.

One of my first movements was a walk to the college to see Professor Troost, who is a great enthusiast in geology. It is to be mentioned to the honour of the State of Tennessee, that it has been one of the first of the American States to patronise science, by allowing him five hundred dollars a year as geologist to the State, in addition to his appointment at the college as professor of chemistry and natural history, to which a salary of one thousand dollars a year is attached; so that the worthy Professor is thus enabled to enjoy all the comforts of life, and to make himself perfectly happy

as the distributor of these sums; for, like all philosophic enthusiasts, he places no value on money, and willingly gives any of the country people twenty dollars to bring him a live rattlesnake, or anything new or curious in natural history. Everything of the serpent kind he has a particular fancy for, and has always a number of them—that he has tamed—in his pockets or under his waistcoat. To loll back in his rocking-chair, to talk about geology, and pat the head of a large snake, when twining itself about his neck, is to him supreme felicity. Every year in the vacation he makes an excursion to the hills, and I was told that, upon one of these occasions, being taken up by the stage-coach, which had several members of Congress in it going to Washington, the learned Doctor took his seat on the top with a large basket, the lid of which was not over and above well secured. Near to this basket sat a Baptist preacher on his way to a great public immersion. His reverence, awakening from a reverie he had fallen into, beheld to his unutterable horror two rattlesnakes raise their fearful heads out of the basket, and immediately precipitated himself upon the driver, who, almost knocked off his seat, no sooner became apprised of the character of his ophidian outside passengers than he jumped upon the ground with the reins in his hands, and was followed instanter by the preacher. The "insides," as soon as they learned what was going on, immediately became outsides, and nobody was left but the Doctor

and his rattlesnakes on the top. But the Doctor, not entering into the general alarm, quietly placed his greatcoat over the basket, and tied it down with his handkerchief, which, when he had done, he said, "Gendlemen, only don't let dese poor dings pite you, und dey won't hoort you."

Dr. Troost is a native of Bois le Duc, in Holland, and is a short thick man, with a physiognomy entirely German, but pleasing and benevolent; his hair is white, and his dress not remarkably neat. He was a surgeon in the Dutch army, and when he landed at New York, was on his way to Java with a commission from Louis Bonaparte, then his sovereign, to examine the natural history of that island: learning, however, that Java had been taken by the English, he proceeded to Philadelphia with an intention to settle there. Dissatisfied with the neglect he experienced, he went to New Harmony, in Illinois, with Le Sueur, another naturalist; and becoming disgusted with the quackery of the Socialist philosophers who had assembled there to practise their insane theories, he, in a happy hour, came to Nashville, where his merit is acknowledged. His private room at his house is full of snakes, fossils, turtles, birds, fishes, Indian relics, &c., &c., all thrown together in the greatest confusion. It makes no matter what it is, the Doctor is such a confirmed virtuoso, that everything is fish that comes to his net. The museum of the college, of which I had heard a great deal, contains nu-

merous objects collected and placed there by him, chemical apparatus, dead animals, stuffed birds, turtles, fossils, minerals, books, all stowed away without the least regard to order, and where none but the master-hand of all this confusion can possibly ferret out anything that may be wanted. Although a man gifted with a strong intellect, yet the organ of order seems to be rather deficient with the worthy Professor. I found him a most friendly and obliging person, and during my stay in Nashville went to see him as often as the public examinations, now going on at the college, would admit of. Amongst his Indian relics I observed some (I had seen fragments of a like kind found in the valleys near Sparta) bearing a close resemblance to the Mexican idols or Teutes. One of them was very interesting. Some portions of a large *Cassis cornuta* —a shell found near Tampico, in the Gulf of Mexico —had been broken away, and one of these images or idols was placed upon a point of the Columella as a kind of altar. This was found in Sequatchee Valley, in Bledsoe County, through which runs a tributary of the Tennessee, whose waters flow into the Mississippi. This Sequatchee Valley seems to have been a favourite resort of the Indians in old times, for it contains great numbers of their graves and monuments. When the language of the Cherokee Indians comes to be analytically examined, some affinities to the Aztec dialects may possibly be discovered; and it certainly is a fact of some import-

ance to the inquirer after the origin of the Indians, that there are some points of resemblance between the Cherokees and Mexicans, and that the first had been seated, long before America was discovered, in warm sheltered valleys that debouched into rivers emptying into the Gulf of Mexico.

I received a great deal of pleasure during my stay here in attending the examinations at the college. One of the days was appropriated to Dr. Troost, and a great number of ladies and gentlemen assembled in his laboratory. The students read essays on geology and natural history that deserved much commendation, and afforded me, for the first time, such a gratifying spectacle as I had never before witnessed in any of the colleges of this country. The Doctor says, that although he has had some sensible, clever youths under his care, he has not yet met with one enthusiast—therefore I do not apprehend the science will make a very rapid progress here. The other branches of learning appeared to me to receive great attention; Mr. Hamilton, the professor of mathematics, is an able man, and Dr. Lindsay, the principal, seems worthy of his situation. The students, in several instances, had made very good progress in the languages, and what struck and surprised me was the purity of their elocution, which was divested of everything like provincialism. I could not help complimenting Dr. Lindsay upon this point, for it is not to be concealed that the vulgar corruptions which are silently taking place in the English tongue in the Southern

States threaten to establish a sort of Creole dialect, that, in concert with the effects of their popular institutions of government, may rapidly effect the total corruption of our language there.

The dialects of Lancashire and Yorkshire are unintelligible enough to strangers, but the respectability of antiquity attaches to them; they are the ancient language of the people of those districts, have been honestly transmitted down to them, and are slowly yielding to the progress of improvement. Here the people have been furnished with one of the finest languages spoken in Christendom, yet they seem to be taking such pains to make it indecently vulgar and obscure, that, although accustomed to it, I frequently am left almost ignorant of what they really mean to say. A liberal institution, like this college, conducted in the manner it is, is an inestimable blessing to the state, and will enlarge and purify the minds of hundreds whose shining examples will assist to keep down the vulgarities that must overrun every country where education is not worthily attended to. The gentleman of Tennessee who patronise this college, deserve therefore to be mentioned with all honour as the benefactors of the coming generation.

No traveller who comes into the country as I have done, can feel anything but respect for what he sees around him in this place. When I first visited North America, in 1806, the word Tennessee was mentioned as a kind of Ultima Thule. Now it is a Sovereign State, with a population of upwards of

700,000 inhabitants, has given a President to the United States, and has established a geological chair in the wilderness. The first log-hut ever erected in Nashville was in 1780; now there is a handsome town, good substantial brick houses, with public edifices that would embellish any city in America, and certainly, as far as architecture is concerned, one of the most chaste episcopal churches in the United States. Besides these there are numerous extensive warehouses, evidences of a brisk commerce, and an exceedingly well constructed bridge thrown across the Cumberland River. It adds greatly too to the interest of the place, that a few of the hardy individuals who, with their rifles on their shoulders, penetrated here, and became the first settlers, still live to see the extraordinary changes which have taken place.

In one of my geological walks I called at the residence of one of these venerable men, a Mr. Ridley, who possesses a plantation about four miles from Nashville. Going along the road, a group of wooden buildings of a rude and comparatively antique structure could not but attract my attention, especially one of them which stood alone, and differed from all the others. On entering a room of the dwelling-house I found a tall strapping young negro wench reeling cotton, with a machine that made such a detestable creaking, that I could scarce hear my own voice when I asked her if there was a spring of water near. As soon as she pointed it out, my son took a gourd shell, kept for the pur-

pose, and went for water: in the mean time I passed into the court-yard, where I found an elderly woman, rather masculine in her manner, very stout in her person, and strong in her movements. Upon my asking her if she was the mistress of the house, she very civilly replied that she was not, "but that her mammy was," who was coming. I now perceived a much older woman, extremely emaciated and sallow, but erect in her person, and very lively in her manner of speaking, coming from a log-hut which served as a kitchen. This aged person having obligingly asked me if I would not go into the house and take a chair, I went towards it, and near the door found an aged man with a hoary head, eyes that would scarcely bear the light, and every mark of extreme old age about him. He shook hands kindly with me, and asked me various questions, who I was, where I came from, where I was going to, and was particularly anxious to know how old I was, seeing that my hair was grey. I spent the morning with this patriarchal family, and ingratiated myself so much with them, that they imparted their history to me.

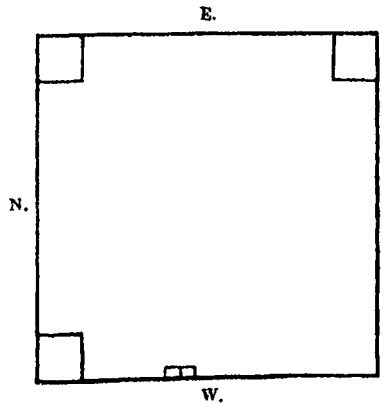
The old man, Daniel Ridley, was ninety-five years old, or would be so the 1st of January, 1835, being born on the first day of the year 1740, in the reign of George II. The emaciated woman was his second wife; she was eighty years old, and during the fifty-four years they had been man and wife, she had borne him eight children. Miss Betsy, the stout woman—for so she was called by the

slaves—was a daughter by his first marriage, and was now sixty-two years old: she had been married twice, and already had great grand-children. The patriarch himself, of course, had great great grand-children, one of whom, a descendant of his oldest son, now in his seventy-second year, was to be married next year, so he may yet live to bless his fifth generation. He told me he had a short time ago been counting his descendants, but after getting as far as three hundred, he found it very troublesome, and had given it up. These had sprung from sixteen children, the produce of both his marriages. A curious little trait disclosed itself in the old man when we first began to converse, which is often observed in very old people. We were talking in the room where the cotton-machine was screaking, and he articulated so feebly that it sometimes prevented my hearing what he said; I therefore mentioned it to the old lady, who bade the girl to stop, but the wench flatly refused, and upon my telling her that she must stop, she said, "The old man won't let me stop." I now turned to him to explain the necessity of her stopping whilst we were conversing; but I found it unnecessary—he was shrewd enough, and knew what we were talking about. "If she stops," said he, "she won't get her task done." At ninety-five years of age, on the brink of the grave, he could not bear to lose the value of a halfpenny—for the delay would not have cost him more—of the labour of one of his slaves. Miss Betsy told me before I went away, that when he was occa-

sionally indisposed, and they had to lay him on his bed in the same room, he insisted upon the machine going from morn to night, and always scolded the girl if she stopped an instant.

Old Mr. Ridley informed me that he was a native of Williamsburgh, in Virginia, that he emigrated from thence on marrying his second wife in 1780, and established himself on the north fork of the Holston, where they lived betwixt ten and eleven years, continually engaged in troublesome contests with the Indians; but this he did not mind, he was naturally industrious, and having eight children by his first wife, to whom he was married before he was twenty, it was necessary for him to work hard. He had also been a soldier in General Braddock's army, and was thoroughly inured to fatigue and danger. Hearing of a settlement that was making on the Cumberland River, he joined a large party, who, having built boats, came down the Holston, the Tennessee, and the Cumberland rivers, about eight hundred miles, to Nashville, where they landed in 1790. The families composing this expedition proceeding to settle themselves, he selected the site he now lived on for his plantation. His first care was to clear an acre of ground for his fort, and construct a strong stockade around it, with a gate, as the Choctaw, Chickasaw, and Cherokee Indians were fiercely contending against this intrusion into their hunting-grounds. Within the stockade he built a double log-house, consisting, in accordance with the general custom, of two rooms, with a

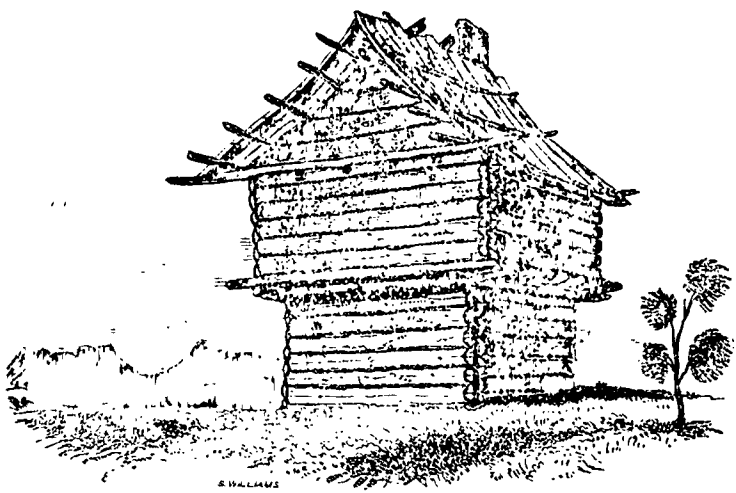
spacious passage between them, putting the whole under one roof. One of the rooms served the family to sleep in, the other for a kitchen, and the passage was a convenient place to eat and sit in. A few yards from this he erected a well-constructed block-house, for the family to fly to if the stockade was forced. This block-house yet stands on the N.E. corner of the fort, and was the building which we had observed was so different from the others. On the S.E. corner of the fort he placed another block-house, and on the S.W. corner another. On the N.W. corner he had not built one, because it was protected by the others. Within the area were a few other buildings for the convenience of their horses and cattle.



This was the general plan adopted by the whites for the protection of their families against the Indians; and certainly the block-house appears to be a very convenient and efficacious building for the purpose it is intended to serve. The one we saw

was about twenty feet square, and was built thus: —next to the ground were six round logs about twenty-one feet long, laid upon each other, and well mortised: next came a log about twenty-four feet long, on the west side, and a similar one on the other sides, all well mortised. In this way a projection—even with the floor that divides the upper chamber of the block-house from the lower one—is formed beyond the ground-tier of logs, upon which an upper wall of round logs is built, after which the building is roofed in. Upon the roof pieces of wood are fixed for the garrison to step upon and extinguish any fire the Indians might succeed in setting to it with their arrows. Loop-holes also are made in the logs of the upper chamber to enable them to fire at any of the Indians who ventured to show themselves; as well as others in the projecting part of the floor, from whence they could fire perpendicularly down upon their besiegers, if they should attempt to run up to the block-house to set fire to it.

Mr. Ridley never was attacked in his fort; but a neighbouring one, on the plantation of his son-in-law, Mr. Buchanan, became the scene of an affair still talked of by many of the inhabitants of Nashville with great interest, and of which I had the details from the Ridley family. Mr. Buchanan resided about two miles from the Ridleys: they had moved into Tennessee together, had settled near each other, and Mr. Buchanan's son had married Mr. Ridley's daughter, Sally, a woman of very large



dimensions, weighing 260 lbs. She had a courageous spirit corresponding to her size, and having been trained from her early youth amidst dangers, had always—as her father informed me—been remarkable for her personal resolution, and her patient endurance of hardships. The fort of old Mr. Buchanan had once been surprised by the Cherokees and Choctaws, when the Indians, rushing into the room where the old pair had taken refuge, butchered the old man in the presence of his wife, who, kneeling with her back to the wall, and imploring their mercy, had the muzzles of their guns pushed close to her face to frighten her. She was, however, spared. "I once asked her," said old Mrs. Ridley to me, "how she felt when she saw her old man she had lived with so long tomahawked in that way; but she gave me no answer, and putting her hands before her face cried so, I thought she would have

broken her heart." In 1792, when the attack upon the fort which is going to be narrated took place, Mr. Ridley's son-in-law, Buchanan, had possession of it.

The Indians had been gathering for some time, and the white settlers had been informed through their spies that it was their intention first to attack and subdue Buchanan's fort, then Ridley's, and afterwards another on the Cumberland. Four hundred settlers had assembled, and had waited from day to day at Buchanan's, but it being rumoured that the Indians had given up their intention, almost the whole of them returned to their own homes, the insecurity of their families keeping them in continued anxiety, so that only nineteen of the whole muster remained, all of whom belonged to the immediate vicinity. One Saturday evening, a Frenchman, and a half-blooded Indian, arrived in great haste at the fort, to say that the Indians were on their way, and would soon be there. They were not believed, even when the half-blood told them they might cut his head off if the savages did not reach the place in a few hours. Two men, however, were dispatched to reconnoitre, and proceeding heedlessly, they fell into an ambush, and were both of them killed and scalped. These messengers not returning, it was concluded that they had extended their reconnaissance, and that therefore the Indians could not be near: the consequence was that the Frenchman and the half-blood, who had professed to have come amongst them to take white wives, were now looked upon with great suspicion.

In this state of things all the men of the fort retired to rest, leaving Sally Buchanan to sit up in the kitchen. Whilst she was listening in the dead of the night to a noise at a distance, which she at first supposed indicated the approach of the messengers, suddenly she heard the horses and cows struggling and running about in the enclosure in great agitation—for, as Mrs. Ridley said, "Cows is mortal feared, as well as horses, of them parfict devils the Indians;"—and understanding the signs, she immediately roused the men with the cry of "Indians, boys! Indians!" Instantly arming themselves, the men flew to the gate, which 900 warriors of the Cherokees, Choctaws, and Chickasaws were attempting to force. The gate was thoroughly well secured, or it must have given way to their efforts; but the Indians fortunately making no diversion at any other point, the brave men inside had but this to direct their attention to; and animated by a noble determination to defend the place to the last extremity, they made an active and vigorous defence, answering to the deafening yells of the savages by a shot at them whenever a chance occurred of its taking effect. In the mean time, it being discovered that the absentees had taken almost all the bullets with them, the heroic Sally Buchanan, thinking the men would be more effectually employed at the stockade, undertook the task of supplying them, and at the kitchen-fire actually cast almost all the bullets that were fired, whilst a female relative who was staying with her clipped the necks

off. As fast as they were ready, Sally would run out with them, and cry aloud, "Here, boys, here's bullets for you; but mind you don't sarve 'em out till you're sure of knocking some of them screaming devils over."

This incident is equal to any thing we read of in history; and so much were the men encouraged by the indomitable spirit of Sally, that the Indians, after a fruitless attempt to force their way in, which lasted several hours, becoming apprehensive that the report of the rifles and the uproar—which Mrs. Ridley heard very distinctly two miles off—would bring succours to the garrison, drew off before daylight, after losing several of their number. And thus the garrison, by its prompt and gallant resistance, not only saved itself, but all the other forts which the Indians had laid their account in capturing.

At this period the most unquenchable hatred existed betwixt the Indians and the white settlers, the first struggling for their hunting grounds, the last for their lives. The Indians never spared the male whites when they could destroy them, and very seldom the females. As they were not always in sufficient force to attack the settlements openly, they prowled about in small parties, and placed themselves in ambush where the whites were accustomed to pass. Mr. Buchanan had a grist-mill near his fort, to which the neighbours used to resort to have their flour made. Upon an occasion, when Indians were not supposed to be near, one of their female acquaintances who lived in the vicinity sent

her four young boys to the mill for grist for the family, thinking they would not only be able to assist each other, but would be a mutual protection. These little fellows were unsuspectingly surprised by some savages not far from the house, and the wretched mother had the unspeakable misery of seeing them all dragged into the woods to be scalped. Two of these boys survived and got renewed scalps, but they were always bald. Upon another occasion, a young girl was going on horseback to a friend's not more than two miles distant, and persuaded another young female, her friend, to get up behind and accompany her. Before they had got half way, however, the girl who rode behind was shot down by some Indians, and the other escaped by the fleetness of her horse, which she urged with desperation, and with which she took such a desperate leap as to be the wonder of the generation she belonged to.

Still influenced by a feeling of unmitigable and unsatiated revenge against the Indians for practising such inhuman warfare, it is not surprising that when General Jackson went against the Creeks in 1813, the enthusiasm of the Tennesseans to serve under the bravest and most warm-hearted of their citizens should have been general. Four of old Mr. Ridley's sons accompanied him. "The boys would go," said the old man to me: "I couldn't have stopped them if I had wished; but I did not wish to do it." "Ay," added his old wife, "I told

my boys they were as welcome to go with Jackson as they were to sit down to dinner." "Yes," said Miss Betsy, the sister of the Amazonian Sally, and the great-grandmother of several children, "I'd fight for Jackson myself, any day." And when I took leave of this fine honest family, the old man grasped my hand in his, and said, "When you get to Washington, tell Jackson I was sorry he did not call on me; it is the first time he went away without calling; but I know he couldn't come; he sent me word he couldn't. Tell him," said he, and the old man, to the great admiration of my son and myself, absolutely sobbed, whilst his aged eyes were suffused with tears, "tell him I love him—I love him better than I love any body: he has always been kind to me; there was always a good understanding betwixt us." As I was going out at the door, he added, "Tell Jackson to send me a pair of specs: if I could only see to read the Testament, it would not be so hard to live; but I can scarce see at all."* I am rather afraid this was a piece of stinginess in the old patriarch, who could have found plenty of spectacles in Nashville. But he is a great economist; for a carpenter, who was doing a job to his house, having got it done a couple of hours before night, the old man, seeing a plank or two to spare, obliged him to

* General Jackson, to whom I related this interview on my return to Washington, confirmed all the incidents here mentioned, and said he certainly would send the old patriarch a pair of spectacles.

stay the two hours out and make up the planks into a coffin for himself, which he actually keeps under his bed; and there being still some stuff to spare, he told the carpenter it was a great pity there was not enough to make another for Mrs. Ridley.

I learned afterwards that some partial settlements had been made about here before Mr. Ridley came to Tennessee, and, indeed, as early as 1779. General Jackson settled on a plantation near to that where he now resides in 1788, but happened to be from home when the Indians gathered in 1792. Dr. Robinson told me that his father was the first settler in 1779, and that he built his log-hut at French Lick, a mineral spring * in the suburbs of Nashville. This lick was resorted to by wild animals; and a Mons. Monbrun, a French trader and hunter from Kaskaskias, in the state of Illinois, who came here to trade with the Indians, used to say that he has often sat on the bank of a ravine near the spring, and picked the finest buffaloes off with his rifle. Mr. Robinson, finding the country fertile and inviting, left his party to plant corn, and returned to the east to conduct a larger number of his friends back, who were anxious to join his settlement at French Lick. These he brought, with their live stock, by a circuitous route, to avoid some Cherokee towns; and, on reaching their destination, proceeded

* This is a spring of sulphuretted hydrogen, and the temperature is 62° Fahr. Persons from New Orleans and other parts of Louisiana come here during the summer months.

to occupy the country under grants of land from the State of North Carolina, and to erect stockaded forts. No Indians had settled in these parts; and the whites, finding the country vacant, took possession without ceremony. But although the Indians did not live here, they considered the country as their hunting ground. Game was very abundant where they resided, and this was the reason why they did not even visit French Lick annually. Finding, however, that the whites were increasing in numbers, they commenced hostilities about a year and a half after the arrival of the whites, and waged war incessantly against them with more or less vigour for fifteen years, harassing them so much, that at one time, disheartened by great losses of their children and friends, and seeing no end to the conflict, they were on the point of coming to a determination to abandon the country. Of seven males in the family of Mr. Robinson, who was the principal leader of the whites, only two were left, himself and a son. Dr. Robinson told me that, when a boy, he remembered his elder brother being brought home dead from a camp where he was making maple sugar. The Indians had killed him and cut his head off.

CHAPTER XIV.

The religious sect of the Campbellites—Order of Priesthood confined to handsome young fellows—Geology of this part of Tennessee—Section of the Country made by the Cumberland River for 300 miles—Remarkable ancient bed of broken Shells—Harpeth Ridge—Unios of the Western waters.

On returning from my daily excursions to the hotel, I had always two or three agreeable families to resort to, where I could pass an hour or two pleasantly. One evening I went to a soirée at a Mrs. M'C * * *'s, where the most select of the Nashvillian ladies were supposed to be present. Some of them were fashionably dressed and were pretty, rather provincial and hearty in their manners perhaps, but the evening went off quite en règle, and I was very much entertained. I was told afterwards that the party was given to a lady on her marriage to a preacher of the *Campbellite* persuasion, and that the greater portion of the company belonged to that sect, one of the most curious of the innumerable variety of religious persuasions in America.

The Episcopal, or English Church as it is often called, appears, although it has no connexion with the government, to be the only steady church in

the United States, keeping up an impregnable respectability by adhering to the Liturgy and to written sermons; a salutary practice that has hitherto rendered it the hope and asylum of all educated people in that country: but the dissenting churches, on the other hand, seem to be rather at sixes and sevens, and although many of them are temporarily popular, and filled to repletion by occasional favourite preachers, yet they are as prone to empty themselves again, upon the manifestation of any innovation in their doctrine or manners. The slightest deviation of opinion or sanctity on the part of a favourite preacher is sure to raise up a party of pious censors, and thus cliques are formed in a congregation, upon the principle that it is quite wrong not to hate people with a perfect hatred that will not be of your opinion, and quite right to take sides against them who permit themselves to be found out. Then comes the natural operation of the voluntary principle, the breaking up of a congregation, and the formation of a new sect.

I have heard this very common fermentatory process much commended, as one which, by creating numerous sects, secures the United States from the preponderance of any one: a kind of logic which perhaps will not convince everybody, since it is not yet quite so clear that the possession of a great many things of doubtful and fluctuating importance is better than that of one whose excel-

lence and integrity has for so long a period protected it from serious schisms. Experience seems to teach, that to become reasonable in this life, man is as much in want of a little steady spiritual influence to guide his moral way, as of legal authority to restrain his physical actions; and time will show whether this is not as applicable to the United States as to the mother country, which owes so much of its moral position to the union of Church and State. As to the Campbellites, whom I saw upon this occasion, there certainly was nothing vulgar amongst them; as far as appearances went, they might—for aught I could discover—have been Episcopalians; and I was curious to learn what were the opinions or doctrines which had—for the moment—united so many polite people. A lady, to whom I spoke on the subject, and who was a Campbellite herself, was kind enough to ask me to drink tea with her, and meet one of their popular preachers, a Mr. F******. I willingly accepted the invitation, and passed a very pleasant evening. The amount of information I collected was, that Mr. Campbell, the founder of the sect, was an Irishman, and that they agreed perfectly with most other religious communities on one point, to wit, that they were quite right, and all other persuasions quite wrong. They deny all priesthood, and their preachers are consequently not ordained, but are elected by their congregations, and are men not above the middle age. All the

members of this sect call each other brother and sister, and marriage is a mere civil ceremony amongst them, wanting even the formality observed in the union of Quakers. They are Baptists too, and have public immersions. Mr. F * * * * * * entered into a conversation with me respecting their religious opinions, which I would willingly have declined at that time, there being three or four very pretty women present; but he pressed me rather hard, and being a fine-looking man of about 34, naturally felt interested in vindicating the sect before so many handsome sisters. After some explanations, he repeatedly told me they could not be wrong, because the New Testament was the true guide for the universal church of Christ, and that they had constituted it theirs. I asked him if he understood Hebrew and Greek, to which he replied that he understood nothing but English, and did not want any other kind of learning to understand the Testament. Upon this I contented myself with saying, that those who faithfully observed the precepts contained in it would no doubt lead innocent and happy lives, but that I believed even his translation did not authorise him to say that other Christians were wrong: that the Testament, nevertheless, was but a translation from another language, and that all translations were so far liable to error as to be subject to different constructions: if translations, then, were liable to misconstruction, who was likely to be right—the learned men who had deeply studied the

Testament and the history of the church of Christ in the ancient languages, or those who, knowing no language but English, had no light but conjecture and party-feeling to guide them in their doubts? That it appeared to me as a matter of course, if men were divided into two sects, one believing in the validity of an order of priesthood, and another disbelieving it, that the sect founded and kept up by men without human learning was more likely to have departed from the truth, and was more likely to disappear, than the Episcopal Church, which was but a copy of that of the mother country, the divine authority of which had been so well illustrated by the learning and holiness of the great scholars and divines that had adorned so many generations.

He made no reply to this, merely saying that he did not know the ancient languages, but that he wished he did, as he knew what an advantage learning gave to men. One of the ladies, who did not seem pleased at the turn the conversation had taken, asked me if I seriously thought that "Campbellism" ever would "fall through;" to which I replied, that I could not venture to suppose so, as long as all the pretty women and handsome preachers combined to keep it up; upon which she good-naturedly said, she believed I "was making fun of them all," and then I took my leave.

The geology of this part of the country is extremely interesting. We had now left behind us the highly-inclined strata of the Silurian system,

and had got upon horizontal beds, evidently the equivalents of those of the mountain-limestone of England; many of which, in the neighbourhood of Nashville, have been, with their fossils, accurately made out by Dr. Troost. The rocks of the Cumberland mountains constitute a lofty chain, which forms the boundary betwixt the states of Kentucky and Virginia, and runs thence to the north-east. The great bituminous coal-field of the western country appears to lie principally west of this chain, at the summit of which indications of coal are found; and the geological position of the Nashville beds may be deduced, independent of their fossils, from the section which the course of the Cumberland river has opened, from its source in the state of Kentucky to Nashville in Tennessee, a distance of about 300 miles.

At the falls of this river in Whitely County, Kentucky, the river, leaving the sandstone of the coal measures, has worn its way through a quartzose conglomerate grit, united by siliceous and argillaceous cement, to the depth of about 500 feet, and continues to flow over it for some distance beyond the falls. Pursuing its way, it next cuts through a bed, consisting principally of shale, about 200 feet thick, in which are three horizontal veins of good bituminous coal, each from three and a half to four and a half feet thick. The river runs on the bottom of this bed, about three miles below the mouth of Laurel River, and the banks continue

to expose the coal veins for a distance of seven miles below Rock Castle River: here the Cumberland has cut into a bed of compact limestone with an oolitic structure—similar to the oolitic bed of the mountain limestone of England—about 300 feet thick. To this succeeds a series of horizontal calcareous beds, about 200 feet thick, which, at the mouth of Big Indian Creek, show themselves in the banks, together with a seam of bituminous shale, which is 20 feet thick at Big Indian Creek, and is continued at Harpeth Ridge near Nashville. Near to the creek the river has worn its channel into the flat beds of limestone which are found at Nashville, and which may be estimated at 300 feet thick, down to the junction of the Cumberland with the Ohio. The section of these beds would appear thus:—

	Feet.
Conglomerate grit	500
Shale with coal	200
Compact limestone	300
Horizontal calcareous beds . . .	200
Bituminous shale	20
Lower series of beds to the Ohio . .	300
	1,520

Many of these beds, all of which are horizontal, contain fossils. In the compact limestone a trilobite is found, which appears not to differ from the Calymene Blumenbachii, but it is so incorporated with the rock, that I have never procured a specimen that was not much mutilated; and, as has

been mentioned before, the chert in the seams is often beautifully agatized with a chalcedonic botryoidal appearance.

The lowest point at which I had an opportunity (I did not pursue the Cumberland to the Ohio) of examining the series was on the shore of the Cumberland at Nashville, the river being then very low. The various beds through which the river has cut its channel, and which also appear in parts of the neighbouring country, vary a good deal in their crystalline structure and in their organic remains. The lowest on the shore of the Cumberland were of a dark bluish grey colour, with a structure between that of old granular and compact secondary limestone: they occasionally abounded with nodules of siliceous matter resembling chert, black outside, but greyish within, their mineral substance appearing to have been infiltrated into cavities that perhaps once contained organic matter. The rocks were frequently covered with fucoidal strings and zoophytes, that had become quite black by exposure to the sun when the river was low; and of these the characteristic marks were obliterated, and their surfaces rounded off by aqueous attrition and exposure: they stood, however, in singular relief, the calcareous matter having been rubbed away, and the siliceous matter left. *Favosites*, quite black, were in abundance, in large irregular round masses, with sharp crisped circles: these, as well as the *Stromatopora*, with concentric

lamina and tubercules, are called by the country people "petrified buffalo dung." Here also is found a long concamerated shell, which Dr. Troost has called "*Conotubularia*," which I have seen before on the limestone beds, near the Saguenay River, in Lower Canada. The other zoophytes belonging to this bed, which I saw, such as calamopora, columnaria, &c., were all siliceous.

In a superior bed, the cavities were filled with interesting accidental minerals, their walls being lined with carbonate of lime, upon which beautiful crystals of strontian, of a fine sky blue colour, sulphate of barytes, fluate of lime, fibrous gypsum, and crystals of sulphuret of zinc upon brown spar, often appeared, as they sometimes occur in a galeniferous district. This limestone, when rubbed, has a faint smell of bitumen. Dr. Troost pointed out to me, in the banks of the Cumberland, a conglomerated bed of dead shells, fractured, and much comminuted, where all the valves appeared to be single, at least I could find no bivalves that adhered to each other. This must have been a bed of dead shells before the rock became indurated. It lies between two beds of compact limestone, and is in some places 15 feet thick, whilst in others it thins off to one or two feet, and then disappears, as though it had been an ancient drift of broken shells. Lying, as it does, betwixt beds filled with perfect bivalves and other unmutilated fossils, it is a remarkable deposit, which speaks

volumes about the ancient state of the submarine surface of the earth. Above these beds is a stratum of coarse granular limestone, covered almost with that beautiful fossil called *Strophomena rugosa.*

But there is a ridge near Nashville, called Harpeth Ridge, where a good section of some of the beds of the vicinity can be obtained, and Dr. Troost was kind enough to accompany me there. This ridge seems to be an outline of the ancient surface of the country before it was lowered by the removal of so many strata, and rises conspicuously above the level of Nashville, with a strong bed of argillaceous sandstone at the top. The three principal beds of which it consists, superadded to the subjacent strata, including the lowest calcareous bed on the Cumberland River, near to Nashville, give the following section of this part of the country, consisting of nine distinct beds of limestone and sandstone, sometimes separated from each other by dull slaty limestones and other seams of mineral matter.

HARPETH RIDGE.

	Feet.	
No. 1.	75	An argillaceous sandstone, sometimes cherty, sometimes granular. No organic bodies in the granular part, but contains encrinites in the calcareous seams towards the bottom. This bed re-appears in various other parts of Tennessee, but has generally been carried away with many of the subordinate beds. Nashville and a great part of the adjacent country are on the bare limestone. The ridges towards the N.E. are sharp, have abrupt projections, and steep declivities; whilst on the opposite side the slopes are gentle, and the crowns of the hills rounded, as though a current had retired that way.
No. 2.	10	Compact limestone, abounding in fossils where it is cherty. Encrinites, trilobites, gorgonia antiqua.
No. 3.	15	Encrinital limestone. Echinodermata. Turbinolia. Flustra. Spirifers. Alternates occasionally with sandstone. The fossil bodies sometimes siliceous.
No. 4.	10	Slaty clay or shale, often bituminous. This bed re-appears in other parts of the district: contains reniform masses of sulphuret of iron.
No. 5.	8	Granular sandstone.
No. 6.	12	Coarse granular limestone, with a slight green chloritic stain. Asterias. Strophomena rugosa. Calymene Blumenbachii, asaphus platycephalus, pentamerus, catenipora, ceriopora, &c.
No. 7.	6	Argillaceous limestone, with trilobites and calamapora, &c., separated from No. 6 by a partial bed of broken dead shells.
No. 8.	12	A tough compact grey limestone. Orthocera. Conotubularia. Favosites. Turbo bicarinatus covering whole plates of the limestone.
No. 9.	15	Granular limestone of a bluish black grey colour, when fractured shows reddish points. Cherty bodies in cavities. Conotubularia. Favosites. Stromotopora. Accidental minerals, strontian, brown spar, zinc, &c., &c.

A little south from Nashville there is a vein of crystalline sulphate of barytes, 10 or 12 feet wide, of a yellowish grey colour, in the cavities of which well-defined crystals are found. I also observed in the vicinity another vein of compact sulphate of barytes, traversing Brown's Creek, with galena dis-

seminated in it: it is far, therefore, from being improbable that these are indications of productive deposits of sulphuret of lead.

Of all these fossils and minerals I made a very good collection, besides adding greatly to my collection of unios, of the most beautiful varieties of which the Cumberland River contains a surprising abundance. This molluscous animal delights in the rivers that flow through a calcareous country, and certainly flourishes more in the streams that empty into the Gulf of Mexico than in those that flow into the Atlantic. This predilection of theirs is a fact worth inquiring into. Whether it be the effect of the abundance of calcareous matter, the softness of the climate, or to their being direct congeners to the unios which inhabit the Mexican and South American rivers, the fact is now well ascertained that very few of the beautiful varieties which live in the Western waters are found in the Atlantic streams, and it appears that where they are mixed together, it is generally at the heads of great rivers flowing in contrary directions, which, at periods of high water, occasionally flow into each other. But where were all these fresh-water bivalves when the whole country was under the salt ocean? If they are a creation since the establishment of the existing rivers, may not each race of them have been produced where they now live, and their various appearance be the consequence of an adaptation to the circumstances which influence their structure?

On the 4th of October, having despatched all my collections in casks to New Orleans, to be forwarded to New York, and taken places in the stage-coach for Louisville in Kentucky, I called upon my various friends at Nashville to thank them for the very kind attentions we had received, and to bid them adieu. I had received very pleasing impressions both of the inhabitants and the place, and was glad that I had visited it. At the inn where we staid we led a very quiet life; they soon ceased to stare at our bringing rocks and shells home, and let us do just as we pleased. Having become a little accustomed to dirt, too, the sight of it was not so distressing as it used to be. The table was pretty good: I seldom dined at it, but the people very obligingly gave me something to eat at my own hours, and I expressed my satisfaction to them on paying my bill.

CHAPTER XV.

Leave Nashville—The Barrens of Kentucky—The Mammoth Cave—First View of the Ohio River—Arrival at Louisville—Falls of the Ohio—Henry Clay, his great popularity—Captain Jack of the *Citizen* Steamer, a most catawampous Navigator—Public indifference to the loss of Life in new Countries—Explanation of "a Sin to Crockett."

At one o'clock A.M., October 5th, we bade adieu to Nashville, and after proceeding about fifteen miles north of the Cumberland, the country began to rise rapidly. At the dawn of day the stage-coach going very slowly up hill I gladly got out and walked, and when we had reached the summit of the plateau, found we were upon beds of limestone bearing small fan-shaped sulcated impressions resembling others I had seen near Sparta, and which appeared to have been made by marine fuci. For some distance the road passed through a valley formed by chains of *Knobs*, as they are called here, which are calcareous hummocks somewhat resembling those in the country betwixt Kingston and the Cumberland mountains. The districts here are of a secondary quality, and the Kentucky people call them *Barrens*, because they are not as fertile as the rich low lands which were occupied by the first

settlers. In this they imitate the Dutch people who settled the fertile bottoms of the Mohawk river in the State of New York in the middle of the seventeenth century. A Dutchman would say he had so many morgens of land, and a mile of berg; but he never would dignify the hills with the name of land. These barrens, however, have tolerably good timber upon them, and when the population of the State renders it necessary to occupy them, they will be found to be good secondary soils, for in many parts of them I saw good tobacco and corn growing. At present it is an uninteresting country, not broken up enough for a geologist, and the settlers are so poor and slovenly that, with very few exceptions, there is nothing but dirt to be seen in the taverns; so that, of course, there is nothing like comfort to be obtained in them. There was always some dinner provided for the stage-coach, but it was impossible to sit down to such miserable stuff, and I found it a better plan to wander and look about, and use my increased appetite as a sauce to the bad suppers we got. We found the people, however, civil and obliging; they are cut off from every source of improvement, and seem contented with the comfortless condition they exist in, because they know no better. We arrived at the Bowling Green at night, where there is a tavern of some pretensions, and here I got a wretched bed to lie down upon for a few hours. In the morning we started again, and crossed the Big Barren, an extensive and im-

portant tributary of Green River, which traverses the western part of Kentucky and empties itself into the Ohio. We breakfasted at a Mr. Bell's, the nearest inn, I believe, to the Mammoth Cave, about the great extent of which much has been said. Its mouth is in a valley of horizontal limestone, not far from Green River, and, like most caves of great magnitude, such as that of Carinthia near Laybach, St. Michael's at Gibraltar, and the Helderberg in the State of New York, all of which I have visited, is composed of numerous galleries and branches, presenting occasionally vaulted domes, pools of water, deep pits, with depending stalactites and other calcareous minerals. One of the domes of this cave is said to be 120 feet high, and from the great extent of the place where it rises, it has been appropriately enough called the *Temple*. I was told that the cave extends two miles from its mouth, and that the length of all the galleries taken together exceeds seven miles; so that it must be a severe day's work to any one who would undertake to visit every known part of it. Nitrous earth is found here in great quantities, and the cave must be a surprising curiosity to those who have never visited such places. We had no time to go there, and very little inclination to delay the progress of our journey, time beginning to be precious. We were informed, however, that the mouth of the cave was the source of some revenue to the proprietor who owned the land, and that he was extremely averse

to any one taking a plan of it, lest a shaft should be sunk into it in another part and an opposition portal set up. These caves appear to be very numerous in this part of Kentucky. What are called *sink-holes* are constantly to be seen on the surface of the land. These are circular depressions in the form of reversed cones, sometimes 25 feet deep; they appear to be sections of cavities in the limestone, and frequently lead to a cave. I observed a very ingenious use which some of the farmers had made of them. If there is an orifice at the bottom they cover it well over, and then plastering the whole with clay the sink-hole becomes an excellent pond of water for their cattle and for domestic uses. The soil in this part of the country is sometimes very red, and I have frequently had water, after rain, brought to me to wash with so muddy and red that I could not use it. The country-people, however, are so accustomed to the water in this state that they do not object to it.

We crossed Green River, a pretty stream resembling Caney Fork in Tennessee, at Mumford's Ville, a singularly shabby looking place, notwithstanding its fine name. Towards evening we met the Tennessee race-horses on their return from the Louisville races, where they had triumphed over the Kentucky horses, to the great mortification of the Kentuckians. At Elizabeth Town, a pretty thriving place, where we arrived after sunset, we got a comfortable supper at a tolerably good house, and re-

sumed our journey at midnight amidst torrents of rain. At length, towards morning, we began to descend the great table-land we had so long been crossing, and were evidently approaching some valley where the general drainage of the country was carried on; the land became flatter and more fertile, the forests exceedingly thick, and the trees of such great magnitude in comparison with those we had left behind that without seeing the famous Ohio River we were quite sure we were upon the alluvial deposit adjacent to it. When we were least thinking of it we came to a clearing, and an immense river appeared before us. "That must be the Ohio!" was our mutual exclamation, and so it was, just where Salt River empties into it. I was perfectly delighted with this magnificent stream, and ample as was its volume, could not but think of what it was in ancient times when it covered all the rich flat land we had passed over on its south side for the last two miles. Nothing can be more fertile and beautiful than this land, which, in every part, is covered with noble trees.

We entered Louisville at one P.M. by way of the race-course, which seems to be well laid out, and is kept up with much care. At the City Hotel we found excellent accommodations, equal in many particulars to those in the Atlantic cities. Certainly it is a very great luxury to repose a day or two in one of these good inns, after so much suffering for want of food and rest; and here, besides other

comforts, we not only found a table abundantly supplied, but things to correspond in a manner that would keep any critical epicure in good humour.

Louisville is a well laid-out town, advantageously placed on the south bank of the Ohio, and accessible to the portly steamers that constantly resort to it. It has three wide streets parallel to the river, each of them 80 feet broad. The principal of these is *Main Street*, which is quite as busy a place, and nearly as much built up, as I remember Broadway, the principal street of the now populous city of New York, to have been in 1806. These streets are crossed at right angles by other streets leading into the country. The town fronts what are called the "Falls of the Ohio," an extensive rapid about two miles long, with a fall in the bed of the river of about twelve feet to the mile. To avoid these falls and make the navigation continuous, a canal has been constructed on the south side near to the city from the western termination at Portland to deep water near the town. This is a costly work, and the lock at the west end for admitting steamers is very capacious. The bed of the Ohio, comprehending the widest part of the falls, is about one mile and a half across, and, most fortunately for me, the river was unusually low at this time, so that about three-quarters of a mile of the bed of the river was quite bare and dry, and I could walk about in every direction on the flat limestone beds, which abounded with fossils. The channel

of the river when the water is so low is near the north bank, on the shore of the State of Indiana, and at such times you can walk with great security to a few islands which are between it and the city. One-half of one of these islands was carried away in the spring of this year to the base, and a beautiful bed of encrinites became thus uncovered. Near to another of these islands some men were engaged in a limestone quarry for the use of the city, and as the rock peeled off in seams of from eight to twelve inches, it disclosed a surprising abundance of rare fossils, many of which I had never seen before, and of which I made a rich collection. Most of the beds of limestone are bituminous, and the smell in some of them amounts to fetor. Petroleum is found in many cavities, and I was informed that when they were engaged in blasting the beds for constructing the canal, they came to places where a gallon of the mineral oil could be collected during the twenty-four hours. The frequency of this phenomenon has led some persons to suppose that *all* the deposits of bituminous coal are not of vegetable origin.

Upon the whole Louisville is a prosperous and agreeable place, and appears to be under the government of judicious magistrates. The manner of paving the streets pleased me very much; after being well graduated, seams of limestone from the Ohio are set upon their edges close to each other, and are then covered with the macadamised metal.

The place, however, is not at all times equally active, its business being much influenced by the state of the water: when it has rained in the upper country and the river rises, everything is life and bustle, and the people are as active as the Egyptians when the Nile is on the increase; steamers are immediately put in motion, and travellers are moving in every direction. Large steamers of 500 tons burthen are constantly arriving and departing. I visited one of this class called 'The Mediterranean,' which was fitted out in a very convenient and handsome manner. Families in these boats can have good state cabins to themselves, and are furnished with an abundant and well-dressed table. Wine, spirits, bottled porter, ale, &c., are sold by the steward; so that nothing is wanting to mitigate the tedium of a long voyage to New Orleans or any other place. Besides the first class of passengers the steamers receive a great quantity of merchandise, and many passengers of the lower classes, who are entirely separated from the others and who find their own provisions. When the water is low, few of the large steamers venture above the falls, as they are apt to run aground on the shoals, and remain there a long time.

The Kentuckians are an enterprising, industrious, and united people; they inhabit a beautiful country, and cultivate a generous soil. With a magnificent river upon their frontier, that can convey their tobacco, pork, corn, and their other various produc-

tions, to every part of the earth, they seem to have all the elements within themselves of permanent prosperity. The people, too, do not appear to have been demoralised by low demagogues to the extent that they have been in some of the other States, and hence are not so much under their influence, but rather listen to the precepts and imitate the examples of their superiors. Of these the acknowledged leader is Henry Clay: his name, which is so well known through the United States, operates like a talisman whenever it is mentioned in Kentucky. There is not a man in the State but is proud that Mr. Clay is a Kentuckian. Indeed, identified as all his interests are with the State; being the most extensive farmer, the most spirited improver of all the breeds of cattle, horses, and mules, the most affable of men to all classes, having an established reputation for undaunted personal courage, and never having been known to do a mean action either in his public or private capacity, whilst during his long political career he has been conspicuous above almost all his fellow-citizens for active and shining talents; it is not surprising that his character should have made an impression upon the people, and that they should by their conduct acknowledge the advantages they derive from their relation to so eminent a person. What a blessing would it be to this great republic if its people, turning a deaf ear to selfish demagogues, would but consent to receive, even if it were but for one presidential term, so much permanent benefit as

they would derive from his great experience, his manly virtues, and honourable consistency!

The weather having set in very rainy, and being fatigued and disgusted with stage-coach journeys in these unsettled countries, I turned my attention to a trip by water to St. Louis, in the State of Missouri. There was a very small steamer called the *Citizen*, which was lying at the western end of the canal, commanded by Captain Isaac Jack, a native of the State of Mississippi. When the water in the river is low, these small steamers come into play, and of course exact a much higher price than when all the boats are running. Captain Jack's boat had a board up by way of advertisement, signifying that he was to sail "to-day;" and as the rain made me rather dread the horrid roads I should have to travel over in a land journey across the States of Indiana and Illinois to St. Louis, I walked early in the morning to the place where the *Citizen* lay, and went on board of her. I found a great many passengers there who had slept in the boat; and knowing what monstrous lies the captains of these vessels tell to induce passengers to embark with them, I thought I would speak with Captain Jack before I engaged our berths. Captain Jack, who was breakfasting in his cabin, had "considerable" of that buccaneering look about him which is common to his class on the Mississippi. He seemed in a very great hurry, and was surrounded by a number of impatient passengers, some of whom had embarked merchandise with him with

a view of being the first to get to St. Louis with their goods. The truth was that the captain had always been going "to-day" for several days past, but had not got off yet. His custom every morning and evening was to set "that *bl—d byler*," as he called the boiler, a-going to make decoy steam, and in this way he had managed to entice various passengers to send their luggage on board. They soon found out the trick after they had got there, but as the wharf was three miles from Louisville, and Captain Jack's blandishments had still some influence with them, they continued with him; and there he kept them *de die in diem* by all sorts of ingenious expedients and mendacious promises, not one of which had he the slightest idea of keeping.

Inquiring of him when he intended to start, he answered "At four in the afternoon precisely." "How many best berths have you to spare?" "There's jist two, and no more." "Will you show me the book?" On looking at it I saw that not one-half of the berths were taken, and observed, "I did not suppose he would start with so many empty berths, but would wait for the Eastern stages to-morrow, and that I should like it as well." Now the captain and I should have agreed very well on this point if we had been alone, but, with the fear of his passengers before his eyes, he answered, "No, if you aint aboard at four, you'll not find me here; all —— won't stop me; I ain't a-going to stop not a minute for no stages." The passengers, who were

attending to our conversation, now seemed to take courage, and assured me that the boat would start punctually at four, for all the cargo was taken in. "Why," said Captain Jack, drawing up in an attitude of offended honour, "do you think I would tell you a lie about it for double the passage-money? If I would, I wish I may be etarnally blown I know whare." I was now quite sure he did not intend to go; but hoping to out-general him, I said, in a quiet way, "I am not a man of business; I am travelling for pleasure; two or three days are of no great consequence. They say the water is rising at Pittsburg, and it will be as comfortable for me to wait a day or two, as to go now and run upon the shoals. If you had been going a couple of days hence, it might have suited some of us, for yours is a nice-looking boat;" which, indeed, it was. This rather "stumped" Captain Jack, and he left off swearing by four o'clock, knowing that another steamer was advertised to sail immediately after him, and fearing lest he should drive me to go to that. He looked piteously at me, as much as to say that if we were alone we could come to an understanding. But the passengers, alarmed at my proposition, now told him to a man they would all go ashore if he did not go at four. Uttering, therefore, the most astounding imprecations,* and in-

* An apology would be due to the reader if any specimen were detailed, however slight, of the tremendous blasphemies with which men of this class in the Southern States interlard

voking the most absurd horrors upon himself and his steamer, which, if he did not keep his word, he first wished at the bottom of the Ohio, and then at the bottom of the Mississippi, not forgetting to wish himself at the bottom of a much worse place, he turned from his passengers, and in a low, winning sort of way, said, "Stranger, if I don't go at four, you can go back to Louisville, I'll be —— if you can't, and that's fair, at any rate." I thought it was tolerably so, and we therefore embarked our luggage.

A few minutes before four the "byler" took up its part and produced a little steam, and for a few minutes there was an appearance of bustle on board. Amidst all this, nobody had seen the captain for several hours, and he was now missing at the most critical moment. All the answer we could get from the steward was, that "the captain was gone for the pilot." In the mean time carts kept coming with goods, which were laid on the beach, evidently intended to be shipped: amongst these were several small casks filled with gunpowder. The hours slipped away, and at eight o'clock the passengers were furious, for it was too clear that Captain Jack had "done" them out of one day more. At half-past eight he came on board, with the appearance

their speech. Oaths, which are only expletively used by others, with them form the staple commodity of language; and the few innocent words they utter seem almost to be afraid of coming in betwixt the claps of thunder.

of a man overcome with fatigue and anxiety, swearing lustily that he had not been able to find the pilot, but had left word with his wife to send him on; that he was a first-rate pilot, "a leetle slow or so at moving abaywt;" but "sartin it was the most *on*accountablest thing that he had disa*pynt*ed him so; howsumdever, he'd be here directly." I now became spokesman, and ventured to tell Captain Jack that his four o'clock had become almost nine, that all his oaths were broken, and that it was evident he had never intended to go, because the beach was covered with merchandise and gunpowder not yet embarked. To which he promptly answered, that "he warn't a-going to take one single curse's worth of it; and that as to the gunpowder, if we thought he was sich a *on*accountable fool as to take that and ruin his insurance, we didn't know him; that it might lie there till all etarnity was over for what he cared, for he had ordered his people not to touch it."

The passengers now broke out into a strain of general dissatisfaction, which he parried by cursing and swearing against the pilot for "disa*pynt*ing" him, and invoking, with the most unheard-of blasphemies, all sorts of evil to befal him if he did not go punctually at nine the next morning. "And," said I, "what security have you to offer us that you will go in the morning, after lying in the way you have done? Nobody believes you about the pilot; and do you think we are such

fools as to believe a word you say about any thing?" Upon which the fellow said, "Stranger, if that ain't catamount to saying I'm a liar, then I reckon I don't know nothing;" and, turning to the passengers with an impudent leer, added, "Gentlemen, it's my interest to give you parfict satisfaction, and if I don't go to-morrow morning at nine to a minute, I'll treat you all to as much wine as you can drink, and that's fair, by ——!" Thus caught, we remained all night on board. I rose with the dawn of day, and, going to the beach, saw that all the goods were gone; and not doubting but that they had been taken on board whilst we were all asleep, I inquired of one of the hands, and he not only confirmed it to me, but showed me where the gunpowder was stowed away.

About six the captain turned out, and said he was going to town for the pilot; but the passengers who had been longest on board, perceiving they had no hold upon him at all, were now become very much incensed, and gathered round him. I asked him where the gunpowder was; and he immediately answered that he had sent it back to Louisville in a waggon, and even named the merchants he had sent it to. This I told him I did not believe one word of; that I knew the gunpowder was on board, and it was not at all unlikely but that the steamer would be blown up. Upon which, in the most deliberate manner, he invoked every sort of perdition upon his soul if there was a grain of

gunpowder in the steamer, and offered to go with any of us and examine the whole cargo. Some of the passengers now said I was carrying the matter too far, as he did not dare to carry gunpowder on freight, for it was contrary to law, and would make the insurance void; and Captain Jack, stepping forwards after the manner of "Ancient Pistol," boldly offered to give me a thousand dollars in specie for every grain of gunpowder I could find on board of her. As this insolent, yet ridiculous proposition was a figure not easily matched in the great art of browbeating, I determined to join issue with the captain here, and to blow him up, in the hopes of saving the steamer. I therefore coolly told him that he was an ingenious fellow, but that he had made a false move for once; for I knew that the gunpowder had been taken on board by his directions, that it was now in the forecastle not far from the furnace, that I had seen it there within half an hour, and that if he and the passengers would go forward with me I would show it to them. Captain Jack now was checkmated, and, without denying the fact, said, "Stranger, I niver did see sich a man as you are; I swar you beat all creation for contrariness. But, gentlemen, if I don't go at nine to a minute, I'll give you leave to set fire to the bl—d gunpowder and blow the steamer to ****."

Leaving his passengers with this extraordinary alternative, he went ashore to look for more freight and passengers; and, following his example I re-

turned to Louisville to breakfast, sent a carriage for our luggage, and the rain abating, and the Ohio not rising, determined to be satisfied with the experience I had acquired in relation to small steamers and their captains. The lies these fellows tell are like custom-house oaths with many persons, told in the way of business only. Great a liar as Captain Jack was, he was said to be an obliging, good fellow. As to explosion from gunpowder, or destruction from any other cause, they occur with so much frequency as to have created a general indifference to accidents of this kind. An explosion of the boiler of a steamer called the *Banner* took place about this time on the Mississippi: five persons were killed, and sixteen frightfully scalded. It was the occasion of a paragraph in the newspapers headed "Melancholy Disaster," but I never heard it alluded to afterwards. Perhaps the accidents are few compared with the great number of bad steamers, and worse engineers and commanders, on the Mississippi. Any fellow with the slightest knowledge of machinery sets up for an engineer; no certificate is required of his ability, and if he will serve for a low price, the lives of the parties on board are at once entrusted to him. The steamers go by high pressure; and when the engineer and captain are two-thirds drunk —which often happens in the small steamers—they drive the steamer as fast as she will go, and sometimes load the safety-valve to terrify the passengers. All these accidents happen from rashness or careless-

ness. Those who go in the small steamers are generally poor people emigrating to the western country, speculators, gamblers, and people little known; all fatalists to a certain extent; at any rate, believing that their chance is as good as that of any body else; and when they have made a mistake, it is a matter which concerns very few people, and makes little or no impression upon others, for human life is not esteemed as precious in these wild countries as in communities where existence is cherished and pampered. As men advance in civilisation, every individual is a link in society, and his life is valuable to the rest, who know how to feel and compassionate the loss of one of their number. Here it does not strike any one as being particularly surprising that such people should perish; indeed, if the world thought about it at all, it would be surprised that they had not perished before. Men, too, are rapidly reproduced in this country of easy subsistence. Property is risked in the same manner, because it is easily acquired again. Food and clothing are obtained by very small exertions, the active men of these frontier countries not having, like the individuals of denser communities, any apprehensions on that score. They know they have an unoccupied wilderness before them, with land and game to fly to; and as to the wealth which many of them are eager to obtain, it is not desired for the purpose of placing the happiness of themselves or their families upon a solid foundation, but is a prize of which,

when drawn, the amount is laid out in lottery tickets again, all of which frequently come up blanks. Such men meet reverses in a quieter way than others do who belong to an older stage of society.

An intelligent person whom I saw at Louisville told me that he knew a man who had embarked all he had in the world on a flat-bottomed boat, and then undertook to conduct the boat, with the aid of three or four men, over the falls of the Ohio without a pilot. He could have provided a sufficient pilot for six dollars, but he refused to have one; and pushing his boat boldly into the rapids, it soon got beyond his control, was knocked and stoved to pieces, every thing was lost, and his men and himself saved with difficulty. When the people who ran to the shore to assist him came up with him, they found him looking at the fragments of his boat which were dashing about amongst the rapids. All was gone, to the last barrel of flour, and to the last nail in his boat. It was an incident to have made Momus serious for the time; but this fellow, turning to the people, said—

> "Hail, Columbia, happy land!
> If I a'n't ruined, I'll be ——."

The same gentleman assured me that he was once a witness to a similar scene, when the violence of the rapids overpowered the persons conducting another flat boat, tossed it about in a frightful manner, and finally driving it into a chute of great power, the boat was literally turned a somerset by the eddy.

Everything was lost, and the owner was extricated from the rapids with difficulty. On reaching the shore, and seeing the *disjecta membra* going down stream, the first thing he said was, "She's gone to be —— any how; but she made a most almighty rear of it, didn't she?" This is the usual way in which they use their expletives, conceiving it gives energy to what they have to say.

But this kind of brutality, which makes the conversation of the lower classes near the Mississippi so disgusting, is not always a proof of badness of heart, for I have seen many of them very obligingly disposed to be useful to others. The half-horse, half-alligator race, that was brought up from infancy in the arks and flat-bottomed boats that navigated these western rivers before steamers were introduced, are off the stage now; but the language of the people is still sufficiently figurative, and sometimes unintelligible. Any magnificent steamer, built upon a larger plan than usual, is called "A sin to Crockett;" an expression of which I received a very roundabout explanation. A well-known Tennessean named Crockett, remarkable for marvellous feats and marvellous stories, is supposed to be so "beat" by this monster, "larger than the largest size," that, instead of regarding it as a virtue, he regards it as a sin, and, *ergo*, it is "A sin to Crockett."

CHAPTER XVI.

Leave Louisville, and take to the Stage-Coach again—Difference betwixt the Manners of Slave and Free States—Vincennes in the State of Illinois—Old Race of French Canadians there—Beauty of the Prairies—Horizontal Coal Seams in the banks of the Rivers—Grouse—Ancient bed of the Mississippi seven miles broad—The Town of St. Louis in the State of Missouri—Col. Smith of the British Army—"Running a Negro" explained—Jefferson Barracks, admirable management of a regimental fund—Vuide Poche and Pain Court—A group of thirty Barrows.

We left Louisville, Oct. 13, in the stage-coach, intending to pass through the States of Indiana and Illinois, on our way to St. Louis, and crossed the Ohio soon after daylight to New Albany, a thriving village on the Indiana shore, five miles from the Falls. The country hence rises rapidly several hundred feet, and leaves the valley of the Ohio for elevated barrens, with limestone knobs, as far as Greenville, where there is a pretty level country, resembling the barrens of Kentucky, and geologically the same, the valley of the Ohio merely intervening. From Louisville to Paoli, fifty-one miles, is a succession of knobs and levels. We crossed the Blue River at a desolate place called Fredericsburgh, where there is a compact lead-

coloured limestone containing producta. The road was tolerably good, the land frequently of the very first quality, and the people very civil and obliging. The change from a State where slavery exists, which it does in Kentucky, though in somewhat a mitigated form, to a State with a free population, is obvious here. In Indiana you see neat white women and their children, with here and there a free negro; and every thing is cleaner and tidier than in Tennessee and Kentucky. The mistress of the house and her daughters wait upon you at table, instead of the huge, fat, frowsy negresses that, in the slave States, poison you with the effluvium from their skins, when they reach over to set any thing on the table. Paoli is a poor sort of a place, built on a broad ledge of limestone; but the situation is beautiful. They have a novaculite, or whetstone, here, which appears to be of an excellent quality, and is procured at the French Lick Hills, about ten miles off. From hence the country is over a rough limestone road to the east fork of White River, where the land drops down to a perfect level bottom, consisting of a deep fertile alluvial soil, a great part of which is annually under water.

This is the eastern edge of the great basin of the Mississippi; and along this swampy bottom, loaded with timber, we continued to White River, which we crossed in the ferry-boat, and where I obtained some unios. From hence we travelled fifteen miles to Vincennes, on a dead but well-wooded flat; and

on approaching the town came to a prairie country. The change was a pleasing one: a ridge of sandstone hills skirted the plains, and we could perceive a chain of lofty mounds upon them, thrown up by the Indians in ancient times, which strongly reminded me of the tumuli and beacons on the wolds of Yorkshire. These mounds seem to have served the double purpose of sepulchres and of look-outs, as they command both the hills and plains. Vincennes is an old French settlement, built upon the Wabash River, a fine, slow, pellucid stream, which rolls over a sandstone covering strong beds of coal, that are frequently exposed to view in the banks. This place, when the French possessed it, was called Poste St. Vincent, a name which the Americans have corrupted into Vincennes. The French familiarly called it Au Poste; and the quarter of the town inhabited at present by that race is separated from that inhabited by the Americans, whose village stores, bad taverns, and brick houses, form a singular contrast with the humble cabins of the descendants of the ancient French Canadians, who seem to mix very little with their intruding neighbours.

After the conquest of Canada and the peace of 1763, Colonel Croghan was sent by the British government to explore the country adjacent to the Ohio River, and to conciliate the Indian nations who had hitherto acted with the French. He left Pittsburg with some Indian chiefs, and a party of

white men, in two bateaux, on the 15th of May, 1765; and on the 8th of June, when bivouacking a few miles below the mouth of the Wabash, was attacked by a party of eighty Kickapoos and Musquattimay Indians, who killed five of his party, wounded himself and all the others except three, took them prisoners, and plundered them. The Indians by forced marches conducted them to this place, where there were then about ninety French Canadian families, described by Colonel Croghan as an idle, lazy people, worse than the Indians. No doubt was entertained that these people had instigated the Indians to commit this outrage in time of peace, for they shared the plunder with the savages, and refused to lend any assistance to the unfortunate party of Colonel Croghan. I called at the huts of several of the Canadians, and as soon as I began to speak French was very politely received, one family offering me coffee. They seemed to have no desire to keep up any intercourse with the American settlers; and one woman told me that they were "si bêtes ils ne savoient pas faire le café." It was at her cabin I found an elderly man, who told me that his father was here when Colonel Croghan was brought in a prisoner. I was much interested with the place and with these simple people, who seem broken-hearted by the presence of the intruders that have destroyed both their gaiety and their importance. The difference betwixt the two races is, that the Canadian, not loving work, is always

ready for play, whilst the American is so industrious that he has no time to play. After visiting several of them, I went to a tavern in the American part of the town, kept by one Clarke; but this man, by his rude manner and his extortions, made us glad to get away from the place, so easy is it for any disagreeable person to turn the whole current of that kind feeling one is so happy to entertain.

Words cannot do justice to the beauty of the prairie we entered upon on crossing the Wabash into the State of Illinois: it was a sort of ocean of land, a few trees only being visible in some points of the horizon, as palms are seen in the distance on the desert plains of Egypt. We had now a fine smooth road over an uniform level, were moving through an interesting Indian country on a bright sunny day, and were in high spirits. On crossing the Embarras, a stream which intersects the prairie and flows into the Wabash, I saw a superb bed of bituminous coal in the bank, on a horizontal level, the extreme depth of which was not visible. The whole of the oolitic series of beds being wanting in the United States, the coal-fields of this country are generally found on the surface, a circumstance which will give the greatest facility for mining when coal comes into general use, which it must do when firewood becomes scarce and dear. In many places the coal will only require the simple operation of quarrying, as now practised in the anthracite beds of the Alleghany Mountains, which have been up-

heaved under circumstances almost justifying the opinion, that the coals in the western country, those in the mountains, and those on the Atlantic, were contemporaneous in their origin, and were at one time united in one field.

It is amusing to observe how the American settlers are doing their very best to corrupt all the French names of places: amongst the rest, they have poetically converted the Embarras into the Ambrosia. It was the custom of the French Canadians to abbreviate all their names. If they were going to the Arkansan Mountains, they would say they were going "Aux Arcs;" and thus these highlands have got the modern name of "Ozarks" from American travellers. "Aux Kaskaskias" the Canadians abbreviated into "Aux Kau;" and in passing through Illinois now you hear of the *Okau* River—a name, indeed, which has got into the maps. The whole country from Vincennes to the Mississippi is a dead flat, resembling some of the moors and wolds of England, occasionally interrupted with belts of trees, and swamps with swamp timber growing in them. These belts of trees at particular distances seem to subdivide the general prairie; and you hear of the Six-mile Prairie, the Twelve-mile Prairie, and one near a small settlement called Carlisle is called the Twenty-mile Prairie. In other parts of the country you see no termination to the prairie on the horizon. Frequently the grouse (*Tetrao cupido*) start up almost under your feet,

fine strong birds, but too heavy to fly far: of these a good sportsman could kill more than he could carry in a couple of hours. Deer also frequent these plains. I saw none myself; but a passenger on the top of the stage-coach saw several whilst I was looking at some land-shells.

After going over 140 miles of this kind of country we suddenly came to the edge of this prairie land, which was a sort of continuous bluff containing flat horizontal seams of coal, and descended from it to a lower level of rich black alluvial soil. We saw at once that we were now upon the ancient bottom of the Mississippi River, and that we were approaching the great stream which drains the immense district of upper country. Across this ancient bottom* of that once mighty stream we had now only six miles to travel before we should reach the present channel of the Mississippi, and pushing on after a tedious swampy drive at length got a glimpse of the river, which is here not quite a mile wide, and soon after reached the steam-boat ferry. Although the weather had been sultry all day, with scarce a breath of air stirring, we found a breeze approaching to a gale on the Mississippi, and in crossing found the water rather rough. Opposite to us was the city of St. Louis, with its churches and their steeples, the broad quays coming down to

* The country people call this alluvial strip on the east side of the river the *American bottom*, from its having been, before the annexation of Louisiana, the limit of the United States.

the water at a great inclination, the massive warehouses in front of them, and a prodigious number of steamers alongside the quay. Rejoicing that we had got to the extreme terminus of stage-coaching in safety, we now crossed this noble river, exceedingly gratified with the magnificent sight before us; indeed, the spectacle wanted but little aid from the imagination to make it one of the most pleasing we had ever met with.

On reaching the main street my fancy filled with the history of the peregrinations and adventures of Father Hennepin, La Sale, and other early travellers in these regions; and anxious to see the descendants of the enterprising Canadians who first discovered and settled these shores of the Mississippi, I was grievously afflicted at the common-place appearance of the shops, and the want of French names over them. To have followed the enterprising Père Hennepin so far merely to find a street full of Reuben Doolittles and Jeremiah Cushings painted over the doors gave me a sensible chill; but the moment the avaricious looks of the numerous Yankee store-keepers, and their stores well filled with European goods from the Atlantic States, met my eyes, all the romance of Canadian cottages, old French physiognomies, and crowds of Indians walking about, that had been flourishing in my imagination, was completely dispelled. I saw at once that the everlasting Jonathan had struck his roots deep into the ground, and that the La Sales

had given way to Doolittle & Co. If anything was wanting to bring me to the complete practical state of mind I was approaching, nothing could have been more serviceable than the tavern I was directed to, which was in every sense inferior to that at Louisville.

On arriving there I entered the bar-room, which was filled with vagabond idle-looking fellows, drinking, smoking, and swearing *in American:* everything looked as if we had reached the terminus of civilisation; it seemed to be next door to the Rocky Mountains, and only one stage from where we should find Nature in a perfect undress, and in the habit of eating her dinner without a knife and fork. I had scarcely ascertained of the landlord that we could have separate bed-rooms when an exceedingly fine gentleman, superbly dressed, his jowls covered with hair, and a gold watch-guard magnificently streaming across his chest, came out from the knot of smoking fashionables in the bar-room, and with his face beaming with satisfaction, extended his right hand most lovingly to me. It was "*Colonel Smith, of the British army,*" who had formerly served at Waterloo, and whom I had seen at the White Sulphur Springs in Virginia. Since I had lost sight of this gallant officer I had received some interesting information respecting him, which left little doubt what regiment he had served in, a fact that seemed to have escaped the Colonel's recollection at the White Sulphur. I had met with a Kentuckian at Louisville whom I had also seen at

those springs, and he informed me that a few days after I went away a disclosure had been made which seemed to have had an unfavourable effect upon the Colonel's health, for he had suddenly departed *to try the waters* * at the Red Sulphur.

It seems that amongst other modes of getting a livelihood in the Southern States, that of "running negroes" is practised by a class of fellows who are united in a fraternity for the purpose of carrying on the business, and for protecting each other in time of danger. If one of them falls under the notice of the law and is committed to take his trial, some of the fraternity benevolently contrive, "somehow or other," to get upon the jury, or kindly become his bail. To "run a negro" it is necessary to have a good understanding with an intelligent male slave on some plantation, and if he is a mechanic he is always the more valuable. At a time agreed upon the slave runs away from his master's premises and joins the man who has instigated him to do it; they then proceed to some quarter where they are not known, and the negro is sold for seven or eight hundred dollars, or more, to a new master. A few days after the money has been paid, he runs away again, and is sold a second time, and as oft as the trick can be played with any hope of safety. The negro who does the harlequinade part of the

* This is a slang expression. These swells generally remain in New Orleans during the winter, and "try the waters" during the summer, that is, they go to the watering places.

manœuvre has an agreement with his friend, in virtue of which he supposes he is to receive part of the money; but the poor devil in the end is sure to be cheated, and when he becomes dangerous to the fraternity is, as I have been well assured, first cajoled and put off his guard, and then, on crossing some river or reaching a secret place, shot before he suspects their intention, or otherwise made away with.

A small planter who happened to be at the White Sulphur this season, and who had the year before purchased a valuable slave that had escaped a few days afterwards, advertised him very minutely in the newspapers; and it happened very oddly that another planter had at the same time advertised a slave with the same description, but with a different name. This led to an interview betwixt the two planters, and upon comparing notes they found they had each been defrauded by the same identical white man and his pretended slave. All their efforts, however, to discover this person had hitherto been in vain, when one evening the planter who was at the White Sulphur going with a friend to the gambling-house, suddenly asked a person there who that man was *with the gold chain on his breast;* he was told it was "Colonel Smith, of the British army, who had served at Waterloo." Now the planter, although he had not served at Waterloo, thought he had a pretty distinct recollection of the Colonel's having sold him the "runaway negur,"

and kept his eye constantly fixed upon him, a circumstance which sooner or later could not fail to attract the attention of the Colonel, whose eyes were in the habit of keeping a pretty sharp look-out; and not liking to be stared at, he walked out and was followed by the planter and his friend. The night was dark, the Colonel had friends on the spot, who, like himself, were always prepared to "hop the twig," and in half an hour was seated in a gig and wending his way through the woods to Lewisburgh. In the morning the story was abroad, the Colonel was said to be gone to the Red Sulphur, and thither the planter followed him, swearing he never would return home until he caught him.

"How de do?" said the Colonel—in a drawl that was quite affettuoso,—extending his hand to me; "I'm happy to see you, if I ain't I'm ——." I showed the Colonel how I did without a moment's delay by instantly turning my back upon him and asking the landlord to step into the passage with me, where, in a very few minutes, I told him all I knew, all I had heard, and all I thought of the Colonel. The landlord was a prudent man: he saw it would be of no advantage to him to keep such a fellow in his house, and when he went back to the bar-room, merely said that the gentleman had told him that two Virginia planters were coming on in the stage-coach after a man who had "run a negur" upon them. Half an hour afterwards the Colonel transferred himself to a steamer that he reached just

as she was casting off from the wharf on her way to New Orleans.

St. Louis is admirably situated on the right bank of the Mississippi, which is at least one hundred feet higher than the shore on the opposite side, so that the present channel is on the western edge of the ancient bed. The town is built on beds of horizontal limestone corresponding with those of the opposite bluffs of Illinois, about seven miles to the east, which distance may be assumed as the breadth of the ancient stream. From the edge of the plateau the ground slopes at an angle of about 45° to the river, and the town is principally built on this slope. The street fronting the river where the lofty warehouses are is called Water Street, and the steamers and other craft lie at the foot of the quay, which is very steep at low water. The next street running parallel to this, and where the shops are, is called Main Street. The others lead to the country and intersect these at right angles; and although the houses and shops are small and rather shabby, yet the place is the seat of a very active trade, comprehending the American fur-trade of the far western country. But the suburbs of the town contain a great many neatly built and pleasant-looking residences, the most conspicuous amongst which is that of General Ashley, the celebrated fur-trader to the Rocky Mountains. His residence is a very interesting one, the foundation being laid upon one of those ancient Indian mounds

which are so numerous in this country, and of which there is a cluster around him.

The population of the place is oddly mixed up. When Louisiana belonged to Spain many Spanish families settled here; to these the French succeeded; now the Americans have taken root in the place, and at this moment it is half-filled with German emigrants. The Roman Catholic religion, as yet, preponderates; but this will not last long, for the Presbyterians are running up their Ebenezers very rapidly. Amidst this motley population—a part of which on Sunday evenings is singing and praying at the meeting-houses, a part dancing, a part playing the guitar, and the German part swizzling new-brewed beer,—some very respectable and excellent people are to be found, full of intelligence and kindness. General Clarke, the enterprising companion of Lewis in the well-known journey of discovery to the Rocky Mountains, is a most agreeable old gentleman, who lives in a very pleasant manner and has got an interesting cabinet of natural curiosities which he has picked up in his various travels. The French families of Pratte, Chouteau, and others are actively engaged in the commerce of the country, and are people of merit and influence. The Chouteaus conduct the affairs of the American Fur Company, and their warehouse contains immense quantities of furs transmitted from the far west, of which I saw and purchased some interesting specimens.

The young people of the old French families still continue their reunions on a Sunday evening after the custom of their lively ancestors, and have music and a family dance; but I was informed by some French ladies that they had been cautioned lately to discontinue them, as this practice gave offence to the Presbyterian congregations, and it was not unlikely some mobbing would take place. The Christian example of the Presbyterian people of Charlestown, in the State of Massachusetts, who lately burnt a Roman Catholic female seminary and valiantly drove the female instructresses into the streets at midnight, will, no doubt, produce a salutary effect upon many Roman Catholic persons here, and dispose them to be serious on a Sunday evening.

During my stay here I drove out to Jefferson barracks, ten miles from St. Louis, to pay my respects to General Atkinson, the commanding-officer of the district, with whom I had formerly been acquainted. The road passed through the French village of Carondelet, which is beautifully situated on the limestone beds, and commands a fine view down the Mississippi; it is a poor, poverty-stricken place, containing some inconvenient wooden houses, whose inhabitants are precisely what they were one hundred years ago, not having made the least progress in the useful arts. They still use a small badly made cart with a meagre horse, or "marche donc," as everybody calls them in ridicule,

and appear not to have one earthly comfort in their houses. In old times this place and the village of St. Louis were rivals, although the last always held its head a little above the other. Whether it was that the bakers of St. Louis sold shorter loaves than usual, or would not give credit to their neighbours for what they wanted to buy, the people of Carondelet nicknamed the place "Pain-Court." In return the people of St. Louis nicknamed Carondelet "Vuide Poche." What was a joke then is not one now, for the two places are called *Pain Court* and *Vuide Poche* by the lower classes upon all occasions. You never hear of "un habitant de Carondelet," the term employed is "un Vuide Pocheur." So true is this that upon one occasion when I was collecting some fossils on the shore at this place, I got into conversation with a French boy about twelve years old, and asked him purposely the name of his village, when he answered, "En Anglais on l'appelle Carondelet, mais en Français on l'appelle Vuide Poche."

Jefferson Barracks are well built and charmingly situated upon a bold bluff on the right bank of the Mississippi, with a gentle slope, occasionally studded with trees, going down to the river. The 6th regiment of U. S. infantry, now in garrison here, has excellent quarters, and the officers and their families find this a pleasant residence, being in a salubrious country adorned with fine woodlands and abounding in game at no great distance. The post-fund of

this regiment appears to be well managed; the library belonging to it contains about 3000 volumes, besides numerous public papers and periodicals; they have excellent schools for the soldiers' children, and other useful and benevolent plans for the general advantage of the regiment are supported by this fund, which depends solely upon contributions made within it. At this time the finances are in so flourishing a state that I was told they had between four and five thousand dollars in cash on hand. These facts do great honour to the gentlemen who so ably have managed the fund, and through whose care such precious advantages are secured to a regiment often destined to pass many years on the distant frontiers far removed from all society. General Atkinson's long residence in the western country has made him a perfect master of the economy necessary for a military post of this kind, and I certainly have never seen a frontier garrison which excelled Jefferson Barracks for beauty and salubrity of situation, neatness of parade-ground and quarters, and all general arrangements for the personal comfort of officers and men. The General received my son and myself in the most cordial manner, and we had the pleasure of partaking of an excellent dinner at his quarters with some American officers who had just returned from a residence of several years at the more distant post of Fort Leavenworth on the Missouri.

The succeeding day we made an excursion on foot to the coal-field in the bluffs of Illinois, which we had passed over in our way to St. Louis. The seam which at present supplies St. Louis with coal lies horizontally in the bluffs about a mile and a half north of the public road from Vincennes, and as they are about eighty feet in height, they nearly correspond with the plateau on which St. Louis is built. The coal lies beneath a bed of light grey limestone, from which I procured some fine producta and terebratula; in the shale which formed the roof of the seam I could find no fossil-plants, but abundance of sulphuret of iron. The seam measured eight feet thick to the ground, and probably went down several feet farther, so that it was not possible to ascertain whether it rested upon clay or not. To obtain the best quality of the coal they have nothing to do but to make drifts into the bluff of from twenty to one hundred feet, take it out in large blocks, and cart it over a wretched road in the swamp to St. Louis, where the inhabitants pay from 14 to 16 cents the bushel for it. The carts, drawn by oxen, can carry in dry weather—when the swamp is most passable—1400 lbs. I suggested to the contractors to construct a cheap railroad for the six miles, which would not cost more than 3500 dollars a-mile, and would reduce the cost of transportation at least two-thirds. The excavation of the coal is carried on in a slovenly manner; the roof of the seam is often not secured at

all, and, of course, is continually falling down, so that when they have run their drift as far as they dare—and I did not see one exceeding a hundred feet in length—they abandon it and go to another place. Coal also is found on the opposite side of the Mississippi, about four or five miles west of St. Louis; and as we had seen seams of the same kind near the surface a little west of Vincennes, and were continually observing them in our progress through the State of Illinois to these bluffs, besides being told that they are found for great distances north and south in the ancient banks of the Mississippi, it would seem that all these seams are but sections of one great contemporaneous deposit underlying all this part of the prairie country, and which, perhaps, at some ancient period, was connected with the coal-fields betwixt it and the Atlantic—a conjecture that would appear extravagant to one who had not actually crossed them all.

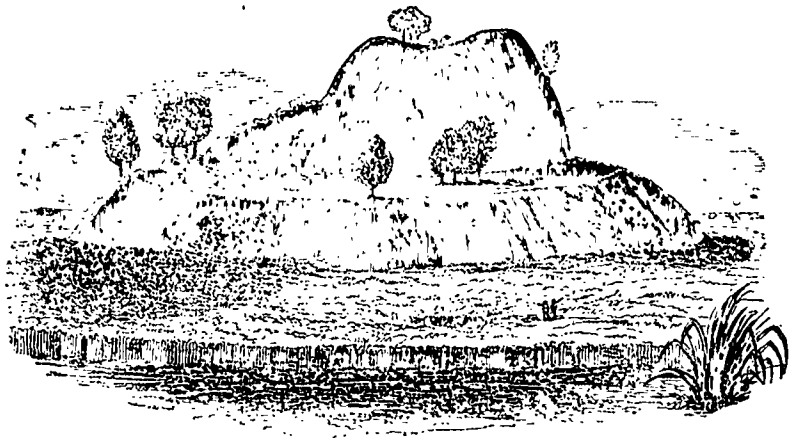
Having examined the coal-ground we directed our steps to some elevated mounds we had seen as we advanced to the Mississippi, and having reached them after a good smart walk across the plain, were highly gratified with their appearance. They were about thirty in number, some of them near to each other and others isolated. Some were conical, some oblong, some flat at the top, and the larger ones usually had a small tumulus connected with them by way of projection from the side. They were of various sizes, but the largest of them was so very

striking an object, that after getting up to the top of a few of the others, and remarking that there was a depression in the surface of the ground near to each of them, from whence the materials of which they were made were probably excavated, I turned my attention principally to it.

CHAPTER XVII.

A remarkable Barrow—The Monuments of the Ancient Red People analogous to those of the Old Races in Europe—Probable cause of the diversity in Indian Dialects—A petrified Forest—Society at St. Louis—More bolting at the Table d'Hôte—Fur-trappers of the Rocky Mountains—Excellent Markets at St. Louis—Money the real object of Life.

THIS lofty barrow—of which a sketch is annexed—consists of an oblong tumulus stretching north and south, the summit of which is 115 feet from the ground, with a broad terrace round it, at not quite half of its height from the base. The width of the oblong across at the north end is about 160 feet, and its length on the east side is about 350 feet. At the south end the width is somewhat abraded, but appears at one time to have corresponded to that at the other end. From the centre of the terrace another oblong of 50 feet on each side projects. The east side of the terrace is 200 feet wide, and its front both to the east and west measures 450 feet. In the rear, at the north, runs the Cahokia Creek, which contains some good fish, as I was informed, and here a dense woodland commences, in which are various other mounds. On the west side, and near to the large barrow—which



the neighbouring people call *Monk's Mound*—is a smaller one, where some monks of La Trappe once fixed their residence when they took refuge in this country; but the dwelling in which they resided is now levelled with the ground, and few remains of it are still visible. I walked over the area where these melancholy beings resided, of whom some curious stories are related. A benevolent lady of St. Louis once visited them to offer her services, and was received in profound silence. Finding that her offers were promptly declined, and that they were not disposed to hold any communication with her, she took her departure, but no sooner had she left the door than one of them took a swab and a pail of water, and immediately began to scrub the place upon which she had been standing, as if to purify it. These ascetics cultivated a part of the large mound, and raised their vegetables upon it.

At this time it is in the possession of a mechanic named Hill, who has built a house at the top, around which we saw abundance of Indian corn, pumpkins, tomatoes, &c.; for the soil of which the mound consists is the rich black mould taken from the surface below, which is extremely fertile. Mr. Hill laid the foundation of his dwelling upon an eminence he found on the summit of his elevated territory, and upon digging into it found large human bones, with Indian pottery, stone axes, and tomahawks; from whence it would appear that these mounds not only contained a sepulchre at their base, but have been used for the same purpose in after-times at the summit.* The extraordinary dimensions, however, of this mound, seem to warrant the conjecture that they served various purposes: for when the adjacent low land was inundated, many families could reside upon it, and its great elevation made it an excellent look-out for the approach of an enemy. Mrs. Hill told me that even the top of the mound was unhealthy in the autumnal months, and that she was then suffering from the malaria of the place. We next visited another oblong mound, with an eminence or small tumulus upon it, south of that upon which the Trappists dwelt; and if I had had time, and had been prepared, I should have opened the small tumulus in

* I have seen mounds of this kind—although not of this size—opened, which contained vast quantities of bodies piled in layers upon each other.

the expectation of deterring some ancient chief, but night was coming on, we had at least six miles to walk, and ran some risk of not reaching the Mississippi before the last trip of the steam ferry-boat.

In the course of this day we saw upwards of sixty mounds large and small, some oblong, some conical, and others quadrangular, like those upon the plateau upon the other side of the Mississippi. From their relative position to each other it might seem as if they were intended for defence, and yet they may be nothing but ancient cemeteries where distinguished chiefs were buried: again, from their frequent occurrence on these low swampy bottoms, one of their principal uses may have been as dry places to resort to during the inundations which periodically covered those plains with the swollen floods of the river; and the broad terrace attached to Monk's Mound strengthens this view of the subject, since it admitted of being inhabited at any stage of the water. It is plain, however, that they were not exclusively used as places of resort in times of inundation, since similar ones are frequently found upon plateaux of land far above the rise of the Mississippi. General Ashley, who perhaps possesses more practical information respecting the Indians than any other individual, assures me that he has found them in every possible situation in the remote countries adjacent to the Rocky Mountains; so that when we consider that one or more skeletons, accompanied with pottery and warlike weapons,

have been found in all the mounds that have been opened, we may at any rate reasonably conclude that these structures were intended, in their origin, as sepulchres for the eminent dead of the aborigines, and were to the Indians what the pyramids were to the ancient Egyptians, and the barrow to the races that inhabited England in times of yore.

The ingenuity of the human race, before metals came into use, seems generally, and in situations the most remote from each other, to have been directed to the same contrivances; the ancient British raised the barrow over the chieftain, and placed an earthen vase slightly ornamented near the illustrious dead; the red Indian of North America did exactly the same thing; and not only are all the specimens of pottery found in these American barrows, which I have seen, whether in Tennessee, Missouri, or in the museums, made of sand and clay, and freshwater shells ground up, but they exactly resemble each other in their ornaments and form, and scarcely at all differ in the size and pattern. I possess many specimens of ancient British and American vases, that only differ from each other in the ingredients of which they are made. In the ancient British barrows the stone coffin, too, or kistvaen, is composed of six pieces of stone, just as the stone coffins spoken of at page 178, near Sparta, in Tennessee.

The remarkable diversity of dialects which has for a long time existed between the Indian tribes that inhabit North America, the rooted antipathy

that one tribe often cherishes to another, and some striking differences which are to be observed in their customs, are facts which have led to the inference with many persons that the existing races have had a various origin; still their colour, their skulls and physiognomies, the close resemblance in their modes of sepulchre wherever found, the forms and materials of their vases, their mounds, their stone axes,* arrow-heads, and the purposes to which they have been applied in all times, seem—independent of their traditions—to form an indestructible link betwixt the ancient and existing races of Indians, and to prove that these last are but generations descended from the first; all these natural, artificial, and traditionary evidences betraying a connexion which cannot otherwise be proved in the case of a savage people who have never had any permanent records.

As to the difference betwixt the dialects, I imagine it appears to be greater than it is: few persons have studied the structure of the Indian languages, and no one has yet successfully entered upon the task of showing how human beings in a state of nature, with no motives, and no aid, to improve their oral communications, must, when separated into groups

* The stone axe found in the ancient mounds, with a groove around it in the place of an eye (which is sometimes found in the British barrows) to attach a handle to, with a thong made of hide or the sinews of some animal, is the same weapon used in our own times by the Indians of the West. I saw several of them fitted with handles attached by thongs, which General Clarke had brought from the far west.

or tribes for purposes of subsistence, necessarily permit the influences of climate, food, and the new objects they become familiar with, to effect great changes in their language. If the Sclavonic, Teutonic, Gallic, British, and other nations, who are—although remotely—descended from a common stock, no longer understand each other, it is not surprising that the red Indians, whom civilisation in no shape has ever reached, should speak different dialects. Our own language has changed in the last four hundred years strangely; what changes, therefore, may not have taken place during two thousand years perhaps, or more, that the red Indians have inhabited North America, and who never have possessed the means of even temporarily fixing one of their tongues? These mounds have been supposed by some writers to have been erected by a race that once passed through the country, and that had no blood connexion with the existing people; but the evidence they furnish of a similarity of customs and manners does not support that opinion. It is true that the present races do not appear—as far as I have any information—to continue the practice of constructing them, but this may be occasioned by the whites having gradually possessed themselves of the country, and, indeed, the particular race that were in the habit of constructing such mounds may have perished amidst the conflicts in which the Indians have always been engaged amongst themselves.

At General Ashley's I saw the head of an animal, which, but for the appearance of a tusk, was apparently of the genus Cervus, and was entirely converted into a siliceous fossil: the left jaw had been broken off by a man who wanted to see if the brains were petrified. It was found near the sources of the Yellow Stone River, a tributary of the Rocky Mountains, which rises on the east flank of that great belt. This fossil was not found imbedded in any rocky stratum, but was lying loose on the ground, and had probably become silicified by the same process that has at some period acted upon a very large scale and with great intensity in that part of the country. General Atkinson and other intelligent officers, who had examined a singular phenomenon there, informed me that upon the west bank of the Missouri, a few miles below its junction with the Yellow Stone, the remains of an ancient forest are found, at an elevation of about 300 feet above the river, extending twenty or thirty miles on the open prairie, every tree of which is now a perfect siliceous petrifaction; the surface of the ground being literally covered with broken trees, stumps, roots, and fractured branches, converted into stone, and scattered about in innumerable fragments. Some of the trees were broken off close to the root, whilst the trunks of others were standing at a height of several feet above the surface; one of the stumps was upwards of fifteen feet in circumference. Various specimens of these silicified plants have been shown

to me, and the phenomenon must be admitted to be one of the most extraordinary facts in the history of mineralogy.

The fossil which was found in this petrified forest exhibited on its right side part of the cranium of the animal, of which the whole posterior part was wanting. The right orbit, with a cavity lying obliquely from it, was tolerably perfect, as well as the snout, part of which was broken off. The teeth of the upper jaw were pretty well preserved, and consisted of four molars, four incisors; and in a line almost on a level with the lower edge of the orbit were the remains of a tusk. On the opposite side of the jaw were a corresponding socket and tusk, but the rest of the teeth were unfortunately destroyed by the philosopher that wanted to see if the animal's brains were petrified. From the edge of the posterior molar to the tusk a curve is described. The osseous structure is otherwise perfect; and the whole is converted into siliceous matter, except some calcareous earth in the cavities, which somewhat resembled the calcareous fillings-in of the fossils of Montmartre, near Paris. The owner was so annoyed by the very unscientific treatment which the head had received, that he was loath to trust it to me to make a drawing, and so I contented myself with a hasty sketch of it.

The venerable discoverer, General Clarke, made my stay at St. Louis very agreeable to me: whenever I had any leisure, I had his museum and his

pleasant and instructive conversation to resort to. His son-in-law, Colonel Kearney of the U. S. Dragoons, and his lady, were also very polite. Mrs. K. is a lovely woman, and inherits a great deal of the spirit of enterprise which had distinguished her father. She accompanied her husband by land all the way through the wilderness from Fort Towson, on Red River, to St. Louis; and left this last place to go into winter-quarters with him at the De Moine, much higher up the Mississippi. From Dr. William Kerr Lane, too, I received the most useful and pleasing attentions: nor ought I to forget those which were paid to me by some of the respectable French inhabitants. On leaving Sparta, in Tennessee, my amusing friend M. Nidelet, putting a letter in my hand addressed to his father-in-law, General Pratte, at St. Louis, exacted a promise from me that I would deliver it in person. I did so, and thus became *accrédité* in some of the most respectable French families, where I passed many agreeable moments. They soon found out that I liked their society, and I became—what under other circumstances I never could have been—the confidant of many of their suppressed national feelings.

At the tavern where I lodged all was dirt, disorder, and want of system. A pack of ragged young negroes performed the service of chambermaids and waiters, and did it about as well as a pack of grown monkeys, caught in the Brazils, would do in three months' teaching. The landlord, who to me was

always very obliging, seemed to have no sort of authority either over his servants or his guests. These principally consisted of those impudent, smoking, spitting shopboys, who are dignified in the United States with the appellation of "clerks." I only occasionally dined there; but it was always the same thing. At the ringing of a bell these "clerks" rushed in crowds to the table, just as a pack of hounds or a drove of swine would to their feed. I found it most prudent to wait a short time, for in eight minutes they had gobbled everything up, and had again rushed out to take a glass of swipes, a cigar, and go to their "stores." One of the intolerable evils of practical equality is, the obliging clean people to herd with dirty ones. The landlord, however, seeing my way of doing things, used generally to send me something hot and comfortable to eat at my leisure. But another class of men was not so exceptionable: every now and then, extraordinary-looking, coarse-dressed, weather-worn, dried-up, queer animals—travellers like myself—would come in, and sitting down without a word to anybody, would commence the most astounding voracious performances. Fish, pork, beef, sausages, puddings, all on the same plate together at the same time, and bolted down with the most stoic indifference as to which the knife and fork laid hold of first. It was like Potier's song—

> "Deux canards s'en vont promenant,
> Le premier va au devant."

These men often looked like very indifferent company, but in fact were much more estimable persons than most of those at the table who were better dressed. The American swell is easily known, for he is always a preposterous fine gentleman, but these men belonged to a class that possessed a great deal of that kind of information I was anxious to possess myself of. *They were trappers from the Rocky Mountains.* Some of them had been many years in the remote countries of the west, sometimes trapping beaver on their own account, at other times acting as agents and servants to others. They were generally modest, unpretending men, and appeared unconscious that they were objects of the liveliest interest to me. I formed an acquaintance with several of them who had frequently traversed the plains west of the Rocky Mountains, and particularly with two who had wintered with the Spaniards on the shores of California, and had resided some time both at Monterey and the magnificent Bay of S. Francisco.

The adventures of some of these trappers were very striking; accustomed to penetrate into the most secret haunts of the mountains near the sources of the streams that flow into the North Pacific, they would set their beaver traps by night, visit them early in the morning, and skulk away during the daytime to avoid those parties of the Blackfeet, Crow, and Eutaw Indians, which were scouring the country to punish these intruders into their native hunting-

grounds. Many were the fights they had had with them, with the loss of one or more of their companions. One of these men had a broad scar on his forehead made by an arrow which a Blackfeet Indian, who had been brought down with a rifle and refused to receive quarter, fired into his face from the ground. The point fastened itself in his skull, and was extricated with difficulty.

These men, from their own account, seldom save anything from their hard-won earnings; when they have anything beforehand they spend it freely, or give it away, and when the annual supplies come from St. Louis, they are charged such immense profits, that they are always in debt to the traders, whose policy it is to keep them in the fur country, that they may not have the trouble and expense of sending more out. The consequence is, that the country is overtrapped, and the destruction of animals is so great, that subsistence will ere long be obtained with difficulty. This state of things is already approaching: the American Fur Company no longer derives the great profits it once did, and will probably be dissolved rather than expend their capital in an unproductive trade. When that state of things arrives, many of the trappers will combine and establish themselves at some point or points in the territory of the Columbia, probably in the Valley of the Wallamet, a tributary of the Columbia, where the soil is somewhat fertile, the situation healthy, and where a greater amenity of

climate prevails. All these men concur in speaking with great admiration of the softness of the winter climate in some of the valleys of the Columbia territory, and the very early state of the spring there, which, no doubt, is to be attributed to the western breezes bringing to that coast the mild temperature of the ocean which they traverse.

Of the British or Hudson's Bay Fur Company these men always spoke with respect; they said it was a good thing to be in their employment, because it was steady and constant, and did not admit of people doing as they pleased, and creating so much confusion: they observed to me that the people who were connected with them were not charged unreasonable profits for supplies, and were provided for when they were old: the fur trade, they remarked, would never flag with them, because they had all the north country in their own hands, and had secured the best trappers even in the southern parts: some of them gave it as their opinion that the American Fur Companies could not contend with them, and would be driven out of the country by superior capital and untiring energy; so that in the end the whole country would be in their hands, and that they would keep it, for they "acted" so kindly and liberally to the Blackfeet, the Crows, and all the Indians on the Columbia, that they would always side with the British, "and it would never be worth while for the Americans to try to root 'em out, for they couldn't do it."

These appeared to me to be sensible observations, and under such circumstances the territory on the Columbia would not seem to warrant any great effort on the part of the United States to establish a colony in so remote a situation; one, indeed, which would have to be kept up at an enormous expense, without any great object in view, and without any great advantage to be obtained by it. It is very clear that the Hudson's Bay Company, which has such numerous posts and important agricultural settlements in the Columbia territory, are the real and only colonists who can maintain themselves there. No doubt that territory, in an agricultural point of view, has been extravagantly over-rated; but that the British Government will ever surrender the mouth of the Columbia river, through which it has an uninterrupted communication from Quebec to China, is highly improbable; quite as much so as that the United States will commence an expensive career of colonization, which, although occurring naturally to England from her limited home, the industry, wealth, and increase of her population, would seem to be very unwise on the part of a country which appears called upon by what is due to its own prosperity to curtail its possessions rather than to increase them.

The markets of St. Louis are full of excellent things; game of every kind is in profusion, and extremely cheap; but, unfortunately, these good things are always irretrievably ruined in the cooking at

our hotel. At General Clarke's, however, I ate some wild ducks very nicely dressed, and which I thought as tender and high flavoured as the famous canvass-back ducks of the Susquehannah. In my walks I frequently met sportsmen coming home loaded with wild fowl, the splendid wood-duck (*Anas sponsa*), with his magnificent crest, and those beautiful teals with blue (*Anas discors*) and green wings. As to venison I have seen very little of it, and it has always been so badly dressed wherever I have met with it, that I have generally thought it the worst meat at table. The fish of these waters is very good, especially the catfish (*Pimelodus ?*), which are rich and palatable without sauce of any kind. The country, indeed, abounds with what is good, but the majority of the people do not seem to care how they live, provided it does not interfere with the grand exclusive object of their existence, making money. Wherever I go—with the fewest exceptions—this is the all-prevailing passion. The word money seems to stand as the representative of the word "happiness" of other countries. In other lands we see rank, distinction in society, scientific and literary acquirements, with the other elevating objects that embellish and dignify human life, pursued by great numbers with constancy and ardour; but here all other avenues to advancement, except the golden one, seem nearly untrod—the shortest cut, *coute qui coute*, to that which leads to ready money being the favourite one. Where this sordid

passion stifles the generous ones, a rapacious selfishness is sure to establish itself; men cease to act for the general welfare, and society at length resolves itself into a community, the great object of every individual of which is to grasp as much as will last as long as himself.

In every large town of the United States where I have been, I have, it is true, found amiable and delightful exceptions to this general defect in the American character; but such is the force of evil example, that hereafter it is to be apprehended they may stand about in the same relation to the whole that the planets do to the fixed stars. The officers of the United States army, however, appear strikingly exempted from this base inclination of sacrificing everything to money; these gentlemen are much better educated than they used to be, and appear to have neither the opportunity nor the inclination to degrade the military prestige.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Purchase a Waggon—Old French Town of St. Charles on the Missouri—Linden Grove—Origin of the Mounds—Customs of the Osage Indians.

BEFORE we left St. Louis I purchased a nice little waggon called a Dearborn, and a young horse that had been sired by one of the wild prairie horses; he was a very elegant animal, good-tempered, appeared sound, and I named him Missouri. We were now at the end of all stage coach travelling, and as I was desirous of proceeding in a southern direction as far as the frontier of Mexico, I thought it was better to procure a conveyance of this sort than to purchase horses: with it we could carry our luggage, our specimens, and some provisions; when one of us was walking the other could drive, and we could sleep under it at night into the bargain. It gave us great pleasure to think we should be quite independent with this little equipage, should have no smoking and spitting passengers, no cursing and swearing drivers, and nobody to care about but ourselves and Missouri, whose beautiful grey skin, arched neck, full eye, and ample tail attracted great attention.

Our first excursion with him was to the old French town of St. Charles, on the Missouri. The road over the prairie was excellent; we passed a race-course, and a tolerable tavern four miles from St. Louis, where the land was so good that 35 dollars an acre was asked for it. Farther on the plain was agreeably diversified by woodland and small valleys, and game seemed to be plentiful, for we passed numerous coveys of fine quails, so tame that they would scarce get out of our way. We came also within eighty yards of three beautiful deer, in fine condition; they were amusing themselves quietly in the middle of the road, and, as we drew nearer, bounded gracefully into the thicket. At fifteen miles from St. Louis we came to Owen's station, a poor village in a fertile tract of land which was first settled when the Spaniards possessed the country: from hence the country fell gradually towards the valley of the Missouri, in the way to which we passed some beds of horizontal limestone which a stream had uncovered, and then came to a rich black bottom about two miles broad, which, like that adjoining the Mississippi, formed part of the ancient bed of the river when its waters were more voluminous. We saw the north bank of the Missouri before we saw the river itself, and at length came suddenly upon it. When the waters are high, it would seem, from the muddy margin, to be about 4000 feet wide; but, at this time, it was unusually low, and in the deepest part the stream

did not exceed fifteen feet in depth, having a clayey sluggish appearance.

The south bank consists of strata of clay and loam, and is constantly wearing away; but the north bank is a gentle slope, exhibiting various beds of fossiliferous limestone, probably the equivalent of the carboniferous limestone of England. There are some circumstances connected with the alluvial banks of the Missouri and Mississippi which deserve notice. The soil on the south bank of the Missouri extended, within the recollection of individuals now living, so much farther into the river as to have contracted the channel—as I was informed—to three-fourths of the present width; perhaps this may be exaggerated, but a person whose house we passed about one hundred yards from the edge of the present bank has been obliged to remove it three times, and it appeared to me that he would have to repeat the operation within the next ten years. The same wearing away of the alluvial bank on the east side of the Mississippi, opposite to St. Louis, is going on at the same rate. There are persons who remember when voices could be heard across that river, which is not the case at present. If this is permitted to go on long, these rivers will carry away the alluvial banks, will re-establish their dominion over the width of the ancient channel, and the present volume of water spreading itself over so great an increase of breadth, the navigation will be destroyed, as it is in the Hudson River, near to the

city of Albany. This would be a great misfortune to the city of St. Louis, and it ought to be averted in time.

St. Charles is a poor tatterdemalion-looking place, presenting a long street with some old French houses, and shabby brick stores, where a few American shopkeepers are wasting away their lives. The tavern we put up at was in keeping with the rest, the bed-room we were shown into being so dirty and comfortless that we gave up all hope of a good night's rest. We therefore walked into the country about a mile and a half, to a Major Sibley's, to whom I had a letter. His villa, which is called Linden Grove, is prettily situated on the plateau about a mile back from the river, where the country undulates gracefully, and has fine woodlands. Everything looked rural and nice about the house, the trees were cleared away with taste, and there was an extensive garden bearing marks of unusual care. The Major received us very cordially, and I soon discovered that he was an intelligent and agreeable person. If he had asked us to bivouac in his neat garden, we should have been grateful; but he pressed us so earnestly to stay all night with him, offering the great luxury of separate bed-rooms, that I really thought him one of the most enlightened men I had met with in the western country.

He had resided many years amongst the western Indians as agent of the United States, and had been one of the commissioners appointed to lay out the

traders' great road to Santa Fé, in Mexico. We soon got into conversation about the lofty mounds I had seen, when he stated that an ancient chief of the Osage Indians (corrupted by the French from *Whashash*) informed him whilst he was a resident amongst them, that a large conical mound, which he, Major Sibley, was in the habit of seeing every day whilst he resided amongst them, was constructed when he was a boy. That a chief of his nation, who was a most distinguished warrior, and greatly beloved by the Indians, and who was called Jean Defoe by the French, unexpectedly died whilst all the men of his tribe were hunting in a distant country. His friends buried him in the usual manner, with his weapons, his earthen pot, and the usual accompaniments, and raised a small mound over his remains. When the nation returned from the hunt, this mound was enlarged at intervals, every man assisting to carry materials, and thus the accumulation of earth went on for a long period until it reached its present height, when they dressed it off at the top to a conical form. The old chief further said that he had been informed and believed, that all the mounds had a similar origin; and that the tradition had been steadily transmitted down from their ancestors, that the Whashash had originally emigrated from the east in great numbers, the population being too dense for their hunting-grounds: he described the forks of the Alleghany and Mononghahela rivers, and the falls of the Ohio,

where they had dwelt some time, and where large bands had separated from them, and distributed themselves in the surrounding country. Those who did not remain in the Ohio country, following its waters, reached St. Louis, where other separations took place, some following the Mississippi up to the north, others advancing up the waters of the Missouri. He enumerated many existing tribes who had sprung from their stock, but mentioned the Saukies as a people not related to them. It would seem, therefore, from this chief's account, that the Indian tribes have always been in the habit of intruding upon other nations with as little ceremony as the whites have upon them.

Amongst the curious corruptions which Indian names have undergone, Major Sibley mentioned the following:—Of the Indian name *Whashash*, the French have made Osages, and have divided them into *les Grands Osages et les Petits Osages;* but as the *voyageurs* abbreviate everything, they called them *les Grands Sâs et les Petits Sâs*, pronouncing the word petits, *ptits* and *tits*. The Americans, who followed the French, and adopted their terms without understanding their language, have transmogrified "les Petits Osages" into the *Teat Saws.** After such a specimen of etymology, no wonder that great changes have been produced in language

* This is equal to the name an island in Lake Michigan now goes by, which from "Bois Brûlé" has been changed into "Bob Ruley."

by savages who have been intruding upon each other perhaps for 2000 years.

Major Sibley also gave us a great deal of curious information of the customs of the Indians, and of some of the causes of their going to war with each other. It sometimes, he said, occurs in a tribe, that young men, either because they are enamoured of the daughters of some of the chiefs, or moved by other causes, are determined to perform some achievement that will raise them into importance. Stealing horses, if done adroitly and successfully, is considered an honourable action; surprising and scalping individuals of a distant tribe, with whom they are not upon good terms, is a sure road to distinction. The preparations are silently made and promptly executed; then comes retaliation, and after it war. When a young woman is about to be married amongst the Osages, an Indian, who fills the office of town crier, takes her dressed in all her finery round the town, and announces that she is going to become the bride of such a young man. Upon one of these occasions, when the daughter of a distinguished chief was about to be led round, painted in grand costume, her cheeks and her hair smeared over with vermilion, it was suggested by one of the chief's wives that Major Sibley's clean white shirt would contrast very well with the vermilion, if it were put on the young maiden; so he very gallantly, in the assembled

presence of her friends, stripped himself of his shirt, and the young lady put it on, to the great delight of everybody.

The Osages, in the opinion of Major Sibley, are as capable of showing strong affection and friendship as the whites, and are sometimes passionately attached to one of their wives. The other wives are with them rather in the capacity of help-mates, for when an Indian is opulent everybody flocks to his lodge, and he must have assistance to prepare food for them. These supernumerary wives he occasionally permits, from motives of gain or friendship, to cohabit with other men; but if one of them without his connivance is detected in her infidelity, he takes a summary and barbarous revenge. He conducts her himself to the prairie, and there delivers her to twenty-five young men, where, after being brutally treated by them, she is turned adrift, and ever after considered infamous. This is called "walking the prairie."

In the morning, after a hearty breakfast, we took leave of the worthy Major, and went to see the Mammelles, of which we had heard a good deal. They were nothing but rounded detached points of land belonging to the bluffs of the plateau, to which the early French voyageurs had given this name on account of their form. From the top of one of them we had a fine view of the extensive prairie at their foot: viewed from a distance these Mammelles

have the appearance of isolated mounds, and it is only when close to the bluffs that you perceive their real character.

On our return to St. Louis, our new purchase, Missouri, remembering his stable there, performed to admiration, and seemed determined to support the high character his vender had given him: this excellent person, when I laid the money down before him, and asked him for a receipt, was so affected either by the sight of the dollars, or the loss of such a valuable animal, that with a melancholy kind of tone he offered the following spontaneous pledge to me:—"Stranger, if that ar hoss don't go like a screamer, I'll give you leave to ex-flunctify me into no time of day at all; if I don't I'm no accaywnt I reckon, not by no manner of means." A very generous proceeding on his part, since it was not included in the bargain, and one which it was not easy to appreciate!

On the 25th of October, in the evening preceding our departure from St. Louis, there was some danger of a row in the town betwixt the Roman Catholics of the lower classes and the Presbyterians. The new Catholic cathedral was to be consecrated on the succeeding day, at which ceremony many bishops and clergymen from a distance were to assist. General Atkinson, in honour of the occasion, had very kindly permitted the band of the sixth regiment to be in the procession, and had lent them two field pieces. During the night some ill-

natured persons spiked them, and the enraged Frenchmen of the lower classes imagining it to have been a spiteful act of the Presbyterians, seized the guns, and threatened to turn them against one of the meeting-houses. Better counsels, however, prevailed; the guns were unspiked, and order was restored.

CHAPTER XIX.

Departure from St. Louis—The Comforts of an Indian Matrimonial Alliance—Tame Buffaloes—Herculaneum in America—Immense flocks of Cranes—History of Mrs. Gallatin—Vallées Mines.

WE took our final departure from St. Louis on the 26th of October. Our "Dearborn" just held everything that we possessed comfortably; we had added a top to it to shelter us from the sun and rain, our harness was in good order, and perhaps we were as well equipped for getting through a savage sort of country, cut off from everything like old society, as we could be. As we drove through the streets, Missouri became exceedingly restive, and gave sundry signs of dissatisfaction by plunging and elevating his hind heels rather too much above the level of the shafts to promise any good to the general concern. The fact was that the Canadians were blowing away out of the two pieces of cannon as fast as they could, and our horse did not like the noise. At one time I thought we should have been wrecked before we got out of the town; but by a little management and coaxing we at last got out of the sound of the uproar, and Missouri showed

his usual docility. I remained a short time at Carondelet, and procured some fossils from the limestone beds, of the same species with those at St. Charles and St. Louis, and at evening drove up to General Atkinson's, at Jefferson Barracks. He and his lady were assisting at the consecration at St. Louis; but he had left orders that I was to take possession of the house without ceremony whenever I arrived, so that we got into good quarters at once. Meantime, Captain Newitt, an officer of the sixth regiment, whom I had become acquainted with at the White Sulphur Springs, undertook to entertain us at the mess until the General's return. Here one of the officers, who had been several years in the Northern country amongst the Indians, related an amusing adventure of his own. He had been living a long time alone, and had no society whatever, except occasionally a few of the Indian chiefs whom he knew, one of whom had a young and rather pleasing daughter. Her brother, who had been amongst the whites, and spoke a little English, one day asked him if he would like to have her for a wife, and told him that if he would make the usual presents to the family, she should come to his lodge. As she was a comely and clean-looking young squaw, he got the necessary presents from the suttler, consisting of cloth, blankets, tobacco, gunpowder, &c., and delivered them to her friends; upon which she was brought to his tent, and left there, divested however of every article of clothing,

except an old dirty blanket which covered her shoulders. When he returned in the evening he found this young creature crouching down in a corner, and half-frightened out of her senses. He now sent for some old squaws, and had her thoroughly scrubbed, washed, combed, and clad in new clothes. The next morning he went out a hunting, and on his return in the evening found they had taken all her clothes away again. This was repeated three times, when, losing his patience, he told the brother that if it were done again, he would send her back to her father's lodge, and have nothing more to do with her. Although she was now permitted to keep her clothes, he was soon visited by an annoyance of another kind, for every day all her friends and relations came to his tent to see her and talk to her, and as the Indians are the idlest people in the world when not occupied in the chase or in war, he found it at length impossible to drive them away.

The fact is, that when there is anything to eat in a lodge, the Indians go to work as if there would be something wrong in procrastination, and so seriously set about eating everything up at once; and his young housekeeper following the example she had witnessed at her father's lodge, gave them everything she could lay her hand upon; they ate his bread, his meat, his sugar, and they used everything that he had in his tent besides. At length they took to sleeping in it, so that it was in a fair way of

becoming a receptacle of filth of every kind. He now found out that the comforts of matrimony with a comely and clean-looking Indian maiden may be purchased rather too dear, and like all men who have made a precious bad bargain, began to sigh for the tranquillity of his bachelor's life. At length his impatience became so great, that he told his brother-in-law, the match-maker, he was determined to strike the tent, and break up the matrimonial connexion. But the brother took it up very punctiliously, and said as the girl had not been unfaithful, he could not do it without offending all her relations: this the officer was aware of, and would have been not a little puzzled what to do, if the Indian—who from the first had been more solicitous about what he could get from him than for the honour of his alliance—had not relieved his anxiety by saying, "You my broder, you got big heart here, very big heart; you lay blanket on ground, rifle, powder, shot, tobacco, cloth for leggings, my sister go back with me to lodge." The officer saw at once that this was the least troublesome and expensive course to pursue to get a divorce, so closed with the offer, and thus got rid of his lady, who very contentedly went back to her connexions with her new suit of clothes on.

The limestone beds on the shore of the Mississippi here abound in cyathophylla, calamopora, and terebratula; they also contain round nodules of flint, with silicified alcyonia and encrinites: the bluffs

are about 150 feet high, and are composed of various beds of limestone. On the evening of the 27th General Atkinson and his lady arrived, with information that the festival had gone off harmoniously, and that the spiking of the cannons had been traced to some idle young fellows for whose conduct no sect was responsible. On the 28th we bade adieu to our kind friends at Jefferson Barracks, and took our departure for the lead mines in the State of Missouri.

The country for a great distance around the garrison abounds with the same kind of depressions on the surface that we noticed in the limestone country betwixt Nashville and Louisville, called sink-holes. The road was indifferent, and led through a forest of oaks, through which, as we were passing, we were very much amused with the quails, which were so numerous and tame that they would scarce get out of the way with a crack from the whip-lash. After driving eight miles, we came to a broad rich bottom of land, through which flows the Merrimac River, a beautiful stream, about 160 yards wide. The southern sources of this river rise in Washington County, in the State of Missouri, and on its way to the Mississippi it receives Big River, about thirty miles west from its mouth: we crossed it in a ferry-boat, about one mile from the confluence. Rising out of this valley we came again upon the table-land to a high undulating country, consisting of limestone, with abundance of chalcedonised chert.

The extraordinary quantity of siliceous matter in these calcareous beds is quite remarkable. At the Sulphur Springs, sixteen miles from the garrison, we were overtaken by a cold heavy rain, and stopping at a plantation belonging to Major O'Fallon, an Indian agent, who was from home, we took the liberty of quartering ourselves there for the night; a black woman, who was left in charge of the premises, entertained us in the best manner she was able, and laying ourselves quietly down upon some buffalo hides, spread upon the floor near a good fire, we got over the night as well as we could. The springs, at this place, are slightly impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen, and the solid contents in solution are muriate of soda and carbonate of lime. In a field, not far from the house, I saw two tame buffaloes which the Major had brought from the Indian country, a bull and a cow; they looked exceedingly thin and lank: indeed, I have never seen any of these animals in good condition when under restraint, and I am told that they seldom breed when deprived of their liberty.

In the morning we proceeded to Herculaneum on the banks of the Mississippi, through a country of limestone knobs: this little place is built at the edge of the river, in the front of a semicircular cove where the edges of the strata of limestone are worn down so as to resemble the seats of an ancient amphitheatre, from which circumstance Mr. Moses

Austin, the original founder of the place (the father of Mr. Austin, the leading man amongst the Americans in the Mexican province of Texas), who was a fanciful as well as an enterprising person, gave it the name the ancient city bears, which has been so many centuries covered up near Naples. At each horn of the amphitheatre the limestone bluffs are very fine, and the beds are so full of seams and blotches of black siliceous matter, that the mineral contents of the beds seem to be almost equally divided between silex and lime. We got a very comfortable breakfast at this place, at a small hut kept by two women from New England, who had brought all the nice clean habits of their own respectable State here with them; and, pursuing our journey, we discovered, whilst getting out of the ferry-boat on crossing the *St. Joachim*—which figures on some of the American maps as *Swashing* Creek, a strange imitation of St. Joachim—that an important part of the machinery of our waggon was broken. This was an incident that brought us up in good season; we were still in the neighbourhood of Herculaneum, where, fortunately, there was a blacksmith, and torrents of rain were pouring down. All this would have been bad enough if we had been far from any settlement; for although we were provided with hammers, and nails, and cords, and every appliance for common accidents, we had no blacksmith's forge, and the case required one. We therefore drove to the blacksmith's, and finding

that we could "get in" at a widow's close by, whose name was Gallatin, I went there, and found her a very respectable person, with a clean bed-room and sitting-room at our service: indeed, our quarters looked so promising that I determined to stop here a short time, being desirous of looking about me, and examining the shores of the Mississippi. As soon therefore as the rain ceased, we sallied out and climbed to the top of the bluff behind Mrs. Gallatin's house, which is about 100 feet high, and upon which a Mr. Bates, one of the original settlers, has erected a shot-tower, where a great deal of shot is made, that is dropped from the height of 130 feet.

The river scenery is remarkably beautiful at Herculaneum; the bluffs are imposing, and disintegrate in a peculiar manner into large grottos, which look as if they had been excavated by man, but they are to be seen in the very incipient part of the process at the most inaccessible parts of the top of the bluff. On the shore immense blocks of limestone, filled with chert, as much as the chalk is with flint in some parts of England, are piled upon each other. To the north the view is very graceful: the alternate bold and depressed banks on the left, the picturesque wooded islands in the river, and the rich alluvial bottoms of the State of Illinois, making a fine picture. To the south the long vista down the Mississippi, its well-wooded and lofty banks; the extensive island in front of Herculaneum, with

a spacious level and dry sand-bar, that at this season of the year might be converted into an excellent race-course; the whirring and croaking of tens of thousands of cranes (*Megalornis Americanus*), the scourge of the corn-fields, that after their devastations by day return at night to the sand-bar to set up a croaking that makes the whole country ring again; the flocks of wild geese that rival the cranes with their harsh trumpeting; and, last of all, those monsters of the waters, the numerous steamers heard from a distance of several miles before they are seen, and which, when they appear, come on belching and sughing out from their metallic throats as if they were huge animals in their last agony; all these concurring features excited our admiration strongly, and we confessed that we felt as if we were realising some of those fancies which are so eloquently expressed in the tales of the "Arabian Nights."

Being desirous of examining the opposite shore, I engaged a man to take us across the Mississippi in his skiff, which here is about a mile wide: the skiff was an old rotten, ticklish affair, but as we could not get a better, we entered it with our rifles, and landed on the large island in front, which has been cut off by the river from the Illinois side. It contains several hundred acres of good soil, but on account of its lying very low, and being subject to annual inundations, can never be cultivated. I made my way through the small timber that covers it, but found no game, although my son, who

traversed the island in another direction, got a sight of two deer, without however getting a shot at them. From this place we got into our dangerous skiff again, and after being snagged two or three times, at last paddled ashore. We walked along the fertile alluvial bank to Harrisonville, one of those wretched settlements consisting principally of a country store or two. Seeing a very extensive field of Indian corn, I asked the owner how many bushels it would average per acre, and he answered, that the crop had suffered much for want of rain, and would not average more than sixty bushels per acre, but that in good seasons the land would yield from 80 to 100 bushels. He also said that good corn was now at 15 and 20 cents the bushel, and that some persons who wanted money very much had offered their crops at 12½ cents (sixpence): he added, that it was not an uncommon occurrence here to sell a barrel of sound corn, containing seven bushels, for one dollar. The people at this place were beginning to recover slowly from their annual attacks of the fever and ague: their sallow, emaciated countenances, that looked distressed by the monstrous quantities of calomel they were accustomed to take, and the feeble and uncertain steps with which they went about their avocations, betrayed how dearly they paid by the loss of health for the privilege they enjoyed of occupying a fertile soil, which, whilst it gave them the means of existence, destroyed the power of enjoying it.

From hence we walked six miles through the "American Bottom," the greater part of which is a rich alluvial flat, to the limestone bluffs, the limit of the bed of the ancient Mississippi, whilst thousands of cranes were wheeling about and deafening us with their cries: not far from the bluffs were several lagoons, containing immense numbers of fresh-water shells, especially Anadontas, which delight in dead water. Prodigious quantities of wild fowl were disporting upon these pools, where we shot some very fine fat teal with brilliant green wings. After a fatiguing day we retraced our steps, and re-crossed the river to our lodgings.

The vast extent of the calcareous strata in these parts of North America, exhibiting an uniform flat deposit for many hundreds of miles, awakens many reflections. It is a popular opinion amongst geologists, that the sedimentary beds are derived from the detritus of other rocks which preceded them, and in many instances, no doubt, the opinion is well justified. But where are the roots of the rocks that have furnished the mineral matter of which the whole basin of the Mississippi and hundreds of miles of contiguous territory are formed, comprehending an area as large as Great Britain? And what a stretch of the imagination does it not require to contrive the destruction of a continent of such extent! It would seem to be a much more simple process, and one capable of fulfilling all the conditions of the problem, to suppose a great portion of

the solid contents of the existing strata to have once been in solution in subterranean depths, and to have been sent to the surface loaded with calcareous matter, as in the case of the Sweet Springs in Virginia, and with siliceous matter, as in the case of the Geysers, as they are exhibited in our own day. The manner in which siliceous matter is often found mixed up with the calcareous rocks certainly seems to point to a period when they were in the state of a calcareo-siliceous mud deposited from thermal sources, the molecules of the respective minerals having cohered together by mutual attraction.

The morning succeeding to our excursion I went farther down the shore of the Mississippi, on the right bank, for the river being unusually low at this season, I thought it probable some beds might be exposed which I should never have an opportunity of seeing again; and I was not mistaken, for about a mile north of the Plattin Creek, which is about thirty-three miles from St. Louis, I found an important bed of sandstone, only a few inches above the level of the river, of a loose granular texture, consisting of quartzose grains held together without cement, and so very incoherent in some places that it crumbled between the fingers. Upon examining the calcareous rocks in the bank which rested upon the sandstone, I found that a great change had taken place, and that they no longer consisted of compact limestone containing seams and blotches of cherty

matter, but that, though much mixed up with silex, they were fetid, non-fossiliferous, and abounded in cale spar with occasional streaks of sulphate of lime: indeed they so strongly resembled some calcareous beds I had seen in the galeniferous countries of Europe, that I thought it probable they might be connected with the lead district which lay immediately to the west. I was, therefore, extremely particular in my examination of the sandstone bed and the beds immediately above it, as they might serve as keys to decipher the stratification of the lead district which I was about to enter.

We had been so much interested with the geology and natural history of the neighbourhood, and were so well satisfied with the quiet and comfortable quarters Mrs. Gallatin had provided for us, that we did not leave her house until the 31st of October. She was a person of great worth, and when I learned her history—which is not an uncommon one in this part of the country—I could not but feel great respect for her. Her husband had lived happily with her for a great many years, but having become a speculator, had mismanaged his affairs and brought upon himself numerous pecuniary embarrassments: not liking his prospects he, like many others, determined to go to Texas, a country which had for some time loomed up as the asylum of that portion of oppressed humanity that feels nervous under the restraints of law. He,

therefore, left his excellent wife with three modest, amiable daughters, all marriageable, one son an adult, and another a child of about five years old, under a solemn promise that he would return for them as soon as he had provided a home there. After he had been absent two years she received a letter from him, which held out some encouragement of his return, but another year had passed away and she had heard nothing more. "He has been too long away from us now," said she to me with an appearance of subdued grief, "too long I imagine ever to wish to come back to us again. I think he must have pretty much forgotten us by this time, and we must try not to break our hearts about it." All the individuals of this family were remarkable for the neatness of their persons; the mother had known much better times, and although her conversation and conduct proved that she knew how to meet this trial with spirit and sense, yet in her countenance well-defined traces of sorrow were to be seen. The daughters were maidenly looking young creatures, with great modesty of demeanour, and the eldest son appeared a steady and useful man, extremely attached to his mother and sisters. They seemed to be all usefully employed from morn to night, and to be habitually under the influence of the religious training they had received. I felt great sympathy for this worthy family on parting with them, especially for the sorrowful

mother; but I had seen many more unfortunate than themselves, for they were manifestly under the care of Him who protects and blesses the virtuous in adversity.

We left the Cove of Herculaneum by a deep miry road in the black soil, and with some difficulty Missouri got our equipage up a very steep and bad hill, at the top of which we found ourselves in extensive barrens containing straggling trees. We had not proceeded very far in the country ere I saw on our left a denuded sort of deep ravine, and descending into it I found at the bottom the incoherent sandstone I had seen on the shore of the Mississippi; and on examining the upper strata I recognised the fetid non-fossiliferous calcareo-siliceous beds, which satisfied me that I had got a good hold of the stratification. Having gone about ten miles we stopped at a settler's named Strickland, who had erected his house near a spring, and following the water down to a bottom not far from his dwelling, I found some thin beds of limestone and lithographic stone of a very good quality, resembling the white lias.

From hence we proceeded eleven miles over a broken and undulating country to Vallée's Mines, the sandstone occasionally cropping out at the surface of the ground, and at length came to a low bottom where some smelting houses were erected. Here were Vallée's Mines, but as to regular mining no such thing had ever been practised at the place,

nor any kind of mining beyond digging shallow pits into the alluvial soil in search of galena or sulphuret of lead, which at some period when the galeniferous rocks once in place here were destroyed, had been left in the superficial soil, from the size of a pin's head to masses weighing several hundred pounds. These pits, from six to twenty feet deep, exist in such great numbers, that it is very difficult to drive betwixt them, even upon the road, and in the night-time it would be impossible. Great quantities of sulphate of barytes, called *tiff* by the workmen, is found where they dig, and a profusion of dark red clay is also thrown out by them: but the confused manner in which the digging is carried on at this place baffles all investigation. The people employed were principally French; the men were brutal, and not disposed to conversation, and the only person from whom we could obtain almost any information was an old French negress, who had a great deal of that politeness which distinguishes the old school. The smelting was conducted in a wasteful manner, in small out-door furnaces, with galena and wood alternately piled in layers. As soon as we had seen everything worth our attention, and fed our horse at a wretched looking hut where there was a pack of dirty old beldames, we continued on to *Taplitt and Perry's Mines*, where I hoped to find operations going on in the rock. The road was bad and difficult, and led us to the brow of an abrupt hill, from whence

we perceived a pretty valley beneath us, and a number of huts which we supposed belonged to the mining establishment. Night was approaching, it was cold, we were very much jaded as well as our horse, and on reaching the place received with no small degree of sensibility the information that there was no tavern of any kind there, and no place at which we could stay, as all the huts were full of working people.

CHAPTER XX.

Taplitt and Perry's Lead Mines—Geology of the Lead District —System of Galeniferous Veins—Their Structure analogous to the Trap Veins at Trotternish in Scotland—Farmington—Visit to the Iron Mountain.

In this dilemma I went to a kind of double log hut which had rather a more imposing look than the rest, to try if we could not make interest to be housed for the night. An old negress, who cooked for the party in this hut, said that "Dr. Perkins was the master there, that he did the doctoring about, and that he was from hum, and she didn't think we could get in nowhere." Just at this moment a good-looking young miner coming up to the hut; I made our situation known to him, and he said we were welcome to stay all night if we would put up with such fare as we should find. As neither Missouri nor ourselves had formed any great expectations, we gladly accepted of his offer, and proceeded to take care of our horse and luggage. The hut was soon afterwards filled with miners, who came in for the evening, and in a short time we became acquainted with the friends we had to mess with, who treated us with great kindness. Our fare, to

be sure, was humble enough, salt beef with very wretched coffee, and not a drop of milk; but the bread was palatable, and having prepared some of our own tea, we managed tolerably well, and passed the evening talking with the miners by the side of a cheerful fire. The young man, to whose civility we had been so much indebted, had the management of a part of the concern entrusted to him, and he informed us that shafts had been sunk here in the solid rock with great success, which we should have every facility of examining in the morning. This was very gratifying information; for such confused ideas had got abroad of the geological character of the lead district, that everything was to learn about it, and these shafts could not but afford a great deal of instruction.

Finding these miners to be all resolute young adventurers, and quite intelligent and obliging, I felt bound to contribute something on my part to the entertainment of the evening, and produced some old Cogniac brandy which we had laid in for great emergencies only—and it was so highly approved of, that when the hour for sleeping had arrived, they surrendered in the most friendly manner one of their beds on the floor, upon which my son and myself, without being too curious, laid down and passed the night. In the morning we partook of the frugal breakfast of our entertainers, and sallied out to examine the hills preparatory to descending the shafts. The country in the lead

district, except where it is interrupted by the valleys, presents an extensive table-land, through which a few slight streams run, which are used by the miners to wash the soil taken out of the shallow pits or "diggings" which have before been spoken of, and which were first commenced by the Spaniards when they had possession of the country. These streams, in cutting their way through the superficial soil, had sometimes disclosed valuable deposits of the ore, and this had induced adventurers to commence "diggings" in other parts of the alluvial soil, sinking their pits until it became inconvenient to throw or hoist the mineral matter out, and then abandoning them to excavate others. I observed people occupied in this kind of work in several places: the soil at the top consisted generally of about a foot of red earth mixed with pieces of mamillary quartz and petro-siliceous stones; next a deposit of red clay of a few feet deep, resting upon a bed of gravel and cherty pebbles, in which the fragments of galena were contained. These deposits do not differ in point of mechanical arrangement from the gravel deposits containing gold in the Southern States, all of which appear to be the result of the destruction of the superior strata.

At present, owing to the greater energy of the Americans, almost the whole surface of the country is dug up into pits of various sizes, from four feet diameter to some exceeding twenty feet square, with a proportionate depth. These larger areas belong

entirely to modern times, and are the result of the discovery gradually made, that the loose fragments of galena in the superficial soil, which were once the sole object of the diggings, are connected with "mineral"—as it is called here—imbedded in the solid rock. As soon as this was ascertained they went to work as men would do in an ordinary quarry, without much relation to method, and in one or two places I saw a quarry of the extent of half an acre opened, and people blasting the galeniferous rock with gunpowder; so that mining, as it is called here, is precisely what quarrying is in other places.

In selecting a place for conducting these excavations, they observe, as the miners do in Cornwall, certain external indications of "mineral" on the surface, such as the prevalence of masses of quartzose rock, generally cellular and full of groups of small mamillary crystals, which are often very brilliant. These crystals frequently rest upon chalcedonized concentric layers with an agate structure. In other instances the crystals are formed into pyramids, and their masses are hollow. These quartzose masses are called in the mining district "mineral blossom," and are always thought, I believe with justice, to indicate the presence of galena below: indeed it was obvious to us, on entering the lead district, that a great change had taken place in the mineral matter; numerous localities presenting a confused but distinct and rather unvarying character of

crystallization in the agate structure, the mamillary quartz, and the indications of sulphate of barytes.

The hills around the small valley where we were, consisted of the same calcareo-siliceous rock which we had seen superincumbent upon the incoherent sandstone. Some practical English miners had sunk a shaft on the slope of these hills, and Messrs. Taplitt and Perry, being enterprising men, had imitated their example. The shaft they had sunk was 110 feet deep, and the young miner who had the charge of it very obligingly caused me to be let down in the bucket, and gave me every aid and facility for examining their underground works. For the first sixty feet we went through the calcareo-siliceous rock, rather incoherent towards the top, and then came upon a *horizontal* vein of sulphuret of lead; lower down they had come upon a second horizontal vein, the appearance of which was surprisingly brilliant and curious; for as I stood in the widest part of the drift, I could see a band of bright shining compact galena upwards of a foot wide, running through the rocks in a horizontal line. Numerous subordinate veins and threads were connected with this band, and where the metal appeared to be promising, they had cut drifts into them. In pursuing this principal horizontal vein, I came, in succession, to a great number of cavities or pockets in the calcareo-siliceous rock of various sizes, all of which seemed to be analogous to those which exist underground in the gold region of Virginia. Some of them were

not more than four or five feet wide, whilst others were much larger. The largest I entered was about forty feet from top to bottom, and about thirty-five feet in diameter. In this, as well as in the other cavities, they had uniformly found an immense quantity of red clay, resembling that found in the superficial deposits, with a thick plate of sulphuret of lead at the bottom of it, as if it had sunk there by its specific gravity. But what gave me the greatest satisfaction was coming at length to a vein *almost vertical*, containing a breadth of about eighteen inches of compact galena; this my conductor said they called the *main channel.* I took its course, and found it to be N.N.E. S.S.W., with an inclination of 18°. On a full consideration of all the circumstances connected with this main channel, I came to the opinion that all the horizontal veins were lateral jets from this vertical lode, which, rising from below, had injected the horizontal bands into the rock. The phenomenon appeared to me to be quite analogous to the case which Mr. M'Culloch has cited of the injection of horizontal bands of trap into sandstone, at Trotternish, in Scotland.*

Having made these observations upon the direction of the veins, I commenced an examination of their structure more in detail, and found they were all what is called in some of the mining districts of England "wet veins," being, without exception,

* *Vide* M'Culloch's "Western Highlands of Scotland."

encased, not in sulphate of barytes, but in pure bright red argillaceous matter, quite wet beneath the galena, and cutting with a shining waxy face. Wherever the metal runs, this wet red clay accompanies it, enclosing it as it were in a sheath, and carrying along with it sometimes nodules of quartz, iron, zinc, and a little galena, a compound to which the miners have given the name of *dry bones*. We here find the origin of the red clay which covers the gravel beds of the superficial soil in the valleys, and an almost incontrovertible proof that that deposit is the result of the destruction of ancient beds. Everything connected with the geological phenomena of the metallic districts of this country concurs to show that there has been in ancient times a period of great violence, accompanied with mighty aqueous action, that has ended in greatly lowering the ancient surface.

We were informed that they could raise and bring to the surface at these mines 5000 lbs. weight of the ore a day, a quantity that I should think could be easily quadrupled, if the demand for the metal justified it. The compact sulphuret they obtain is very valuable, for it is free from foreign matter, and yields 65 per cent. of pure lead of commerce. I advised them to desist from cutting drifts upon so many of the threads, as they were making a labyrinth of their works, but to sink another winze from one of their galleries, and cut out upon the main channel below, as it was not improbable that

in doing so, they might intersect another suite of horizontal bands of the ore.

Having paid our debt of hospitality to our kind entertainers in douceurs to the black workmen in their service, we shook hands cordially with them, thanking them with great sincerity, and departed for Farmington, a small village, distant about twenty miles. We kept the high table-land for the first ten miles, constantly accompanied by the mineral indications, and then descended to a low country where the calcareo-siliceous rock no longer appeared. Crossing a pretty stream, called by the French Terrebleu—of which the Americans have made Tarblue,—whose waters were exceedingly pellucid, we passed some farms where the soil seemed to be fertile, and in eight miles more reached Farmington, and put up at a quiet comfortable tavern kept by a Mr. Boice. Here I had a chance of writing up my journal, which was a little behindhand, and of doing justice to my internals, which for some time had been upon rather scanty allowance.

The distance from this place to the Iron Mountain, which was the great lion of this part of the State of Missouri, being only sixteen miles, I determined to take a look at it, and Mr. Boice having procured us a couple of country saddle-horses, we gave Missouri a holiday, and started early the next morning. Our course was about S.W., and having proceeded four miles the country began sensibly to

grow higher, and we came upon some thin beds of the calcareo-siliceous rock; but in four miles more a still greater change took place, for we came to very lofty hills of a different kind to those we had seen on the preceding day, with an abrupt and stony ascent. Having reached a place where the rocks were entirely denuded, I dismounted, and found we were upon a formation of well-defined syenite, consisting of a regular chain, apparently running for a great distance N.E. and S.W. Crossing this chain, we turned into the woods in a S.S.W. direction to examine it on the west side, and there found it deflected rather inwards, taking somewhat a crateri-form. Riding on about an hour and a half, we at length came to a hill where the syenite was ponderously impregnated with iron, and at a distance of about a mile from this, reached one of the rarest metallic spectacles I have ever witnessed.

This consisted of two very singular hills, sparingly covered with trees, and adjacent to each other; one of them about 350 feet high, and both together perhaps containing 500 acres of land. The surface of these hills had the appearance of being paved with black glossy-looking pebbles of iron, having a bright metallic fracture of a steel gray colour. Beneath these pebbles, as far as I could judge, there was a solid mass of micaceous oxide of iron, and I traced it north and south near half a mile, until it was covered with the superficial soil at the foot of

the hills. Near the tops of these hills are immense masses of this oxide, and the space between them is filled up by fragments that have been broken from them, with angular edges a little rounded by the weather. Some portions of the ore are mixed up with quartzose matter of a flinty character, and, in some instances, crystals of iron were imbedded in the quartz. The other hills around, which I had an opportunity of examining, consisted of a dark-coloured coarse quartz with reddish felspar, but no mica. We were filled with admiration at what we saw: everything had the appearance of being metallic matter erupted from below, and I left the place regretting that I could not devote a whole week to a more particular examination of this curious syenitic chain, as we had been informed that other parts of it contained very striking mineral phenomena.

On our return at evening we saw a great many coveys of quails, with a numerous flock of fine grown wild turkeys; and as they behaved with pretty much the same indifference to us that tame ones would have done, we dismounted, tied up our horses, and gave chace to them in the woods; but they had not been creeping about the day before on their hands and knees in lead mines, nor gone through a fatiguing day's ride of forty miles as we had done, and soon left us at a very satisfactory distance; we therefore remounted, pushed on to Farmington, and after partaking of such a meal as

country people roused from their beds were disposed to give us, retired willingly to rest.

On the 3rd of November we started at an early hour for *Mine la Motte,* about sixteen miles from Farmington. There is a good deal of fertile alluvial soil in this neighbourhood, where emigrants from Tennessee and Kentucky have settled themselves, but they do not live comfortably. People of this class usually leave their native homes compelled by their poverty, and not being strangers altogether to the precarious and shifty existence of settlers in a wild country, they have recourse to all sorts of simple expedients to get along, and end by adopting as permanent usages, the shifts they had at first been compelled to practise. These, with their descendants, become manners and customs, to which the traveller is obliged to conform. Their cooking, their washing, their eating, their sleeping, and all their domestic matters are got through with in the simplest way, without much system, and with very little ceremony. An explorer of this wild country soon becomes accustomed to their ways, and is quite contented—if he is a man of experience—when he finds them good-tempered and clean. He is generally hungry, and if he finds anything on the table that he can eat with satisfaction, he sticks to that, helping himself liberally at first; for inconstancy and the search after variety do not generally produce useful results in countries where the grand object is to lay in a capital supply

for the gastrics to work upon as long as possible, and where there is not much certainty about the next meal. The real cares of such a traveller are food for the day, and a clean lodging for the night. He may get something to eat at one place, and at night he may come to another with little or nothing that he can eat, and must content himself with lying down on the floor, wrapped up in his own garments, there to get what sleep he can amidst the whole assembled family. His happy moments are all out of doors, where nature, always clean and always attractive, generally compensates him for every privation: there clinging to the open woods and the murmuring streams as long as daylight lasts, he reluctantly seeks the habitation of man only when compelled by want of food and rest.

CHAPTER XXI.

Mine la Motte—Veins of Galena disturbed by electric Matter—Earthquake at New Madrid in 1811—Fredericktown—A Judge's Encomium on the Missouri Bar—Panther Stories—Greenville—Fare at an opulent Missouri Farmer's—Life of a Squatter—How to "bring up" the Sovereign People—Bear Oil Currency—Scene in a Court of Justice.

We soon began to cross some of the head waters of the river St. Francis, and after passing a deep ravine where strong horizontal ledges of sandstone jutted out on its sides, we came upon an extensive table-land, where the trees being nearly all cut down, I supposed we were near the mine: soon after we reached some miserable log cabins on a naked plain, inhabited by the most ignorant human beings I almost ever conversed with, the mothers and wives of some of the labouring miners. A couple of miles farther on we came to the old French village of Mine la Motte, where was another set of miserable huts, in the inside of one or two of which, however, I perceived some signs of hope, such as tea things neatly arranged, bed-curtains, looking-glasses, &c., belonging to the families of some English miners, as we found upon inquiry. Specula-

tors from all quarters seem to have resorted to this place; the French are not very numerous, and those who succeed the best are the English, who have been brought up to mining in their native country; for being conversant with the throw of veins, and accustomed to follow a regular system of work, less of their labour is wasted: the Americans, however, are gradually adopting their plans, and being ingenious mechanics and persevering men, are beginning to do very well. What rather surprised me was, that even the Englishmen had adopted the method of quarrying instead of sinking shafts, alleging, as the reason, that the whole vicinity was so cut up by pits made by those who followed the practice of *shallow digging*, that it was hardly practicable to do anything but quarry the ore, for which the nature of the surface offered great facilities.

This part of the lead district presents many curious phenomena deserving attention. Its surface is upon a table-land of great extent, with a few inconsiderable streams passing through it, and the diggings are so numerous in every direction, and the country is so wasted, that the cattle running at large frequently fall into the holes. One quarry had been opened to the extent of fifty feet in length and twenty-five feet in deep, and another had been irregularly worked in the side of a hill for a greater distance, so that sections of the manner in which the galena was connected with the stony matter were exhibited in various ways. At the quarry

called Mine la Prairie, the galena not only ran in the rock in compact bands, as at Taplitt's, but in some places was interspersed with it in small patches, and sometimes the calcareo-siliceous rock was even speckled throughout with minute portions of the ore, so as to give the appearance of the stony and metallic matter having both come into place at the same time, for if either the one or the other were abstracted, no principle of cohesion would be left for the remaining mineral. This ore is troublesome to reduce, being much mixed with sulphuret of copper, and only yields from 40 to 50 per cent.

In another quarry phenomena of a different character presented themselves; the calcareo-siliceous rock was so decomposed as to be quite incoherent, and loose enough to be shovelled out; occasionally it changed its character, the silex and lime being separated so as to leave the rock sometimes hard, sometimes soft, sometimes granular, sometimes compact. In one place I observed a seam of sandstone near three feet thick lying upon a seam of bright galena six inches broad, with limestone below. But what made this locality, where the constituents of the calcareo-siliceous rock had separated, so interesting, was the state of the galena found in it. A band of ore, upwards of twelve inches wide—which evidently had once run horizontally in a compact body through the rock, like that which we had seen at Taplitt's—was still there, but shattered and dislocated into myriads of sharp angular

fragments, some of them standing on their edges in one direction, eight or ten inches wide, and others at right angles to them; whilst near to them parts of the original compact horizontal band were lying flat on the rock as if they had never been disturbed, resembling the condition of the shattered flints in the chalk cliffs at the Isle of Wight. For this phenomenon, perhaps, the proximate cause is at hand, in the subterranean disturbances that seem to be peculiar to this district, and which occurred at New Madrid, on the Mississippi, in 1811 and 1812.*

* New Madrid is a settlement on the right bank of the Mississippi, about seventy miles south-east from this district; it received this name in consequence of its having been the site of an old Spanish post, and was settled first in 1780. The country around is a flat alluvial area without a vestige of rocky strata in any part of it, generally well wooded, but containing two or three prairies of about five miles square, where cotton and Indian corn are cultivated.

In the month of December, 1811, the inhabitants of New Madrid were roused in the night by distant rolling sounds somewhat resembling the discharge of artillery; soon after this the earth began to rock to and fro, and to open into vast chasms, from whence issued a dense vapour accompanied with torrents of water. Near one-half of the county of New Madrid was depressed about four feet from its ancient level; the beds of ancient lakes were upheaved, and became areas of sand, and lands of the most fertile quality were sunk in some places and converted into lakes, one of which is said to be *sixty* miles long and from three to twenty miles broad; some parts of this lake are so shallow as to permit the tops of the trees to appear above the water, but the depth in other parts is said to be from fifty to one hundred feet. At one moment of this convulsion a portion of the bed of the Mississippi was heaved up so high as to make its waters refluent, and accumulate them to an extent which menaced

These produced very remarkable effects; they raised and depressed extensive districts of country, filled up old lakes and formed new ones, and completely changed the surface of the country in the interior for a great distance on the west side of the river; a disturbing influence which, from causes unknown to us, may have frequently visited this part of the country. Perhaps even the syenitic chain, which includes the Iron Mountain, may have been thrust up at the period when an electric power of great intensity passed along these lodes, and brought them into their present shattered condition.

Highly gratified by what I had seen here, we departed for Frederictown, four miles distant, over a tolerably level country. This was the ancient St. Michel of the French, in the vicinity of which this modern American settlement has been built on a hill, with its court-house and *steeple*, a magnificent object to our now rustic eyes, so long accustomed to log cabins. We stopped at an indifferent-looking tavern, kept by a German named *Hethner*, an intelligent and good man, who was exceedingly unhappy at this time, having had the misfortune to kill a drunken Frenchman who had insulted and annoyed him excessively in his own house. He was under bail for a large amount, but entertained

the submergence of all the adjacent country; and the settlers were only spared this evil by the increasing power of the aqueous volume, which at length wore a passage through the artificial dam thus created, and restored the channel.

confident hopes that he would be acquitted upon his trial, as it was known to many respectable people that the Frenchman was the aggressor, and would probably have slain Hethner if he had not been too quick for him.

This tragical incident had occasioned a feud in the place not very favourable to the poor German's hopes, a strong party having been formed exceedingly hostile to him; for a majority of the inhabitants being of French origin had taken up the affair warmly, and being a foreigner he had not as many friends as a native American would have had. Nevertheless he was not without them; some of the most respectable people were determined he should have fair play, and the magistrate who had admitted him to bail was at the head of them. A person we became acquainted with gave us an amusing account of this worthy personage, who had been "raised" on the frontier settlements of Kentucky, and elevated to the dignity of judge of the county court here, not because he had ever studied law, or any other art or science, but because he was a thorough going party-man. The judge was a straight-forward, fearless person, and having emigrated into the State of Missouri in consequence of a ruinous law-suit, had brought with him an utter detestation of lawyers. It happened that the friends of the deceased Frenchman had engaged the services of a conceited, talkative, satirical limb of the law, who also had come here to make his for-

tune, and betwixt this man and his honor the judge a grudge had arisen upon the following occasion.

Amongst the functions his honor was charged with, was the duty of taking acknowledgments of deeds; and soon after his elevation to the bench the attorney waited upon him accompanied by a female, and presenting him with a long conveyance, told him he was "to examine her secretly and apart," whether she had signed the deed by compulsion, and was to certify the affidavit immediately, as they wanted to use the deed in half an hour. As he had never exercised this function before, and had no very clear notion of what sort of examination she was to undergo, and above all not liking either the man or his manner, he told him to leave the paper, and that he would look it over and see what he could do. To this the attorney testily replied, "you have no business to look at the paper at all, your business is only with the affidavit." A little nettled at this want of reverence, the judge as sharply rejoined, "I calculate you must take me for a most almighty fool to suppose that I'm a mind to swar to what's in that ar paper before I've read a word in it, and I ain't a-going to do no sich thing for no lawyers on the universal arth, I tell *you*." It was in vain his honor was told that he was not the person that was to swear to the affidavit; he would not listen to the attorney, and the lady inclining to the judge's opinion, and expressing a wish that he would read the paper, the attorney was outvoted and had to

submit, taking his revenge however afterwards by ridiculing the judge upon all occasions. At the period when this homicide took place, his honor had received so many affronts from the attorney that a "rumpus" was expected betwixt them every time they met.

When Hethner was brought before the judge, a violent altercation arose betwixt him and the attorney on the propriety of admitting the accused to bail. Authorities were quoted, statutes were produced, and the bench was emphatically told that he "could not by law admit him to bail, and that no man that was the very beginning of a lawyer would say he could." To all this his honor replied, "the court knows well enough what it's abaywt, it ain't a-going to do no sich thing as read all them law books by no manner of means, and it's no use to carry on so, for the court decides all the pynts agin you." Having delivered the opinion of the bench with great firmness, his honor now took to a remarkable personal peculiarity he had, which was to gather his lips together when he had made a speech, and suck the air in with great vehemence. No sooner, therefore, was the decision promulgated than the attorney sarcastically observed: "Some folks gets their law from books, and some folks I calculate must suck it in." This sally having produced a universal titter, his honor immediately arose to vindicate the dignity of the bench, and addressed the following eloquent rebuke to the offending

barrister:—"Suck or no suck, I swar I ain't a-going to be bully-ragged by no sich talking Juniuses as you, a sniggering varmint that's the non compus mentus of all human abhorrence, and that's parfictly intosticated with his own imperance—that's the court's candid opinion—if it ain't, I wish the court may be eternally ——."

I should have been glad to have visited other parts of this interesting mining district before the winter had set in, if my plans had permitted me to do so, but we had still 500 miles of this part of the country to travel over in a S.W. direction before we could reach the Mexican frontier, and during the whole of that distance, Little Rock, upon the Arkansa River, was the only village we should meet. Our horse Missouri, too, had shown symptoms of not being equal to the task of drawing his load over roads that would probably not grow better as we advanced: this was a discouraging circumstance, as our sole dependence for accomplishing our tour was upon him. I determined, therefore, to defer my visit to Potosi and some other mines to a more favourable opportunity, and putting our waggon into the best order we could, and agreeing to ease our horse by walking the whole way if necessary, we took leave of this the last village on our route to the Arkansa, and with my rifle on my shoulder, and my hammers in my belt, and my son holding the reins, and walking by my side, we now entered the endless forest. In the course of the

morning we got upon hilly land, and found it less woody, but abounding in pebbles of hornstone, masses of cellular mamillary quartz, opaque flints, siliceous gravel, and everything indicating a mineral country where quartzose and siliceous matter had the dominion. Not only were the pebbles of mamillary quartz agatized at the edges, but large nodules of opaque flint in concentric circles occurred at every step. These mineral indications increased as we advanced, and on an extensive ridge which we had to traverse we could find nothing but siliceous matter. Having made about six miles, we passed some heads of the St. Francis, the water of which was beautifully transparent, as are all those of this siliceous region.

Seeing a smoke at some distance in these pine barrens, I walked some distance to it in the expectation of meeting with some person or other, but it only turned out to be some old logs burning; and as we advanced we found the whole country black and incinerated in every direction, the woods having been generally on fire. At Twelve Miles Creek we found some obscure settlers, and at sixteen miles from Frederictown we passed lofty hills of massive dark reddish greenstone, probably connected with the syenitic chain: we then fell down to a bottom of some extent, and at twenty-three miles crossed a mountain about two miles and a half from foot to foot, composed of the old siliceous matter, hornstone, mamillary quartz, &c. A mile farther brought

us to a settler's named M'Faddin, on a fertile bottom of land, half a mile east of the river St. Francis. The bed of this stream contains great quantities of siliceous gravel, a circumstance unfavourable to the erection of water-mills, since it makes it difficult to lay their mill-dams on the solid rock, and when they do not succeed in doing so, the water *dodges* under the gravel, and the dam comes down. For this reason the people about here are frequently obliged to send their corn fifteen or twenty miles to be ground. Mr. M'Faddin showed me pieces of galena that he had ploughed up in his lands: zinc also and manganese are found, which last the settlers call *black tin.* In every direction the mountains contain magnetic oxide of iron, this appearing to be the favourite metallic associate of siliceous countries.

Here we boiled our kettle, and got a refreshing cup of tea, which, with the addition of a mouthful of buffalo tongue, taken from a small supply we had brought from St. Louis, set us all right again. M'Faddin is an experienced hunter, and entertained us with some capital wild-beast stories. The panthers are numerous about here, and are frequently killed. His son and a negro man had lately driven one up a tree with their dog, but they had no gun, and being determined on having some sport they cut the tree down with their axes. The animal not being much stunned when he came to the ground, immediately made fight and flew at them; but the negro having disabled him with a

gash from his axe, he was soon dispatched. This was considered a daring achievement, for the panther when roused to resistance is considered dangerous, and only to be dealt with by the rifle. M'Faddin told us of a singular habit of this animal, who, when he has killed a deer or any creature he has mastered, first feeds upon it, and then covers his prey over with leaves, lying there to watch it until he is hungry again. M'Faddin has frequently found a stag covered in this manner, and the panther's lair near to it, when he has been frightened from it by the dogs. Only a very short time ago he was searching the woods for his hogs, when he roused a large panther, who taking to a tree, was brought down with the rifle; returning to the place whence he started him, he found one of his hogs covered up with leaves, that the animal had killed and partly devoured. Bears, too, are numerous, and when in the autumnal evenings they are heard scratching in the dry leaves for mast, the hunter steals upon them with his rifle: this is called *still-hunting*.

A mile from this place we got again upon the calcareo-siliceous hills, the rock being fetid in many places, and found masses of compact sulphate of barytes with the usual quartzose indications. The change of level was now continued from one hill and valley to another, and rendered our progress slow; at seven miles from M'Faddin's we ascended a very abrupt hill about 1200 feet high, composed

entirely of siliceous matter, and at the summit enjoyed what we had been long strangers to, an extensive view of the country. Immediately below us was a very deep glen, as savage-looking as the wildest nature could make it, distinguished by a fearful but attractive character: we had been told of this place, and that it was not resorted to by panthers, because there was no water near. It is water that makes herbage plentiful, and the smaller animals attracted by it are followed by the rapacious carnivorous ones which prey upon them. To the N. and N.W. were numerous lofty ridges running nearly parallel to each other, like those of the Alleghany; and here and there to the west some remarkable high cones, overtopping all the other mountains. The ridge upon which we stood was not more than 100 feet broad, and assuming a semicircular form, gave a crateri-form appearance to the glen below. We enjoyed this view exceedingly; its extent and grandeur, the perfect silence and solitude of the scene, the consciousness that we were there alone, in a country so wild and savage, that if any misfortune happened to us, we could expect no assistance; and the more comfortable consciousness that we were in the possession of health, strength, and resolution, imparted a romantic and exhilarating feeling that made us happy for the moment.

From this mountain, at the foot of which fragments of galena have been found, we descended

three miles to Greenville, a poor wretched collection of four or five wooden cabins, where the miserable inhabitants die by inches of chills and fever. It is a most distressing thing to arrive at these settlements on the water-courses at this season; the poor people, feeble, emaciated, and sallow, are just beginning to recover from the malaria of the country: to many of the persons whom I here saw life seemed to be a burthen, whilst others were roistering about at that indispensable rendezvous of every settlement, a dirty-looking store, where all the vagabonds congregate together, to discuss politics and whiskey. The settlement, however, is beautifully situated on a rich bottom of land on the east bank of the St. Francis, a fine clear stream about eighty yards broad, running thirty feet lower than the banks at this time, but which often during the floods overflows them.

After feeding our horse, and endeavouring in vain to purchase a little milk for ourselves to eke out some gingerbread we had, we proceeded fifteen miles farther through mountains and fertile bottoms resembling those of the morning, until at night we reached a settler's of the name of Stevenson, half a mile distant from Big Black River, a tributary of White River, in the territory of Arkansa, which it joins a little south of 36° of N. lat. Here we were obligingly received, and having taken care of our horse, sat down with the family to their humble evening's repast. Not having eaten

since I left Frederictown, I was ready enough, and there was something on the table they called a dish of meat; but it was such an extraordinary-looking affair, that I did not venture even to taste it: there was also a companion to it which went by the name of pumpkin pie, a dish that in the Atlantic States is deserving of every commendation. I did taste this, but it would not do; so asking permission to boil a cup of my own tea, I ate a sweet potato with it, and afterwards went into the yard to eat a piece of gingerbread, for the double purpose of satisfying the cravings of my appetite, and of not giving offence to our hosts by appearing to be above eating the fare they had provided.

And here it is to be observed, that these people occupied 160 acres of fertile bottom land, had 1000 bushels of Indian corn ready harvested, two or three hundred bushels of wheat, numerous cows, with a boundless range for them on the adjacent hills and bottoms that afforded excellent grass, great numbers of barn-door fowls, wild turkeys in profusion around them, deer to be had at an hour's notice; and yet so indolent were they, and so ignorant of the decencies of existence, that they would not take the least pains to prepare anything that was nourishing even for themselves. With such people every repast, whether it be breakfast, dinner, or supper—for there is no variety in their meals—consists of the worst possible coffee, indifferent dirty frothy-looking butter, black sugar or honey, as the case may be, a

little bacon, or some sort of dried meat cooked, I do not know how, and as tough as leather, and miserably made Indian corn bread: if you ask for milk, the general answer is, "We ain't got none, for the kayws is somehaw got a haunt of not coming hum." Eggs we have not once met with.

All these settlers are, in fact, drawn from the poorest classes of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Louisiana. Where they are agriculturists they are hard-working enterprising men, always busy, fencing, ploughing, chopping timber, setting traps for the wolves, hunting the panthers that destroy their calves and swine, and are continually occupied without a moment's relaxation. With them the ceremony of eating is an affair of a few moments; the grand object is to fill the stomach as quick as possible with the usual food; this from long habit they prefer to anything else, and the women having got into a daily routine without any motive for changing it in the slightest degree, and, indeed, without even suspecting that it would be agreeable to anybody to do so, go on preparing the same disgusting coffee, pork, bread and butter, three times a day, as long as they live.

If the settler is merely a hunter and a squatter, you find a poor cabin and no farm, a cow perhaps that comes in from the woods once every two or three days to get a little salt, and that then only gives a teacupfull of milk. But in most cases when you arrive, the owner of the mansion is not

at home, and in his place you find six or seven ragged wild-looking imps, and a skinny, burnt up, dirty female, who tells you that he "is gone to help a neighbour to hunt up an old painter that's been arter all the pigs; he ain't been hum in a week, and I reckon he's stopt somewhar to help to *shuck* corn (the stripping the maize from the husk when it is ripe): we han't not nothing in the house but a little corn that I pounds as I uses it, and a couple of racoons jist to sarve us till he gits back." * The corn they consume is paid for in deer-skins, and the heavier debts of the squatter he literally liquidates with bears' oil. If he has to negotiate the purchase of a horse to the amount of 50 dollars, the items of the appropriation are as follows:—On or before Christmas he is "to turn in" 15 gallons of *bar* (bear) oil, the current value of which is one dollar per gallon; twelve deer-skins at 75 cents each; then he is to go with "a negur" to Big Swamp to help to "hunt up" some young horses that were taken there six months ago to pasture, and is to have a dollar a day for that service; and as to

* A traveller in these districts told me that he once came to such a place, where the number of little peltry clad imps was so great, and they ran about so quick, that he could not get an opportunity of counting them. Not one of them had a hat, and never having used one, the hair of every one of them was white. Upon his saying to the mother, "Why, you have got a surprising quantity of children; how do you ever mean to bring them up?" "Bring 'em up!" replied she, "why, my husband brings 'em up every Saturday, I reckon, and then I washes 'em all."

the rest he "is to git along with it somehaw or other."

This curious bargain I took down from the mouth of one of these fellows who had been born in the woods, had never even been in a village, and knew nothing of the arts and customs of society. He seemed a fearless good-tempered creature, with a great deal of conceit of his own cleverness; had no property of his own but his rifle, and never had possessed any save that which he acquired by his wandering and desultory pursuits. He had a prejudice against all men who were not, like himself, freed from every kind of restraint, and did not go willingly amongst them. When I had conversed with him for some time, he asked me if I was a lawyer. I told him no, that I was afraid I was nothing much to boast of in the way of business. "Why then," said he, "I swar that's jist what I am, and I'm glad you are not a lawyer, for the lawyers is the most cursedest varmint, I reckon, that's abawt." "Where have you met with any lawyers," said I; "there are none in this part of the country?" "Stranger," he replied, "I once lived ajyning (adjoining) to the Gasconade what runs into the Missoura, and so they set off Franklin Caywnty ajyning to it; and wherever they set up a caywnty, you see, there the lawyers is sure to come. And so a farmer what I owed fourteen deer-skins to, sent a constable and tuk me, and wanted to haul me into the caywnty, and so the more he wanted me to go the more I

wouldn't go, and I gave him a most almighty whipping. Soon arter three fellows comed from Franklin and tuk me, and hauled me to what they called the court-house, where there was a lawyer they called Judge Monson, and he fined me ten gallons for whipping the constable. 'Why,' said I, 'you don't mean to say you'll make me pay ten gallons for whipping that ar fellow?' 'Yes, I do,' says he, 'and that you shall see!' 'Then,' says I, 'I calculate I'll whip you like —— the first time I catch you in the woods, if I have to pull all the bees and all the bars in Missoura out of their holes.' And so the crittur had me locked up till one of the settlers that wanted me to do a job for him said he would pay the ten gallons: but I didn't like them prac*tyces;* I seed the country warn't a going to be worth living in, and so I left the Gasconade Caywnty and comed here, for you'll mind that wherever the lawyers and the court-houses come, the other varmint, bars and sich like, are sure to quit."

Characters of this kind are now only to be met with on the remote frontiers: most of their cabins are destitute of furniture and food, and at certain seasons the sickly inhabitants look as if their clothes had never been taken off, their faces washed, or their hair combed. The settling of the country is a great annoyance to men of this class; for where the white man comes to plant and *live,* the buffalo and elk will not stay, the deer and bear become thinned off, and amongst his former friends the hunter is

almost reduced at last to the deer, the wild turkey, the racoon, and opossum, which being totally insufficient for his wants, he gradually becomes a dependant upon the more opulent planter, the only person who has *always* something to eat. This he tries for a while, and pays for his subsistence in little jobs; but the restraint is too great, and at length he bursts his chains, and plunges into the wilderness some hundreds of miles off, "whar the bars is a plenty."

CHAPTER XXII.

Big Black River—First appearance of Parroqueets—Elk and Buffalo—Little Black River—A Disaster and a Night in the Woods—Ivory-billed Woodpeckers, and one of the Sovereign People unable to hold the reins of Government—A Forest on Fire—The Currant River.

At the break of day I left my uncomfortable bed, and having refreshed myself at the well, examined a ravine not far from the house, in the banks of which I found some very long and curious stalactitic rods of oxide of iron. Veins of micaceous oxide are very abundant in this neighbourhood, and some hunters who frequent the mountains inform me that it is in the greatest profusion in various localities there. Pursuing our journey, we came to Big Black River, a broad limpid stream, with a rapid current moving down so swiftly that our horse, after taking us one-third of the distance across, became alarmed, and I was afraid we were going to have a scene with him. We found it impossible to get him to move without compromising the safety of our vehicle and luggage; so, after trying in vain to get him on for a quarter of an hour, it became at length necessary for one of us to get into the river and try to lead

him. My son accordingly got into the water and led him a few steps, whilst I plied him with the whip to prevent his stopping. On nearing the shore we found the water almost took him off his legs, and my son, finding it too deep to walk, let him go. In this dilemma, and every moment expecting to come to a grand stand-still, I happily reached the bank, but with the waggon full of water, and my son scrambled out of the river as well as he could. It had been a severe frost during the past night, the water was bitterly cold, and he suffered a good deal; so we stopped on getting to dry land, and soon got up a cheerful fire for him to change his clothes at. We now perceived that, if we had taken a different period for passing these mountains, we could not have proceeded, for in the rainy periods these fords are impracticable for wheels, as well as many of the bayous and creeks.

After travelling some distance through the forest, we got upon an extensive bottom, where we again found the country on fire, the leaves and twigs all burnt up, and every thing as black as soot. At length we reached a place where fire had not passed, and as there was a small clear running stream close by, we determined to make this our breakfast parlour. Whilst my son attended to our horse, I collected materials for a fire; and after many vain attempts to light it with some pretended English matches I had procured in Baltimore, I succeeded. The next thing was to set our new tin

tea-kettle that we had procured at St. Louis on the fire, and bring it to boiling heat. All this I did with so much dispatch and apparent cleverness, that I could not help calling to my companion to observe my rare dispositions in the culinary line. Unfortunately, I was too soon obliged to put a much lower estimate upon them than I at first thought they deserved, for my son, coming to the fire, communicated the alarming information that I had made a veteran of the new kettle on its very first performance. The fact was that I had left it a few minutes, and the fire burning up fiercely had made it completely black with smoke, and what was worse, and was a serious misfortune, had melted all the soldering from both the spout and the handle, so that we were immensely puzzled how to take hold of it and convey it to the teapot. We, nevertheless, made a cheerful and hearty breakfast. Mrs. Stevenson had managed to put us up a bottle of new milk before we came away, we had good black tea, nice loaf sugar, some biscuit and buffalo tongue, and were in capital spirits. As we were breakfasting, four beautiful crested wood-ducks alighted in the stream not far from us, but they became alarmed before we succeeded in getting a shot at them. Just before we left the place, we perceived that our fire was creeping through the leaves, and that, if not extinguished, it might produce a serious conflagration. Thinking it right to leave Nature as clean as we found her, we spent

about a quarter of an hour in bringing pails of water from the stream until the fire was out. Many careless persons do not take so much trouble; they kindle a fire, and then leave it unextinguished; the consequence of which frequently is, that many thousands of acres are burnt over, the mast upon which the deer and bears would have fed is destroyed, the buildings of the farmer endangered, his fences burnt down, and his corn-fields injured. The hunters, too, sometimes, with the intention of driving the game to a particular quarter, will purposely fire the country in various places, indifferent to the devastation and inconvenience they cause; and all this merely to get a few deer with greater dispatch than they would do by going a little farther into the country. It is vain to remonstrate with these men; they live by getting deer, and as they look upon the farmer as an intruder, have little or no sympathy for him.

A few miles from this place we came to a shallow ravine, or dry bayou, with a little stagnant water at the bottom. The bank was very steep; and when we got down our wheels stuck fast in a mud-hole, from which our horse with all his efforts could not extricate them. After many futile attempts, we were obliged to take him out, unload the carriage, cut poles and logs to place before the horse as a bridge for him to stand on, and using others as levers, finally, after three hours' hard work, succeeded in successfully assisting Missouri to get us out of the bayou. We now reloaded and pursued our journey,

and after travelling a few miles over a kind of ridgy country, sometimes upon calcareo-siliceous beds, at others upon siliceous rocks, came to one small ridge which we found almost composed of millions of tons of the very best gun-flint, equal in quality to the chalk-flint of Europe; a substance unknown in the United States, there being no chalk beds hitherto discovered there.

Descending to the south we came to some very beautiful situations of fine dry undulating land, easy of access, the slopes exceedingly gentle, and beautiful woodland trees scattered about as they are seen in the charming park scenery of England. Having made about fourteen miles we stopped to feed our horse at a Mr. Eppes's, who has a plantation on a very fertile bottom, and here we saw the first appearance of a cane-brake (*Miegia macrosperma*): this plant is always indicative of good soil, and in some portions of the southern States pushes up its jointed stem amidst the forest trees so thickly that a chicken would sometimes find it difficult to creep betwixt the plants. We had also other indications of a Southern latitude here: small flocks of parroqueets were wheeling and screaming about in the bright sun, and showing their brilliant colours to the greatest advantage.

Upon the wall of the cabin where the family lived was a frame upon which the skin of an elk was stretched that Mr. Eppes had killed the day before. Learning that he was in a corn-field about

half a mile distant, I walked there and found him, when he confirmed to me what I had before heard, that in the "Big Swamp," which bordered his plantation on the east, and which extended about twenty miles to the river St. Francis, there were still a great many elk and buffalo, the only situation in which these animals are to be found east of the most advanced settlements of the whites, it being favourable to them from the great extent of the swamp, the luxuriance of the wild grass, and the absence of man. Mr. Eppes related to me that two or three days ago he and his son had entered the Big Swamp to hunt up some young horses they had turned into it in the spring to thrive upon the leaves of the miegia, which granivorous animals are very fond of; that wandering about in the mazes of the swamp, and tearing their clothes to rags amongst the green briars (*smilax*), the supple jacks (*Ænoplia volubilis*), saw briar (*Schrankia horridula*), and all sorts of pests of their kind, they had lost themselves, and knowing of no method to find out where they were, but going to the river to observe the direction of the current, they crossed a broad "sign" or track of buffalo, where at least forty of them had recently passed. This they knew by their dung, the marks of their hoofs, and the peculiar tracks these animals make when they travel. Soon afterwards they crossed a "sign" of numerous elk, and whilst they were deliberating what to do, three large ones came trotting up and stood still at

no great distance from them. Mr. Eppes fired and one of the elk dropped; the others stood some time by their fallen companion, but made off before he had time to load again. He said they were about the size of a large Spanish mule, and that they looked extremely well with their branching antlers when they first came boldly up. Having skinned the animal they left the carcase behind, and soon after, coming upon their own trail, proceeded home.

From hence we proceeded through some pleasant open woods, consisting principally of oak-trees growing on a very fertile soil; and some time after night heard the murmuring sound of Little Black River before us. I hesitated a moment whether or not to stop and bivouack here—our experience of the last ford we had passed did not afford much encouragement for a similar adventure in the dark; but Mr. Eppes had assured us the ford was an easy one, Missouri seemed very willing, and I thought I would proceed a few miles farther through the thick woods, where we could have seen nothing by daylight; so whipping on our horse, away we went literally, for, in making a sort of turn to go down the bank, the nigh wheels, which we could not see, got on a hummock of land, and the whole concern, including the unsuspecting Missouri, made a complete turn over, luggage and all, leaving the waggon bottom upwards. We both of us jumped out, as we felt we were coming to a "fix," and thought with dismay

upon this most disastrous occurrence. Our fine-tempered horse behaved extremely well; instead of kicking up a rumpus in the dark, and making things worse, which would have been a very natural step for him to take, he laid still, and permitted us to take the waggon to pieces as well as we could, and to unbuckle and unstrap him before he stirred: he seemed almost to comprehend us as we patted and comforted him; and it was not until he could neither hurt the waggon nor himself, that, a little aided by us, he made an effort, and with a plunge arose from the very awkward position in which he lay with his back down hill.

We were now brought to a "nonplush;" it was dark, our luggage, our axes, our hammers, our rifles, our everything that we had in the world, was scattered on the beach, and we had nothing to do but make the best of what had happened, and endeavour to look cheerfully forward rather than to look sorrowfully back. Our first care was to tie up our horse, our next to regain the bank, choose a level and open place in the wood, and make a good fire. All this being successfully done, we gave Missouri his corn in the pail, and secured him for the night with a long rope that admitted of his having a limited range to pick up the wild grass in. We next made a small fire on the beach, and by its aid collected and put together the parts of our waggon —not one of which was broken—and drew it to a safe place beyond the danger of a sudden rise of the

stream. We then gathered together our luggage, our provision-basket, and all the articles we could see, leaving my loose specimens and other small matters on the beach until morning. Things being made as snug as circumstances admitted of our making them, we got a warm cup of tea and a mouthful to eat, and then proceeded to lay in a supply of logs for our fire.

It was a very cold night, and unfortunately dead wood was not plentiful where our camp was pitched; having, therefore, collected all that was at hand, we went to work and cut down some young trees, a laborious operation that made our hands sore. The last thing was to spread our buffalo-hides on the ground, put our large blanket coats on, and lie with our feet to the fire, my son taking the first watch. Making my pillow of some minerals that were tied up in a bag, I tried to compose myself to sleep, and looking upwards at the brilliant stars of heaven through the tops of the trees, waited until the oblivious moment should come upon me, which at length it did, and dreams of other scenes came and went in my wandering imagination. Besides the rigour of the weather, the damp from the river fell heavily upon us, so that we were constantly obliged to replenish our fire, and twice had to get up and cut more wood. During the night various animals, attracted no doubt by the fire, came rustling through the leaves and alarmed our horse; the whooping of the owls was disagreeably frequent; the howling of the wolves

and barking of the foxes were more amusing. But there was one animal, however, most resolutely and mischievously curious, and which we could not drive away. What it was we could not see exactly, as it did not come very near to the fire, but kept constantly hovering and prowling about: sometimes, when we attempted to drive it away, it would cross the stream, but ere long would come tramping back again. Missouri, who was tethered close to us, would prick up his ears and arch his neck, and look at us in a very expressive manner, whenever he heard this intruder in motion. As to ourselves, the worst apprehensions we entertained from this visitor were that it would trample our things to pieces that lay scattered on the beach. Neither of us being able to sleep much, we were glad when the dawn came, and hastening to replenish our fire, and take a hasty cup of tea, we collected our *disjecta membra* and prepared to start. I missed, however, a large towel I had used the preceding evening, which I remembered well having spread out over a bush before I supped; and my son assuring me that he had not removed it, we came to the unavoidable conclusion that our nocturnal visitor must have taken it. Just before we turned down the bank to go to the river, looking up the woodland road we had travelled, I saw something like a parcel lying at a distance on the ground, and going to it, found it was my towel, quite wet and rolled up in a very odd manner. Casting my eyes round, I saw

a cow in the woods looking at me, the identical animal that had annoyed us during the night: she had taken the towel and amused herself with chewing it, until she found she could make nothing but a towel of it, and had then dropped it. These animals sometimes stray to great distances from the settlements. I was glad to find my towel; and having washed it well at the river, and made up a little fire to dry it, we finally crossed the stream and pursued our journey.

We soon rose again to the table-land, and got upon our old ground, the calcareo-siliceous rock: it was a fine open country, and very extensive; and the trees were so far asunder from each other that we could have imagined ourselves travelling through some park. Here we saw the first ivory-billed woodpeckers (*Picus principalis*), a beautiful bird, not found farther north than this part of the country. About 10 A.M. we came up with a sorry-looking horse, with a saddle on his back, grazing without a rider; and two miles farther found a man, with a gun by his side, bleeding, and lying apparently senseless on the ground. At first we thought he had fractured his skull by a fall from his horse, and began to consider what we could do for him; but we soon found that he was beastly drunk, and had probably fallen from his horse because he was unable to keep his seat. We therefore left him to get sober, as probably his horse and himself were accustomed to freaks of this sort. Towards noon

we were evidently advancing to a part of the country which was on fire, and soon became enveloped in a dense and distressing smoke. Our eyes became so sore that it was very difficult to drive, and the horse suffered as well as ourselves. Many of the dead trees had been burnt so near to the ground, that they had fallen in various places across the path, which obliged us to wind about as well as we could amongst the tall trees on fire—that were here rather too thick for our safety—under constant apprehension that some of them would fall upon us. The severe nervous headache I got during this morning's drive was almost insupportable; the smoke was black and dense, and filled our eyes and our nostrils.

Worn out with pain and fatigue, we reached a Mrs. Harris's in the afternoon, and were glad to remain here the rest of the day, although we had only made fifteen miles. She was a widow, with some sons and daughters, and we were kindly received, but all that they had to offer us was bad fried bits of pork, with worse bread, and no milk. Towards night the fire gained upon the country so fast, that the family became alarmed for their fences and buildings, and all hands were turned out to occupy themselves in what they called "fighting the fire." Night having fallen, we could see a fiery horizon through the forest in every direction, and hear the crackling of the advancing conflagration. It was a most interesting spec-

tacle, and, notwithstanding my indisposition, I was out until a late hour observing it. We were upon an elevated table-land, covered with dry autumnal leaves, grass, and sticks, upon which stood numerous dead and dry trees killed by previous fires. Not a quarter of a mile from the house was a narrow edging of bright crackling fire, sometimes not more than two inches broad, but much wider when it met with large quantities of combustible matter. On it came in a waving line, consuming every thing before it, and setting fire to the dead trees, that, like so many burning masts, illuminated the scorched and gloomy background behind, and over which the wind—against which the fire was advancing—drove the smoke. Every now and then one of the flaming trees would come to the ground; and the noise thus produced, the constant crackling of the devouring element, the brilliancy of the conflagration, and the great extent of the spectacle, formed a picture that neither description nor painting could do justice to. The wild turn our minds had caught from the scenes we were daily passing through was singularly increased by this adventure, and amidst many exclamations of admiration we retired late in the night to the house. I measured the progress of the fire, and found that it advanced at the rate of about a foot a minute, leaving every thing incinerated behind it, and casting a beautiful warm light into the forest in front where we stood. To "fight the fire" means to beat this edging of

flame out with sticks, which it is not difficult to do when it first begins; but when it has extended itself several hundred yards, it is generally beyond the power of a very few individuals to accomplish. Upon this occasion the line of fire in front of the buildings was extinguished, but not without great exertions.

Fires of this kind are much dreaded by the agricultural settler. If his buildings and fences are burnt, his cattle and swine destroy what little crop he has, and at any rate, the advancing fire destroys the mast about the country, upon which many depend for the subsistence of their stock, which often have nothing else to eat: for the small settlers have no fields, with the exception of one or two in which they raise their Indian corn; they raise no wheat, no rye, no oats; they have no meadows, and, of course, no hay or straw; the little fodder they have they save from the leaves of their corn-stalks; and there being nothing for the cattle at the homestead, they roam about the country to pick up the mast; the which if it fails, they get so little to eat at the farm that few of them survive the winter. Those who live near the corn-brakes are more fortunate, the leaves of the miegia being always green, and affording a good deal of nourishment.

Mrs. Harris's cabin was a double one, and of course had two rooms; a very proper arrangement, as there were both males and females in the family, and in one of these rooms were two beds. When

we came in from "fighting the fire," she pointed to one of the beds and said it was for me; and my son, taking it for granted that the other was for himself, immediately turned down the clothes, a movement which he was not long in discovering was somewhat premature, for our hostess told him that was her own bed, and that she was going to sleep there. We had no ground for contesting the matter, so lay down in our great coats as we were frequently in the habit of doing, Mrs. Harris honouring us with her company in the adjoining bed, her two sons lying down on the floor, whilst the young ladies very properly kept the other room exclusively to themselves. In the morning the good old lady asked me if I could give her some tobacco, as she was fond of smoking a pipe, and appeared very much disappointed when I told her I never used tobacco in any form. Take them altogether, they were an amiable and good family of people, and not without the means of living comfortably if they only knew how to set about it.

From this place we drove about eight miles and descended to the valley through which the *Currant* River flows, a beautiful pellucid stream of from 70 to 80 yards wide, in the territory of Arkansas. This river is deep, and contains a great variety of fine fish; salmon from 20 to 30 lbs. weight, large red horse suckers *(Catastomus?)* 10 to 15 lbs., buffalo, drum *(Corvina?)*, perch, and large catfish of excellent quality. The water

of this river, coming from the siliceous country to the north-west, is so limpid that fish are seldom caught except in the night-time. Having crossed the river in a ferry-boat, we stopped a short time at a very decent house of entertainment, where with the aid of our own tea and sugar we made a tolerable breakfast. On the banks of the stream I found non-fossiliferous beds of horizontal limestone with a good deal of chert in them, and was fortunate enough to get a few rare specimens of the genus unio.*

* The following fact, which is illustrative of the economy of nature, may be found interesting to conchologists. Towards the sources of those streams which take their rise in and flow exclusively over siliceous minerals, or where calcareous matter is comparatively scarce, I found that many of those varieties of the shells belonging to the genus Unio, which have been considered by some zealous conchologists as *distinct species*, were wanting, with the exception of a few that conformed in their external appearance to those simple types found in the Schuylkill of Pennsylvania, the Rappahannock of Virginia, and other Atlantic streams. But where the streams, after leaving the siliceous beds, had penetrated deeply into the hills amongst the calcareous beds, or had risen almost amongst the calcareous beds at the eastern slopings of the highlands, as some of them do, there numbers of those beautiful varieties wanting in the siliceous districts, and which abound in the Cumberland and Ohio Rivers, were always found. To minds not indoctrinated in the mystery of specie making, it appears probable that the external arrangement of a testaceous covering, which is so much relied on by specie makers for establishing species in the place of varieties, may, in a very great number of cases, be due to the presence or absence of calcareous matter.

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